

# THE LEISURE HOUR

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An Illustrated Magazine  
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"Six Years at  
the Russian  
Court."

The first of a striking  
series of articles on this  
topic begins in this  
number.

Written with the consent and  
approval of the Czarina.

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THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS AND THE HEIR TO HIS THRONE.

APRIL 1905

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Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Harold Copping

SHE KNOWS BUT MATTERS OF THE HOUSE,  
AND HE, HE KNOWS A THOUSAND THINGS.

TENNYSON : *In Memoriam*, Canto XCVII.



THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG, THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

BY M. EAGAR

(FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE CZARINA)

CHAPTER I

FIRST MEETING WITH THE EMPRESS

**S**HORTLY after the birth of the Czarowitch I said to the Empress that I often had thought of writing my memoirs. She encouraged me to do so, saying so many untruths had been published, that it would be a relief to have an account of the Russian Court which was absolutely true.

Hence this series of articles.

It was late in 1898 that I was chosen to take charge of the little Grand Duchesses of Russia, and early the following year I set off for the Land of the Czar.

It had been arranged that a Royal messenger should meet me in Berlin, and I was to have travelled under his escort to St. Petersburg. But in case of any failure of the plan, the friend who had kindly undertaken to smooth all difficulties in the travelling gave me a telegram for the Empress's Chancellor to be sent off from the frontier.

On arriving in Berlin I was met by a servant from the Embassy, armed with an immense white linen bag, tied round with red tape and sealed with several great seals. To my dismay I was asked to take charge of the bag, and deliver it safely to a messenger from the Embassy in St.

Petersburg, who should meet me at the station there.

The Ambassador sent me a letter telling me that I should in no wise lose sight of the bag on the journey, and that I should not allow it to be examined by the Custom House officials, nor by the police.

Before leaving England I had been told that the Empress would send a servant to the frontier to meet me who would look after my luggage and help me generally on the rest of the journey, so feeling sure that my troubles would end there, I undertook the charge of the bag. I fear that had I known the trouble it would be to me before the end of the journey, I should have declined to be burdened with it.

I had been given a passport for the bag, and on arriving at the frontier I walked up to a gentleman in uniform, presented the passport, and asked if there was any one to meet me. There was no one, but the gentleman gave me into the charge of a porter and told him to help me, so I followed him about like a pet dog, only refusing to part with my precious bag.

I sent off a telegram to the Winter Palace, and had my luggage examined. Oh, what an examination it was! Everything I possessed was turned out of my trunks, and they even put their hands into my boots and gloves. I then had to pay

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sixpence for the examination of each trunk. Finally, I heard my name called by an official, so made my way to him and received my passport, which had been taken up for examination. All being in order I

and I dared not leave it unprotected in the train. I could not carry it in my arms to the refreshment-rooms, so I made up my mind that I should have to go without food.

Fortunately a lady in the train took compassion upon me, and with the help of a friend procured me a cup of tea and a sandwich. I may say here that the Russians are sympathetic and kind to a degree, and they are always willing to help a stranger in any way in their power.

My kind friend soon left. I then met with a rather unpleasant experience. The guard on looking at my ticket compelled me to change my carriage, as I had been travelling second-class with a first-class ticket. The compartment was very warm and the night very cold, so the difference of temperature was very trying and I felt nervous and frightened. In solitary grandeur I continued my journey to St. Petersburg, where my precious bag and I safely arrived. I was met by a lady from the Winter Palace.

In vain I looked for some one to relieve me of the bag. On arriving at the Winter Palace, according to the Empress's orders I had lunched and retired. I had not long been asleep when I was roused by a knocking at the door, and I, believing it to be Madame G., called out, "Come in." To my

surprise a young man entered the room saying, "I've come for that bag."

I begged him to leave the room until I rose and dressed. I felt doubtful at first about giving him the bag, but finally did so. His reason for coming to my room himself for it was, that a servant in the palace told



THE CZAR AND CZARINA LEADING A PROCESSIONAL ENTRANCE INTO THE CHURCH OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, AT EASTER. THE FAMOUS RED ARCHWAY IS ONLY USED ON THESE IMPERIAL OCCASIONS

was at last released from durance vile, so I took my precious bag in my arms, and seated myself in the train. I had lunched at the frontier; as in Russia the trains have no dining-cars, travellers have difficulty in securing refreshment on the way.

The bag weighed heavily on my mind,

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him, when inquiring for me, that an English lunatic had arrived, carrying a great bag which she would not give up to any one, so his only chance of getting it was to come up for it himself.

Hardly was he gone when Madame G. returned to conduct me to the Empress. I thought her then, and think her now, the handsomest woman I had ever seen. She is tall, statuesque in appearance, with very regular features and a high complexion. She was wearing a mauve dress, as the mourning for the Queen of Denmark was not over. It was also the 2nd of February, the Purification of the Virgin, and a

great feast in Russia, and Russians never wear black during a festival.

The Empress received me in her boudoir—a lovely room, upholstered in mauve and silver brocade; the walls were hung with the same fabric, with a frieze of

white wood decorated with trails and wreaths of wistaria painted on the wood. Wreaths of the same graceful plant adorned the ceiling. The furniture was made of Russian white wood.

She herself conducted me to the nurseries. Here I saw my future charges, who were beautifully dressed in honour of the festival, in transparent white muslin



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE OLDEST CHILD OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA, IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC CYCLIST



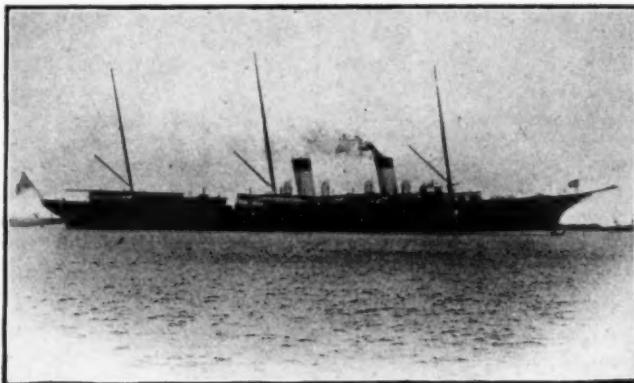
THE BUILDING IN THE CENTRE OF THIS PICTURE IS THE FAMOUS PALACE OF THE CZAR AT TSARSKOE SELO, WHICH MEANS "THE CZAR'S BOROUGH." IT WAS HERE THAT THE CZAR RECEIVED A DEPUTATION OF ST. PETERSBURG WORKMEN

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dresses trimmed with Brussels lace, and worn over pale blue satin slips. Pale blue sashes and shoulder ribbons completed their costumes. The little Grand Duchess Olga was at this time over three years of age. She was a very fine child, and had large blue-grey eyes and long golden curls. The Grand Duchess Tatiana was a year and a half, a very pretty child, remarkably like her mother, but delicate in appearance.

The Winter Palace is the largest building in Europe. It was begun by Peter the Great and finished by Catherine II., and is built in red sandstone. On one side there is a little enclosed garden, where in fine weather the children played and snowballed one another. The snow in the north of Russia does not cling together, it is too dry and powdery.

This garden is now enclosed by a red stone wall surmounted by beautifully wrought iron railings, which were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. I never saw the garden free from snow, but have been told that in summer it is beautiful with roses and lilac.



THE 'STANDART,' THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT

### CHAPTER II

#### THE GLORIES OF THE WINTER PALACE

A DESCRIPTION of this beautiful Winter Palace may prove interesting. I have mentioned that it is the largest building in Europe; it also contains the finest state-rooms. Besides these state-rooms it has 1500 other rooms. The Imperial nurseries are very large, and when I explain that one of the rooms is large enough to hold a "mountain" down which the children toboggan, some idea will be given of its magnitude. This room is upholstered in red, and here the royal children are taught, and are sometimes joined in their lessons by cousins or friends. The little Grand Duchesses already dance well and gracefully.

From this room is entered the Yellow Room. Here walls and furniture are covered with a yellow brocade, and here are kept the children's various toys. From this room you pass to the principal living-room, which overlooks the quay and the Neva, also the garden. It is very sunny and bright, and is



A RUSSIAN SLEDGE-DRIVER, WITH HIS BEAUTIFULLY CAPARISONED TEAM OF HORSES

(The harness is covered with a multitude of tiny sleigh bells.)

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furnished in blue. A plain velvet pile blue carpet covers the floor. The walls are covered with cornflower-patterned chintz. Very sweet and charming it is. From this two bedrooms are entered. Both are upholstered with pink and green chintz, and have plain velvet pile carpets in green. In one of them hangs a copy of Josephine Swaboda's beautiful "Madonna and Child."

Over the children's rooms are those of the Empress. I have spoken of her boudoir. On one side of it is the Emperor's study, the most-used room in the palace. Here the Emperor spends hours each day working hard for the advancement of the great Empire committed to his charge. This room is plainly and solidly furnished. It overlooks the garden.

On the other side of the boudoir is the Empress's bedroom. It is also furnished in pink and green, and adjoining it is a dressing-room. One corner is hung with scarlet cloth from ceiling to floor. On this are displayed the holy images, and here hangs the sacred lamp which is always kept burning before the icons. Many of these pictures are illuminated in gold, and ornamented with precious stones. Some have the face simply painted and the garments all composed of precious stones. They are beautiful specimens of the goldsmith's work, but are hardly artistic.

In this room are kept the Empress's jewels in glass cases. Many of her jewels are unique. On one occasion the Emperor gave her an ornament in the shape of a

spray of tea-roses all executed in yellow diamonds. The spray consists of a full-blown rose with four or five buds and leaves, all life-size. Her rubies and emeralds are very fine, and of course her diamonds are famous. The Grand Duchess Serge (whose husband has recently met such a terrible doom), sister to the Empress, is possessed of what are considered the finest sapphires in the world, but the Empress has some which run them very closely.

From the bedroom we enter the second Yellow Room. This room is full of lovely and artistic objects, and here are exhibited the famous Easter eggs, which were at the Paris Exhibition. These are the work of Fabergé, the most renowned goldsmith in Europe. Beyond this are two other reception-rooms, looking on to the quay and Neva, and then comes the dining-room with its treasures of Bohemian and cut engraved glass. Beyond the dining-room is the Malachite Room, about forty feet long. The walls have beautifully painted panels, divided by malachite pillars,

the furniture is malachite and gilt, upholstered in crimson brocade, the floor parquet, and polished like a mirror. These rooms are never shown to the public.

Then come the state-rooms—great lofty halls lighted by electricity. The great white ball-room holds 5000 guests easily, allowing a place for the musicians and also space for dancing, but of course at these great functions there is little dancing.

The walls of these halls are covered with



A COMELY RUSSIAN MATRON DRESSED IN  
FÊTE COSTUME

(Religious festivals are very numerous in Russia, and are celebrated with great display and enthusiasm.)

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THE CZARINA

gold plates and dishes, many of them with the monograms of dead-and-gone emperors and the double-headed Eagle in precious stones. Upon these dishes were presented formerly the bread and salt with which members of the Imperial family are greeted on entering a town. When an Imperial train stops at a station a deputation of the principal persons headed by one called the Starosta, or Elder, presents the Emperor with bread and salt. Shortly after the accession of Nicholas II. he found that the poorer villages and communities were unable to afford the expense of the gold plate, and yet could not bear to be outdone by the richer villages. He therefore issued a decree that henceforth bread and salt should be presented only on wooden or china dishes. This is very characteristic of his thought for his poorer subjects. The bread is always laid on a linen towel. The Russian towel is generally of homespun linen or damask; it is always about two yards long, and decorated at both ends with either cross-stitch or with Russian drawn thread-work, or crochet insertion and lace. The Emperor must have several thousands of them.

But to return to the Winter Palace. Another room has eight pairs of doors of

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tortoiseshell embellished with gold. At the end of all these great rooms is the theatre. My little charges would sit for half-an-hour at a time seriously looking on while the attendants changed the drop-scenes and turned on the variously coloured electric lights for their entertainment. This they called "going to the theatre." Beyond the theatre are the suites assigned to the various Ministers and officers and their families. Returning from the theatre, but going round the other side of the palace, we come to the Hermitage, with all its art treasures.

In the picture gallery here, is the finest collection of Rembrandts extant. One of these represents the visit of the Trinity to Abraham. I was one day looking at it, trying to make out what it meant, when the little Grand Duchess Olga ran up to me and, putting her hand in mine, asked me what I was looking at. I told her; she then looked at it earnestly, and suddenly burst out laughing, exclaiming, "Oh, what a very funny picture—a man holding a leg of mutton in his hand and carving it with a knife, and a bird sitting at the table!" The bird, needless to say, was one of the angels. He is represented with his back outward, and has neatly folded his blue and white feather wings. There are very many



THE CZAR

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beautiful pictures, but I always thought the arrangement bad. They are grouped according to schools, Dutch school, etc., all together; so one gets sacred subjects mixed up with many very different pictures. There is a great collection of Rubens' pictures, but I cannot say that I admire them much.

In the museum are many relics of Peter the Great. His turning-lathe, a great deal of his carving, presses, chests, etc., also the horse he used to ride, stuffed, in company with his dogs. There is a long staff showing his height. He must have been about six feet six inches. Therefore in many respects he deserved the title of "Great," but he was exceedingly cruel. There is a goblet so constructed as to appear much less than it really is. Whenever he wished to "remove" any person he sent for him, flattered him with many kind words, and then, filling this goblet with strong wine, commanded the obnoxious person to drink it off to his health. When he had finished the contents of the goblet the victim fell dead upon the floor.

The museum also contains a splendid collection of jewelled snuff-boxes, presented to former emperors by monarchs, ambassadors and other great personages, jewelled watches, swords, harness, uniforms, etc. There are also some very extraordinary portraits in mosaic work; mechanical animals and birds in silver and gold. The little children loved to ramble through this museum. When the Grand Duchess Olga was quite a little child, she used to wish she could *live* there altogether. Here and there amongst the state-rooms are pretty winter gardens. In one of them is an aviary with hundreds of canaries, which are allowed to flit amongst the palms. There are also fountains with gold-fish.

Catherine II. loved musical surprises in various forms, and there are writing-tables and presses which, on being opened, play various tunes. These were a great joy to my little charges.

### CHAPTER III

#### A PICTURESQUE CITY

ST. PETERSBURG itself is both interesting and beautiful. Essentially modern—it is only about two hundred years since it was built—it somehow conveys the impression of antiquity. And this in spite of the fact that the streets are



RUSSIAN STREET MERCHANTS SELLING HOT CAKES AND COMFORTING DRINKS FOR THE COLD WEATHER

wide and handsome—there are great open spaces, town gardens, and boulevards, just as in the French capital.

The idea of a town of the Middle Ages may be conveyed by means of the signboards; for each shop hangs out pictures illustrative of what may be found within. Thus a military tailor has pictures of uniforms, a greengrocer displays paintings of cauliflowers, etc. Vegetables, by the way, are exceedingly dear in the winter in St. Petersburg and cabbages are grown in hot-houses. The peasants, however, use salted cabbage for their beloved soup.

The Russians tell you that the signboards are for the benefit of foreigners who cannot read Russian. It may be so; in this case St. Petersburg owes much of her

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picturesqueness to the stranger within her gates. She owes more than that, however, to strangers, for most of her commerce is in the hands of foreigners. The Russians themselves seem to have little aptitude or care for business.

I sometimes think that St. Petersburg owes more of her beauty to the climate and peculiar costumes than to her signboards. The air is very clear, and for the greater part of the winter bright blue skies prevail, and there is a great deal of sunshine. Cold sunshine it is, but even so it is better than the fogs of London.

The Russian coachman wears a great fur-lined robe, reaching to his feet and belted in with a bright galon; a flat velvet cap, in blue, yellow, or red, according to the rank of his employer, finishes his costume. The sledge itself is picturesque; usually drawn by a pair or three horses, almost covered with a fine netting of blue or red lined with silk to keep the frozen snow from being dashed back into the occupant's face. Skimming along over the frozen snow, it is indeed a pretty object.

Then the Russian priests with their soutanes, low-brimmed hats, and long, flowing hair, though not always so clean as fastidious mortals might wish, are distinctly picturesque; as also are the peasant women clad in national peasant costume, bright red, blue, mauve or yellow sarafans, with pale-tots to match, trimmed with silver or gold braid, and wearing the kokoshnik, or crescent-shaped head-dress.

St. Petersburg is, however, the most insanitary town in Europe. The drainage is defective, and the habits of life are not healthy. A prince will live on the ground or first floor of his mansion, and the rest of the house will be let out. In the cellars poor families are crowded together; sometimes as many as twenty people live in one room. If any epidemic breaks out among them they say, "It is the will of God." Small-pox is rife, and there is generally a good deal of typhoid fever. The water of the Neva is absolutely poisonous, and yet from the Neva St. Petersburg depends for the most part for its water supply. A good trade is done by selling drinking-water from the Duderhoff hills, or from Tsarskoe Selo, which is situated about twenty miles from the capital, and where there is good spring water. I must say that Peter the Great chose the site for his city with very little regard for the health of the residents.

### CHAPTER IV

#### A TRAGEDY ON THE NEVA

A FEW weeks after my arrival in Russia we went to Tsarskoe Selo—the name means "The Tsar's borough." It is a pretty little town, surrounded by great forests, and has a population of a couple of thousand souls. The forests are, for the most part, evergreen, though there are also silver birch, oak, and ash trees. There are two palaces in this little town—the Great, or Catherine's Palace, and the Little, or Alexander's Palace, which she built for her grandson Alexander I. We resided in the latter. It is a white Grecian building with a green roof. It is situated in a pretty park, and stands quite close to the road. It



A CORNER OF THE CZARINA'S ROOM AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

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has two wings and the main body. In one wing live the Emperor, Empress, and the children, with their households. When I first went to Russia the children's suite was small, though pretty, but now the nurseries at Tsarskoe Selo are very fine, consisting of about eleven rooms. In the bath-room is a stationary bath of solid silver, used for the bigger children. There is a small silver bath for the use of whatever baby reigns. Each child's name is engraved upon it, so it forms a historical record. It was apparently bought for Nicholas I., and bears his name and those of his family. We also find the names of Alexander II. and of Marie, afterwards Duchess of Edinburgh. The last name added was that of Alexis, the little baby who was born in August 1904.

The walls of all the new rooms are painted in oil with beautifully-executed friezes of the same flowers as appear in the chintz, interspersed with golden butterflies or birds. The bath-room has sea-gulls painted on the frieze. At the end of this suite is the play-room. It has eight windows overlooking the park and gardens. It is all yellow and green, like a bunch of daffodils, and has a frieze of peacocks strutting about amidst greenery. The carpet is a pale sage green, unpatterned. Over each window is a panel, in painted poker-work, each representing some scene in animal or bird life. There are two fireplaces in this great room, but as the rooms are all heated by hot air the fires are not required excepting for ventilation.

Catherine II. must have loved lilac, for the parks at Tsarskoe Selo are full of it. There are as many as eight different varieties, and in the summer evenings the perfume is delicious. I have been told that she sent into all countries and paid fabulous prices for some of the specimens. However, they have repaid the trouble she took. In some places the bushes look like great bouquets, so full and round are they, and



THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR AND HIS FAMILY

(The Grand Duke, who is an uncle of the Czar, has been very conspicuous during the recent troubles.)

there are several avenues lined on each side with them.

The park is fourteen miles in circumference. Catherine had very good ideas about laying out a park or gardens, also the building of a palace. There are great halls and state-rooms lined with marble. There is a great deal of the pale blue marble which is so exceedingly rare; also pink and yellow marble. The person who "dreamt that she dwelt in marble halls" might awaken there and find her dream realised.

The Great Palace contains the far-famed Amber Room. All the walls are inlaid with mosaic work of amber in different shades. Chairs, tables, and ornaments are carved in it. This room was prepared by her father for one of the former empresses of Russia. President Loubet had a suite of rooms in this palace. There are many fine pictures. There is a great banqueting-hall with twenty-eight windows in it, and here is the church which the Imperial family attend.

Between the two parks are the Little Caprice and the Great Caprice. The story goes that on one occasion Catherine II., walking with a favourite and trusted Minister in the park, complained of the flatness of the country, saying that it would give her great pleasure to come out on the following morning, and find a hill just

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where she stood. To hear was to obey. The Minister started work immediately. The entire population of the countryside was impressed. The work was carried on throughout the night, and an arched way of stone was raised across the road; by excavating and digging, a hill actually appeared before morning. This hill was afterwards covered with trees and shrubs.

Catherine II. was an autocrat. She had a great objection to members of her household getting married. On one occasion a lady and gentleman belonging to her suite became engaged. For a long time Catherine refused her consent to their marriage, but finally agreed on the express condition that she was allowed to make all arrangements

Chinese gallery, all the contents of which were collected by Paul I., Catherine's most unhappy son.

Paul was a curious mixture. Some of his laws only came into force within the past ten years, and are wise and good. He ordained that only the children and grandchildren of emperors should bear the title of Grand Duke, and have an allowance from the country. Other relatives should be known as Prince and Princess, with the Christian name; they should then have no allowance from the country, and should be free to marry amongst the nobility. On the other hand, he had so exalted an opinion of his own importance that he commanded that when

his carriage or sleigh passed all other carriages, they should be brought to a standstill, and the occupants should kneel on the road, without regard to age, sex, or infirmity.

Kosciusko, the Polish rebel, lived in his reign. He was arrested and imprisoned, and we find Paul liberating him on his promise never again to take up arms against him.

Kosciusko loyally kept his word, and refused to join in any plot for the liberation of his country.

A man of such an extraordinary character as Paul could hardly have been an unmixed blessing in the domestic circle. He was twice married, and had a large family. Two of his sons, Alexander and Constantine, formed a resolution to force him to resign. With this object in view the sons entered the palace one night, each at the head of his regiment. They stationed themselves in the rooms at either side of Paul's bedroom, and sent in a deputation to try to prevail upon him to resign the crown in favour of his eldest son Alexander. It is probable that he could not see the rights of his eldest son so clearly as Alexander did; so the deputation, being unsuccessful, found a pillow a handy argument, and



CATHEDRAL OF THE VIRGIN OF KAZAN, ST. PETERSBURG, NOTED FOR ITS GORGEOUS CEREMONIAL DURING RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS

(An imitation on a small scale of St. Peter's at Rome.)

for the wedding. To this proposition they gladly consented. The ceremony concluded, she led the way down to the frozen Neva, where she had caused an ice-house to be built. In this terrible abode she incarcerated them. Months after, when the Neva was in flood, their dead bodies were recovered, and buried.

The Great Caprice is crowned by a Chinese pagoda, and in the park are Chinese bridges, a model of a Chinese village, and a theatre in the Chinese style. Even in Catherine's reign the Far East seemed to have attractions for the Russian mind. It is more than a hundred years since she died, and the cost of producing and bringing all these things from China at that time must have been enormous.

In Gatchina, the Dowager Empress's place in the Duderhoff hills, there is a

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smothered him. When they left the room they gave orders that Alexander was forthwith to be proclaimed Emperor, as the old Emperor was dead.

Alexander I. had no children. His end is uncertain; he died suddenly on a voyage. For some unknown reason there was no lying in state, nor was the body embalmed; so the peasants throughout Russia believe that he did not die, but went on a pilgrimage to Siberia; that his life has been miraculously lengthened out, and at some time when Russia has need of him, he will come forth and vanquish his enemies, as he defeated Napoleon Bonaparte. There is reason to believe that he committed suicide, and his face was too much disfigured to be seen.

He was succeeded by his younger brother Nicholas, against whom England fought in the Crimean War. Constantine should have succeeded Alexander, but having married a Polish countess, he had renounced the succession.

### Peter the Great

and all his successors, with one exception, lie in the fortress church of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg. This church is kept in most beautiful order. Fresh flowers are always there, and the holy lamps are kept burning continually in the tombs. The church contains many specimens of Peter the Great's work. Indeed, we find so much work attributed to him that the question arises, "How did he find time for so much handicraft?"

### CHAPTER V

#### SOME PRETTY STORIES ABOUT THE CZAR'S CHILDREN

THAT year spring came unusually early, and when we returned to St. Petersburg for Easter the river was already open for navigation, so we did not see the ceremony of blessing the Neva, at which a recent alarming mishap, endangering the person of the Czar, occurred.

Easter is the great feast of the year in Holy Russia. The long severe fast of seven weeks is over. Many people in Russia eat no meat, butter, eggs, or milk all through Lent. In the palace, however, we only observed three weeks—the first, fourth, and last. Many of the suite also fasted every Wednesday and Friday. The week before Lent begins is called "Butter week."

Russian pancakes are served twice a day. The Russians begin their lunch or dinner with pancakes, and they are eaten with caviare and sour cream. During the sixth week

the great fair called Verba is held. The word means willow, and the fair is so called because great bunches of willow wands, covered with catkins, are sold. These wands are carried into the churches on Palm Sunday and are blessed by the priests, they are then taken home and carefully placed in jars of water in the windows of the houses. They soon begin to bud and throw out roots. They are allowed to remain until Whitsuntide, when



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, AS SHE WAS AT THREE YEARS OF AGE

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they are taken into the country and planted. These wands are supposed to be typical of the palms spread before our Saviour.

At the Verba one finds many pretty and curious things—Russian lace and needle-work may be picked up at very moderate prices; there are also quaint Russian toys, and all manner of wooden articles. They also sell little figures in small bottles; these figures jump up and down in the funniest fashion when the piece of skin on the top of the bottles is pressed down. They are called American devils, but last year the name was changed to Japanese devils. There are also thousands of the coloured eggs which are indispensable to a Russian Easter. We used to colour a couple of hundred every Good Friday in the nursery. It was a great pleasure to the children, but rather dirty work. However, Easter, like Christmas, comes but once a year.

On Thursday in Passion week the children went to Holy Communion. This yearly Communion is always a great festival and holiday in Russia, for the Russian Church administers the Sacrament only once a year. In preparation for it the candidate fasts for a week, going to church both morning and evening for the seven days. He then confesses his sins to the priest, receives absolution, and asks pardon of all in the house who might have been offended during the past year. On the morning of the day, a special costume is donned; married women generally

keep their wedding dress for these occasions, they also wear a cap, while the unmarried women go bareheaded to the Sacrament.

The bread is broken into the wine and water, and is administered with a spoon, a napkin having been tied round the neck of the communicant. On returning from the church all the friends come forward and present their congratulations, flowers and bonbons are sometimes given, and the rest of the day is observed as a holiday. The rite of Confirmation is administered immediately after baptism, and children up to the age of seven years can receive the Communion as often as every month. After that age, confession and church-going are essential.

The little Grand Duchess Olga made her first confession in Moscow during Lent 1903, and she received a gift from the children of Moscow of an icon of the Virgin Mary. Face and hands are painted, all draperies, etc. are executed in pearls.

The Midnight Mass is celebrated the night between Easter Saturday and Sunday. It lasts for about three hours, beginning at eleven o'clock at night. A bier containing a figure representing the dead body of our Lord is carried into the church. The bier in St. Isaac's Cathedral is of solid silver, weighs a couple of tons, and was presented by the Cossacks. It is moved on wheels. Each person on coming into the church kisses the hands and feet of the image, and



THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, THE SECOND CHILD OF  
THE CZAR AND CZARINA

(She is remarkably like her mother.)

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kneels and prays for a few seconds. The Mass has begun, the church is dimly lighted. Just at midnight the priest chants "Christ is risen," the choir answers "He is risen indeed." Each one kisses his neighbour, and in a moment the scene is changed from sorrow and mourning to joy and gladness. The dead Christ is carried out of the church. Chandeliers are all fitted with a piece of prepared cord running round them, this cord is fired, and in a moment all the candles are alight. Lighted tapers are put into the hands of the worshippers and a *Te Deum* is sung; after which all return home and eat a heavy supper.

All the food must be bought on Easter Saturday, as nothing which has been in the house during Lent can be eaten. A priest visits the houses of well-to-do parishioners and blesses all food, receiving a fee for so doing. He then goes into the markets and blesses everything which is for sale.

The supper generally consists of cold roast veal, ham, chickens, hard-boiled eggs, various kinds of cakes all decorated with bunches of paper-flowers bought at the Verba, wine, and quass, which is a kind of cider. They say that blessed food cannot do one any harm, so it may be their faith which keeps the people from indigestion; certainly I have seen dyspeptic people eat heartily of this supper and suffer no inconvenience. It seems that the mind has great influence over the body, and the meal is eaten with much joy and laughter. In workshops the proprietor prepares the supper and offers it to his employees.

The Greek Church orders that no service should be held on Easter Sunday, although the church bells ring all day. Many Russian people go on Easter Sunday to the English and Lutheran Churches.

During Easter week the Russian never goes out without a hard-boiled and coloured egg in his pocket. On meeting an acquaintance he says, "Christ is risen," the answer comes, and then they kiss each other thrice and exchange eggs. The shops are all closed for that week, except for a couple



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF KAZAN, ST. PETERSBURG

(This church is much frequented on *sûte* days.)

of hours in the morning, and every one makes holiday. On Easter Monday the ceremony of greeting the troops is held in the Winter Palace. In one of the great halls the soldiers, numbering about five thousand, are drawn up. The Emperor advances, shakes hands, and says, "Christ is risen," the soldier replies, the Emperor kisses him three times, and the man then advances to the Empress, kisses her hand, presents a hard-boiled egg, and receives from her a painted porcelain one. He then files out of the room, and another takes his place. So it goes on until they have all personally saluted the Emperor and Empress. It is very wearisome. On Easter Sunday the Emperor kisses all the male members of his household, and the Empress kisses all the women.

One day during Eastertide we were out driving on the Nevski Prospect, and the little Grand Duchess Olga was not good. I was speaking to her, trying to induce her to sit down quietly, when, suddenly, she did so, folding her hands in front of her. In a few seconds she said to me, "Did you see that policeman?" I told her that was nothing extraordinary, and that the police would not touch her. She replied, "But this one was writing something, I was afraid he might have been writing, 'I saw Olga, and she was very naughty.'" I explained that this was very unlikely, and she reminded me rather reproachfully that one day some time before she had seen a drunken woman arrested in the street, and

## Six Years at the Russian Court

had wished me to tell the police not to hurt her. I had refused to interfere, saying that the woman was naughty and the police quite right in taking her. I now explained that one had to be quite big and very naughty indeed before the police would take one to prison. On returning home she made particular inquiries as to whether a policeman had come while she was out.

When she went to see her parents that afternoon she recounted the whole story to her father, telling him that I said it was quite possible to live without going to prison. She then asked her father if he had ever been a prisoner; the Emperor answered that he had never been quite naughty enough to go to prison. Her remark then was, "Oh! how very good you must have been too."

We stayed about two days in St. Petersburg and then returned to Tsarskoe Selo. Spring comes on so quickly in Russia, that, on our return, the whole country seemed green and lovely, the birds were singing, and every place was glorious with the beauty of spring-time.

The wife of Alexander II. loved cowslips. She imported some from Germany, and had them planted in the park at Tsarskoe Selo. They thrived very well, and are now found as far away as Peterhoff, which is about thirty miles on the other side of St. Petersburg. The French call them the cuckoo-flower, and both French and Swiss have a great love for the pretty, fragrant, yellow flower. A Swiss told me once that he considered it the most poetic flower that blows. There are no primroses in Russia; the climate is too dry for them. Attempts have been made to naturalise them, but without success.

We stayed at Tsarskoe Selo till early in May, when we went to Peterhoff, the summer residence on the Gulf of Finland. Here there are many Imperial residences and a great palace used for State occasions. The park is bounded on one side by the tideless Baltic. On the horizon is Kronstadt, surrounded by its forts. There is a little English church, and a chaplain lived there during the summer months, and worked among the sailors. Kronstadt is the second strongest place in the world, and until quite lately was considered impregnable for six months of the year, on account of the ice. However, the ice-breakers have altered all that. The strongest place in the world is, of course, Gibraltar.

The little Grand Duchesses went to church regularly from the time they were babies. It was during this year that the Grand Duchess Olga began to notice what was said there. She came home one day and told me, "The priest prayed for mamma and papa, and Tatiana and me, the soldiers and the sailors, the poor sick people, and the apples and pears, and Madame G." I exclaimed at this last; so she said, "But I heard them say 'Marie Feodorovna.'" I said I thought they meant her grandmamma. She said, "No, Amama is called Amama and Your Majesty, but not Marie Feodorovna." I said, "And also Marie Feodorovna." But she now replied, "No one has more than two names, and I am quite sure Madame G. would be very much pleased if she knew that the priests prayed for her in church."

In Peterhoff during the hot June weather the little Grand Duchess Marie was born. She was born good I often think, with the very smallest trace of original sin possible. The Grand Duke Vladimir called her "The Amiable Baby," for she was always so good and smiling and gay. She is a very fine and pretty child, with great, dark blue eyes, and the fine, level, dark brows of the Romanoff family. Lately, speaking of the child, a gentleman said that she had the face of one of Botticelli's angels. But good and sweet-tempered as she is, she is also very human, as the following stories will show.

When she was a very little child she was one day with her sister in the Empress's boudoir, where the Emperor and Empress were at tea. The Empress had tiny vanilla-flavoured wafers, called Biblichen, of which the children were particularly fond, but they were not allowed to ask for anything from the tea-table. The Empress sent for me, and when I went down, little Marie was standing in the middle of the room, her eyes drowned in tears, and something was swallowed hastily. "Dere! I've eaten it all up," said she, "you tan't det it now." I was properly shocked, and suggested bed at once as a suitable punishment. The Empress said, "Very well, take her," but the Emperor intervened, and begged that she might be allowed to remain, saying, "I was always afraid of the wings growing, and I am glad to see she is only a human child."

Marie was held up as an example to her elder sisters. They declared she was

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a step-sister. Vainly I pointed out that in all fairy tales it was the elder sisters who were step-sisters, and the third was the real sister. They would not listen, and shut her out from all their plays. I told them that they could not expect her to stand that kind of treatment, and that some day they would be punished. One day they made a house with chairs at one end of the nursery, and shut out poor Marie, telling her she might be the *footman*, but that she should stay outside. I made another house at the other end for baby, then a few months old, and her; but her eyes always kept travelling to the other end of the room, and the attractive play going on there. She suddenly dashed across the room, rushed into the house, dealt each sister a slap in the face, and ran into the next room, coming back dressed in a doll's cloak and hat, and with her hands full of small toys. "I won't be a footman, I'll be the kind, good aunt who brings presents," said she. She then distributed her gifts, kissed her "nieces," and sat down. The other children looked shamefacedly from one to the other, and then Tatiana said, "We were too cruel to poor little Marie, and she really couldn't help beating us." From that hour they respected her rights in the family.

From her earliest age Marie's love for her father has been most marked. When she was barely able to toddle she would always try to escape from the nurseries to go to papa, and whenever she saw him in the garden or park she would call after him. If he heard or saw her he always waited for her, and would carry her for a little.

When he was ill in the Crimea her grief at not seeing him was excessive. I had to keep the door of the day nursery locked, or she would have escaped into the corridor and disturbed him with her efforts to get to him. Every evening after tea she sat on the floor just inside the nursery door, listening intently for any sounds from his room. If she heard his voice by any chance she would stretch out her little arms and call "Papa, papa," and her rapture when she was allowed to see him was great. When the Empress came to see the children on the first evening after the illness had been pronounced typhoid fever, she happened to be wearing a miniature of the Emperor set as a

brooch. In the midst of her sobs and tears little Marie caught sight of this, she climbed on the Empress's knee and covered the pictured face with kisses, and all through his illness she would not go to bed without kissing this miniature.



THE COSTUMES WORN BY RUSSIAN LADIES ON  
FESTIVAL OCCASIONS ARE ELABORATE  
AND VERY PICTURESQUE

A further long instalment of this striking narrative, prepared by a cultivated lady, who has had exceptional opportunities of acquiring first-hand information concerning the inner life of the Russian Court, will appear in next month's *LEISURE HOUR*. We shall be grateful if readers will bring these unique articles to the notice of their friends.

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry:

SOME CURIOUS SHROVE-TIDE CUSTOMS

BY MAUD E. SARGENT

PERHAPS Ireland is the only Roman Catholic country where there is not some attempt at a carnival as a preparation for the austerities of Lent, but though the merry-makings of the Continent are unknown in the Green Isle, the season of Shrove-tide, Shrove, or "Shraft," as some of the peasantry call it, is an important one in the rural districts of Munster and Connaught, for the greater number of the marriages of the country-folks take place at this season—not only among Roman Catholics, who are forbidden to marry during Lent, but also with their Protestant neighbours, who still hold the old belief that Lenten marriages are highly unlucky—"Marry in Lent, you'll come to want," and the superstition lingers that the children of such unions are often deaf and dumb—an idea once prevalent in England, where a deaf-mute was called "a Lent-Child."

Why the period between New Year's Day and Ash Wednesday should be considered specially suitable for weddings is a mystery, except that many matches are made during the Christmas holidays, and as this time of year is an idle season in the country, people have leisure to think of "settling themselves," and agricultural operations do not interfere with love-making, though, truth to tell, in spite of the Irishman's reputation in amatory matters, the average peasant marriage is entirely a business transaction, usually arranged by the parents of the contracting parties, with the aid of a professional match-maker, and in some cases the bride and bridegroom meet for the first time at the altar!

### WEEPING BRIDES

Stories are current of mothers bidding their daughters put on their best dress and come down to the chapel to be married, without having told the girls a word about the matter till the wedding-day, and the wedding often takes place within twenty-four hours after the match is made. It is

most unusual for a young woman to refuse to marry the man chosen for her, though, of course, love-matches do occur, and the tastes of the young folks and their parents sometimes coincide with regard to the future partner. If a girl has more than one suitor, an extra cow or sheep, fat "bonham" or goose, feather-bed or chair, or any other item of "the fortune," will turn the scale at the last moment, and the poor girl will be transferred weeping to a hated wooer! The bride's parents frequently borrow cattle, fowl, and furniture from their neighbours, when a visit is expected from a suitor or his father, in order to "put their best foot forward," and appear as "warm"—*i. e.* well-to-do—people!

Sometimes the bride's fortune goes to portion off unmarried sisters-in-law—an extraordinary arrangement, peculiar, I fancy, to Ireland, the idea being that the advantage of getting them out of her new home will compensate the bride for her money! The theory that a woman has any right to her own property is slow in penetrating to the brain of the Irishman—notwithstanding his admiration for the fair sex!

In Munster the match-maker—male or female—is much "*en évidence*" during Shrove-tide, when marriages are arranged at markets and fairs, or after Mass on Sundays and holidays. Parents bring marriageable daughters to the market-towns in "butts"—the springless country-carts, where the women sit throned on sacks or straw, often with a pig or calf by their side. If they are a little higher in the social scale they drive on "a side-car"—the possession of one of these vehicles is a strong proof of gentility in the country. The girls are dressed in their best—a new red flannel petticoat being an essential part of their attire—the Irish peasant-woman dearly loves a multitude of voluminous petticoats!

Now-a-days, alas! many of the girls are resigning the picturesque hood-cloak of

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry

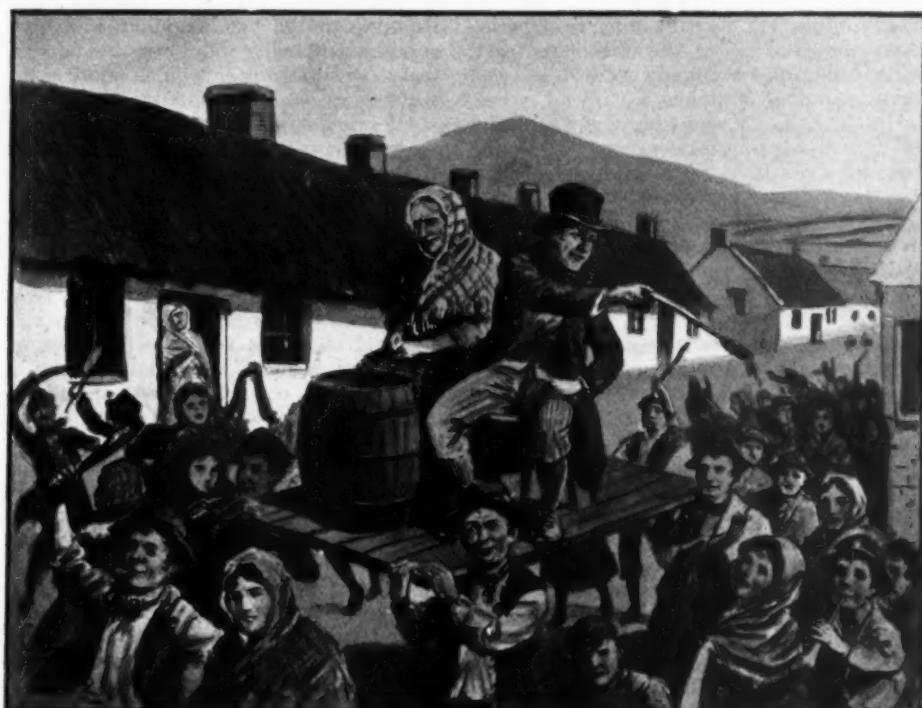
black or dark-blue cloth, and the short skirt of homespun or "bawneen," in favour of ill-cut ready-made costumes, and "hats and feathers"—fearful and wonderful to look on! In olden days their glossy, abundant tresses were uncovered, except when they drew the hood of the cloak, or a corner of "the ould plaid shawl" over their heads, making a most becoming frame for their blooming faces. The snowy-frilled caps were only worn by married women.

### "THE BOYS" AT THE FAIR

"The boys" of the neighbourhood, who have leanings towards matrimony, also appear at the fairs, often accompanied by their parents, and generally enlist the services of the match-maker. Sometimes one of these functionaries is employed by each party, but usually one serves as a go-between—it is extraordinary what a love Irish people have for the assistance of a third person in every transaction!

It is etiquette for the girls to pretend absolute ignorance of the match-making. If the affair is arranged indoors, and the

bride-elect is present, either in her own kitchen, or the parlour of the public-house, where many matters of business are settled, she must sit with her back to the company, or look out of the window. Sometimes the boy and girl are seated silently at opposite sides of the table or the hearth, while the elders discuss the match, but occasionally the young man is allowed to have a say in the matter. If the match is made out-of-doors, in chapel-yard, or market-place, in the street, or a country *boreen*, where the families have met—accidentally on purpose—the girl withdraws to a short distance, and devotes her attention to "picking the wall," trying to detach the stones and mortar with, it may be, trembling fingers; hence, to say a young woman is "picking the wall" is equivalent to the announcement in higher circles that "a marriage is about to be arranged." Sly jokes are passed concerning the condition of the walls after Shrove-tide, but in easy-going Munster the walls in rural districts are rarely in a very high state of preservation at the best of times, and the picking



TWO OF THE REVELLERS WERE DRESSED UP TO REPRESENT AN OLD MAN AND WOMAN IN IRISH PEASANT COSTUME. FROM A GREAT POT IN FRONT OF THEM THEY LADLED OUT BOILING TAR!

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry

does not do them very much harm, after all!

Sometimes the suitor will steal up sheepishly and address a remark to the young lady, usually receiving some such reply as "Arrah, go an wid ye, now!" or "Conduct yerself!" Even when the young folks are old friends and neighbours, and the match is desired by both of them, they have little to say as to the arrangements, which are made by the kinsfolk and the match-maker. While the priests are regarded with the utmost affection and reverence by the Irish peasantry, oddly enough, there is a prejudice against allowing them to make a match, for "a priest's match" is said to be unlucky, and the same superstition applies to the Protestant clergy.

### THE "HAULING-HOME" OF THE BRIDE

A country wedding is a scene of boisterous mirth and feasting, often lasting for two or three days, and ending in the "hauling-home," when the bride, accompanied by her "sides-women" (bridesmaids), relatives, and friends, is taken off to her new home. The bride's mother rarely goes to the wedding, but stays at home to superintend the cooking of the marriage feast, where there are usually "lashings and lavings" of good things.

In Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, as the end of Shrove-tide approaches, boys and young men go about the streets playing on horns, bugles, and penny-whistles, strange caricatures are roughly sketched on doors and whitewashed walls, and every one talks of "Skellig Night," and "going to Skellig"; for, according to local tradition, all unmarried persons who have failed to "get settled" at Shrove-tide are doomed to make a pilgrimage at midnight on "Skellig Night," or Shrove Tuesday, to the Skellig Rocks, those lonely isles off the wild coast of Kerry, whither, in by-gone days, pious folks resorted for prayer and penitence during Lent.

Formerly all the young men and boys went out into the streets and roads on Shrove Tuesday, blowing horns, and carrying torches, tar-barrels, and ropes, and setting off squibs, rockets, and crackers, knocking furiously at the doors and summoning the girls to come to Skellig with them! In the remote parts of Kerry and West Cork this custom lingers even yet, and if any young woman is foolish enough to open the door, she is seized and dragged

with ropes through the town, or harnessed to a blazing log, which is hauled up and down the streets or the country-roads till midnight. Sometimes she has her face blackened, or crosses are chalked on her back—all these penalties being inflicted as punishments for neglecting to get a husband before Lent!

### PIPPERS, FIDDLERS, AND TAR-BARRELS

Sometimes the town band heads the procession of revellers, with their blazing torches and tar-barrels, squibs and ropes; in country places a wandering piper or fiddler supplies the music, or the youths have to be content with their own amateur performances on horns and whistles, and sometimes on tin cans and saucepan-lids, which are banged furiously by the "gossosons." Sometimes they carry bags of soot, flour, or chalk, handfuls of which they fling in at the doors, or over the clothes of any quiet persons whom they meet, and force to join their band; but few such people are ill-advised enough to venture abroad on "Skellig Night," but remain at home, enjoying their pancakes, and listening to the pandemonium of singing, shouting, blowing of horns, banging of cans, and playing of pipes, fiddles, and whistles which echo through the streets.

Of late years attempts have been made by the clergy and the magistrates to stop these noisy torchlight processions, as accidents often occur with the blazing tar or naphtha, used to replenish the torches, and the lights and noise frighten horses.

In some parts of the County Cork there was an odd custom of dressing up two of the revellers to represent an old man and woman, in the old-fashioned costume of the Irish peasant, the man wearing the coarse frieze coat and knee-breeches, tall hat, long grey stockings, and buckled shoes; the woman arrayed in short skirt of serge or linsey, lilac apron, hood cloak, and white-frilled cap, with stiff-starched frills, a gay little shawl or handkerchief folded over her head. They were seated on two chairs or stools, fastened upon a door, with a great pot or cask of boiling tar in front of them, from which they ladled out spoonfuls, often flinging the liquid on the clothes of the crowd, as they were borne unsteadily through the streets, shouting, singing, and joking in a very boisterous fashion. Nobody seems able to explain the custom—perhaps it was an

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry



THE GREAT SKELLIG, TO WHICH THE YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS OF MUNSTER USED TO MAKE PILGRIMAGES DURING LENT. IT WAS THE PRACTICE OF THE GIRLS TO INVOKE THE SAINTS FOR GOOD HUSBANDS

Irish version of "King Carnival"—but during the last few years it seems to have completely died out, though the young men and boys in these districts still march through the streets, singing, shouting, and playing noisy music, and amusing themselves with all kinds of rough practical jokes, among which breaking lamps and wrenching off knockers occasionally figure.

### RHYMING MATCH-MAKERS

In spite of the efforts of the police, the doggerel rhymes, known as "Skellig Lists," continue to appear in many of the towns in West Munster at this season. In these the names of persons of opposite sexes are coupled together—sometimes in an offensive fashion—the idea being that each woman who makes the pilgrimage to the Skellig Rocks is accompanied by a man whom she is destined to marry. The fun of the lists is supposed to consist in joining the most unsuitable and unlikely names, and the Skellig Lists are often not only vulgar, but scurrilous; yet notwithstanding firm attempts to suppress them, year by year the rhymes appear, and are sold in the streets, the secret of their authorship being carefully preserved.

Ballads of all kinds are extremely popular among the lower classes in Ireland, and most notable events are commemorated in this fashion; but nobody seems able to discover the writers, hence it is not surprising that the authors of the Skellig Lists remain unknown to fame and the police!

### THE RING IN THE PANCAKE

Pancakes are eaten as largely in Ireland on Shrove Tuesday as they are in the sister isle, though antiquarians must decide whether the custom is indigenous, or has been introduced from England. The first pancake contains a ring, and is divided into as many portions as there are unmarried persons in the company. The one who gets the ring is supposed to be married before the year is out, and to make this doubly sure, the ring and a small piece of the pancake should be put under the pillow "to dream on."

Good luck is said to attend those who succeed in tossing the pancakes properly, and the girl who can toss one three times running may hope for the best of fortune, and a good husband before next Shrove Tuesday!

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry

Presents of eggs are given at this season as well as at Easter, and it is supposed to be lucky to eat as many pancakes as possible on "Pancake Night." If one should fall on the floor in the process of tossing it belongs to the dog or cat!

Many explanations are given as to the origin of the superstition concerning "going to Skellig." Some say it simply meant going to confession, or telling one's sins, and say the word came from a West Saxon one, "Seall," meaning "guilt," or "sin," hence "going to Skellig" would be going to get rid of one's sins before the season of Lent began. It may be remarked that "Shrove" means the same thing, because people went to be shiven on Shrove Tuesday.

It does not, however, seem clear what this has to do with the Skellig or the "Scelig" Isles, whose name, according to some, is of Scandinavian origin, while others derive it from "Scapula maris," while a few say that the word is identical with "Scilly," and even with the "Scylla" of classic story!

### THE STARVING MONKS

One theory is that the monks of the Great Skellig, or "Skellig Michael," where their curious beehive-shaped cells may still be seen, refused to follow the rule of the Western Church with regard to the keeping of Easter, and adhered to the Eastern usage, hence their Lent began later than among their brethren on the mainland, and people who had put off being married till Shrove was past, sometimes journeyed across to the island, and were united by the prior of Skellig Michael. This seems improbable, though the Celtic Church was for some time at variance with Rome concerning the date of Easter, but the cells on the island seem to have been in connexion with the Augustine Abbey of St. Michael on Ballinskelligs Bay, the monks retiring to the island for prayer and meditation during Lent, when great pilgrimages were made to the lonely rocks. In 812 the Danes plundered the little monastery on the island, and the monks, being unable to obtain provisions, owing to stormy weather, all died of famine.

Old writers say that the voyage to the Skelligs would have been impossible at that time of year but for Divine aid, and now-a-days the Skelligs are practically inaccessible except in very calm weather; and the lighthouse-keepers, who are the

only inhabitants, often suffer great privations, being cut off from the rest of the world for weeks at a time. There are two small coves on the Great Skellig, in which it is possible to land.

At all times the landing is dangerous and difficult, and the pilgrimage which was undertaken by penitents from all parts of Europe was no light task.

At one time young men and women made a pilgrimage to Skellig during Lent, and spent a week or more on the isle, fasting, praying, and lamenting over their sins, the girls invoking the saints for good husbands. One of the penances imposed upon them was to kiss the rudely-carved cross at the extremity of one of the lofty cliffs which tower over the seething Atlantic waves, and as the ascent of these steep crags was most perilous, the young folks formed a procession, the men assisting the women, and carrying torches and tar-barrels to light them along the precipitous paths.

The man who was a girl's escort on Skellig was supposed to be her future husband, and probably many attachments which ended in matrimony were really formed during this pilgrimage, which, unfortunately, gradually degenerated into a lawless revel, in which dancing, drinking and fighting took the place of the old pious observances. It was necessary to bring a plentiful supply of provisions, as the pilgrims might be imprisoned in their sea-girt retreat for weeks by contrary winds and waves.

Eventually, going to Skellig fell into very bad repute, and was denounced by the clergy; but the young people persisted in the practice till finally the authorities interfered, declaring the custom "subversive of all morality and decorum," the police were sent to clear the rocks, and the pilgrimage to Skellig came to an ignominious end!

### MICHAEL AND THE MARINERS

A more unsuitable place for fun and revelry can hardly be imagined than this lonely isle, dedicated, like so many isolated peaks, isles, and promontories, to the Archangel Michael, who was besought by mariners not to press with his wings too heavily upon their sails! St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, Mont St. Michel on the coast of Normandy, St. Michael's in the Azores and in the Scilly Isles, and many other places of the same name, are examples of this.

## How Marriages are made among the Irish Peasantry

The Great Skellig is about eight miles from the mainland, and is a mass of slate rock towering above the sea, and divided at a considerable elevation into two pyramidal peaks, the higher of which is at least 1500 feet above high-water mark. The middle of the island is occupied by a plain or depression, about three acres in extent, surrounded by the lofty fantastically-shaped cliffs, and containing some scanty herbage, and one or two wells of pure clean water,

According to a Kerry legend, no bird can fly over Skellig Michael without pitching to do reverence to the saint and the church; which reminds one of the tradition quoted by Scott in *Marmion*, concerning the reverence paid by the sea-birds round Whitby to St. Hilda :—

“ . . . . sea-birds' pinions fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
They do their homage to the saint.”



THE YOUNG FOLK FORMED A PROCESSION, THE MEN ASSISTING THE WOMEN AND CARRYING TORCHES  
AND TAR BARRELS TO LIGHT THEM ALONG THE PRECIPITOUS PATHS

one of which is said to dry up if any one curses or uses blasphemous language near it !

Some say the wells were Druidical, and that the remains of a Druid's altar were formerly to be seen on the island. The remains of the old church of St. Finian, and the bee-hive cells of the monks are the most interesting objects on the island, which, like the two smaller ones of the group, Middle or Little Skellig, and the Lemon, abound with sea-birds.

Hosts of rare birds breed on the Skellings, the Solan goose and gannet among the number ; and at one time the inhabitants of the mainland ate the flesh of these creatures on fast-days, as, owing to its strong fishy flavour, they looked on it as Lenten fare.

Fish of all kinds abound off the islands, but owing to the stormy waves which surge eternally round the rocks, fishermen can but rarely reap a plentiful harvest of the sea in this wild region.



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**DARK-EYED ROSALEEN**

# The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

THE central character of this charming story is Maisie Kingdon, a woman of impressive beauty, but rather cold demeanour. She was the second wife of Harry Kingdon who had died on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, Mexico. His first wife, Maimie Moore, had run away from home to marry him, much to the anger of her mother, Mrs. Moore, and had died abroad, leaving one child, a sweet, beautiful girl, unfortunately born blind. Mrs. Moore is now dead also, and by her will has directed that her fortune, £150,000, shall go to her daughter Maimie. If, however, Maimie is dead, or cannot be found, the money is to pass to Peggy Brandon, Mrs. Moore's niece, a tall, handsome, noble-hearted girl. At the time of Mrs. Moore's death, no news had reached the home country concerning the fate of her daughter, and nothing whatever is known about Harry Kingdon's second marriage.

An advertisement is inserted in the newspapers relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, and the immense fortune to which she has become entitled. Maisie Kingdon, who is now living in New Orleans, in circumstances of distress, resolves to personate her dead husband's first wife, and claim the money. Captain Larry Fogo, the skipper of the *Anna*, and an old friend of Harry Kingdon, pays for her passage, and so with her little blind step-daughter, whom she loves devotedly, she proceeds to England. She justifies her conduct to herself by saying that it is in the interest of little Maisie, who should be the rightful heir, that she is acting. Further, she purposes to hand over a considerable portion of the fortune to Peggy Brandon, to reserve the bulk of it for the little girl, and only to employ on herself what is absolutely necessary for her comfort.

Mrs. Kingdon is very kindly received, on her arrival in England, by Miss Brandon and her mother. The family solicitor, Mr. Sim, is at first rather sharp and suspicious in his manner towards her, but by the production of various papers she convinces him that she is the rightful heir.

Among the people with whom she is thrown into contact is Verney Drake, a fine young fellow who lodges with Mrs. Brandon, and is trying to earn a living by literature. He has just sacrificed his inheritance of £40,000 in order that his worthless brother Oliver, who is a banker, and has been guilty of embezzling trust funds, may not be brought to shame and ruin. No one but Oliver and Verney knows anything of this act of splendid renunciation on the part of the latter. Verney and Mrs. Kingdon regard each other with a friendly spirit.

We are also introduced to George Harrison, a famous war correspondent, a clever but rather cynical man, a cousin of Mrs. Oliver Drake. He has been in New Orleans, and for some reason or other entertains feelings of suspicion towards Mrs. Kingdon, and they conceive a mutual aversion. Harrison is a devoted admirer of Peggy Brandon, and has resolved to win her for his wife. Peggy, however, does not exhibit any fondness for him, and it almost seems more likely that Verney and she will become lovers.

Mrs. Kingdon, having convinced the family lawyer of her *bona fides*, has now to interview the executors, and the next chapter describes these critical encounters.

## CHAPTER XVI

### INTERVIEWING THE EXECUTORS

"WELL, that's over!"

"I'm afraid you found it very boring."

"Oh no."

"I didn't know poor Pile was so bad. He's breaking up fast."

"He has already lost all hold on the past, I should say. He did not even make an effort to remember me."

"But you would have known him?"

"Time doesn't make such strides at his age. He was already an elderly man, remember, when I was a girl."

"That's true. I suppose at sixty a man carries about with him the face he'll wear at eighty."

"Sir John is a much younger old man, though he cannot be far short of eighty either."

"Yes, and his memory is even superior to yours." Sim looked at Mrs. Kingdon sharply. "He was quite disappointed that you didn't remember his visit to you at your Bournemouth school."

She returned the look with a faint smile.

"If he had brought me a box of chocolates, or carried me off for a half-holiday, I should not have forgotten the honour of his visit. If old gentlemen want their memories kept green, they ought to stimulate

the youthful mind with a tip. I've never forgotten any one who has given me a present."

Sim laughed. "I thought it was only boys who expected largesse from visiting friends."

"I'm afraid girls are not exempt from that form of human weakness."

"Well, it flattered poor Sir John that you had not forgotten his singing."

"It was rather a memorable performance!"

They had visited the old knight in the City to which rooted habit still took him daily, and were now leaving the gloomy house where Mr. Pile was taking his confused leave of life. They had found him in the library, a lean Don Quixote figure, in dressing-gown and skull-cap, looking with vacant eyes upon the books he had gathered with love.

A year ago his fidgety nature would have made him cautious and suspicious in his reception of the guest; to-day he could no longer attach any significance to the visit.

"You remember your old friend Moore?" Sim asked, stooping forward to engage his attention, "Mr. Moore, of Trinity Square and Portland Place?"

"Yes, yes," said the figure in the chair, clasping his thin knotted hands on the rug covering his knees, "Moore was here

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yesterday. They say he is the best doctor of his day. He'll cure me."

Maisie and the lawyer exchanged a look.

She rose from her chair and moved in front of the immobile old man. Her dress had a soft rustle; it was a different dress from the one Sim had first seen her wear, and it seemed to him even more becoming. Her black hat showed off her fair hair.

"Have you forgotten Maimie?" she asked, and to Sim there was a very pathetic appeal in her voice.

Something seemed to stir in the dull brain, a gleam came suddenly into the mindless eyes, but it as quickly faded. Mr. Pile drew in his feet with manifest shrinking.

"Take her away," he said; "tell her I don't subscribe. I have so many charities on my list."

"Let us go," she said; "it's only tormenting him."

His housekeeper met them at the door of the library. She had remarked cheerfully as she let them in that this was one of master's good days, and as she accompanied them to the hall she was equally optimistic in her certainty that their visit had done "the poor gentleman" good.

Sim pressed a coin deftly into her not unwilling palm, and they heard the door shut behind them.

Sir John had required no prompting. He facetiously assured Mrs. Kingdon she looked younger than ever, and hinted broadly at the conquests in store for her. "You remind me more than ever of my good old friend, your poor father,"—he shook his head; "you never took after your mother, my dear."

Maisie's lips formed a mute "no."

"Well, well, you might have trusted him to find you a husband, instead of being in such a hurry to find one yourself; shouldn't have left him, you know, but I'm glad you have come into his money; never like to hear of money going out of the family. But there's a good deal of it, and you'll have to take care of it."

"I haven't got it yet," said Maisie; "Mr. Sim isn't even sure that he'll give it me."

"Ho! ho!"—the old man laughed his dry, thin laugh,—"cautious chap, isn't he? But he's got your papers. You were right to bring all your little bits of certificates, though your face speaks for you. I would know you for a Moore anywhere. If he treats you too badly, you come to me, my

dear, and I'll see you through; why, it seems only yesterday your poor father and I—" He wandered off into the garrulous reminiscences of age. Maisie listened with a dull spot of colour on either cheek, and a tightened mouth. Sim saw that she was moved, and in his great ignorance of woman he wondered. She had seemed careless enough of the past when they discussed it together; what was there in this old man's simple recollections to stir feeling? He did not understand, but when he saw her lips quiver he had consideration enough for her to shorten the interview.

As they stood up to say good-bye, the old knight laid a wrinkled hand on her shoulder.

"How long have you been a widow?" he asked.

"Three years," she replied in a scarcely audible voice.

"Well, well." He looked at her with a cunning, calculating sort of humour in his small, faded blue eyes, as if he were proposing to himself her speedy consolation in the shape of a new husband, and Sim felt himself grow hot as he saw her shrink.

"Mrs. Kingdon is tired," he said almost roughly, "and we've got to see Pile yet, Sir John."

"Pile? Ah, you'll not see Pile. No, no, you'll not be admitted. A sad breakdown, poor chap, and younger than me, if you'll believe it. A couple of years younger—"

"Is he ill?" said Sim; "I heard from him only a week or two ago. Well, we can go and ask for him. If you're ready, Mrs. Kingdon?"

She started forward, scarcely waiting for Sir John's last words.

"Bring your boy," he said genially; "come back soon and bring the lad."

"Let us walk a little way," she said when they had left Russell Square, "and then you can put me in a cab and get rid of me. I don't think the resurrection of old friendships quite agrees with me, and I should like a little air, and the sight of comfortable unknown people who don't want to remember me when I was fifteen."

"Wouldn't you like some tea first? we can get some, not far off."

"No, thank you. Aunt Margaret and Peggy will expect me."

"Miss Brandon won't be home."

"Yes, she's coming earlier, on purpose to hear my adventures. I think if I had

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realised how very fatiguing it is to play the part of returned native I should have remained lost."

"It must be trying, but you'll soon get used to it."

"Used to being interviewed, you mean?" She turned swiftly upon him; he noticed what very quick, vivacious movements she had. "Have you any more ordeals of that sort in store for me?"

"Not I. I meant, to your changed position."

"May I be so bold as to anticipate it? I ought to have thought of it before. You would like to feel free to spend part of your fortune?"

"Oh, yes, I shall want some money, enough to pay a dressmaker's bill, for instance, and—to repay a loan. I didn't dress like this, you know, when I was trimming cheap millinery, and I couldn't have answered your advertisement in person at all, but for the generosity of a friend—"



"TAKE HER AWAY," SAID MR. PILE, A LEAN FIGURE, IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SKULL-CAP;  
"TELL HER I DON'T SUBSCRIBE. I HAVE SO MANY CHARITIES ON MY LIST"

"To wealth instead of poverty?"  
"Yes, that among other things."  
"Then you've conquered your scruples?"  
She smiled faintly.

"Really," he began and reddened, feeling rather nettled; then with recovered good temper he laughed.

"Or, shall we say, you've overcome them? A lawyer is made up of scruples, you know, Mrs. Kingdon, but when he is convinced he's all reasonableness. Please believe I haven't the right, even if I had the wish, to keep you out of your own."

"Then you embolden me to make a petition—"

"That will be all right, I assure you, Mrs. Kingdon."

"Then I hope what I really want will meet with your approval too. I wish Mrs. Brandon and Peggy to share my income."

He was so gravely silent that she struck in—

"Please don't manufacture scruples!"

"They won't be of *my* manufacturing. I'm afraid you have given me a very difficult task."

"It ought not to be difficult. But for me they would have had everything. As far as I'm concerned they might have everything now, but there's Maisie; it's

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hers, but there's more than she can ever use. It ought to be easy for them to take part."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be easy for them. Of course there are ways in which your wish might in part be carried out. If you were to take a large house, for instance, and all live together."

"I don't want a large house."

"There's your mother's—in Portland Place."

"No!" she said, so sharply that he was silenced. After a moment he said awkwardly, "If you will tell me what you wish—"

"Oh, so far as I'm concerned, my own plans are quite made. I can't go on living with my aunt, of course; why, Peggy has given up her room to us; and neither can I share a house with them. I'm not made for—for—living with people. I shall find some rooms somewhere with big nurseries for Maisie; I want her to have every advantage as she grows up, or I should return next week to New Orleans."

"But, my dear Mrs. Kingdon, with all that money you'll positively have to live in some kind of style."

"Why?"

He looked at her with a kind of hopeless incredulity.

"You are, forgive me, but—you're quite young still, and you ask me that! Don't you know what money can do?"

"I know that it can do nothing for me. It's Maisie's, but in Maisie's name I want some of it to go to the Brandons. Give them a sufficient income to let them have all they care for, to go back to the country if they like. Give me a little for my own needs, they are very few and small, and keep the rest for Maisie."

He laughed in spite of himself.

"I never had so disinterested a client."

"It isn't disinterestedness," she said with deadly weariness. "Call it indifference if you like, but please arrange the matter as you think best. And now I want to go home to my baby. Would you please call me a cab?"

### CHAPTER XVII

#### WALKING AMONG THE SNARES

**A**S Maisie let herself in with the latch-key Peggy had provided, she heard the sound of voices coming from behind the closed door of the little drawing-

room on the right. She hesitated a moment, and then ran quickly and silently up to her own room. Her one need at that moment was to feel her arms close round Maisie, and the answering clasp of the little soft arms. Her mind was full of vague defiances, shapeless thoughts in which nothing stood real, but mother's love at least was concrete and nothing could shake that.

Already at the door she was calling with a joyous inflection, "Darling, darling, mother's come back," but the silence smote her like a blow. She ran to the crib and saw that it was empty, the coverlet smooth, the pillow undented. Her brow took vexed lines. "I told Peggy to see that she had her afternoon sleep. I'll never leave her again. Why did I let them persuade me?"

In a foolish panic she flew down-stairs again, and throwing open the drawing-room door hurried into the room. The four people who occupied it all paused in their talk, and turned at her entrance. Mother and daughter were there, and Herrison, and Verney Drake, but Maisie saw nothing except the little form she had sought in vain securely throned on Peggy's lap. The colour deepened in her white cheeks, her eyes had a covetous, almost an angry light.

"I've looked everywhere for her," she said reproachfully. "I expected to find her asleep, and you've got her here."

At the sound of her voice Maisie struggled gently, her little arms in the long white sleeves went out appealingly, and with a swoop as if of a fluttered mother-bird, she was snatched up and safely enclosed against the maternal bosom.

Peggy looked for an instant at the empty place on her lap, as if she missed that feather-weight burden, and then she said gently, "Oh, Maisie, it seemed such a lonely thing to send the little mite up-stairs with no you to go to, and she's been so good. Come and sit here. How tired you look!"

Then Maisie woke out of her preoccupation.

Her faint smile was very pretty as she said apologetically, "I'm afraid I rushed in very unceremoniously, but you see I've never left my baby so long before."

Her eyes met Verney's and he smiled back. He thought it beautiful to see how the hunger in her face had melted into perfect content as her heart was appeased.

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"Don't go up-stairs, dear child," said Mrs. Brandon in her kind, full voice, "rest first and have some tea. You know our friends, don't you? Mr. Drake, Mrs. Kingdon; Mr. Herrison."

"I saw Mr. Drake the other night at the station."

Herrison was behind her, and she turned slowly to acknowledge his bow. The pause was deliberate, perhaps to give her face time to lose all expression.

"I had the pleasure of seeing you there too—from a distance," he said, with his pronounced drawl.

"You were travelling, perhaps?"

"No, merely a looker-on. A humble spectator of your arrival."

"Here, Maisie," cried Peggy, rather precipitately, "this chair is very comfy, and let me take your hat. This little table will do for girlie's milk-cup. She waited for mother. You must tell all your adventures by and by. Did you come in a cab or a hansom?"

"In a cab," said Maisie, guiding the little Maisie's hands to the cup. "I wasn't brought up to hansoms, and they're a matter of nerve education, I should think."

"Isn't your memory deceiving you?" said Herrison, coming to the tea-table to take his cup from Peggy. "The hansom is a tolerably ancient institution—in London."

"Perhaps it is my courage that is defective. I don't like rash experiments;" she looked up at him with a cold indifference in her blue eyes.

"I should have thought you a lady of good courage," he drawled, pitching his voice easily. "It's something of an undertaking to come from New Orleans alone."

Maisie's hand closing on the child's seemed to say she was not alone.

"Mrs. Kingdon was coming *home*," said Peggy cheerfully; "that's a wonderful support to a woman's courage."

"But the experiment of returning remains," said Herrison, this time to Peggy.

"It has only to be boldly made to turn out a triumphant success," Verney Drake interposed. "I can speak from knowledge, Mrs. Kingdon, for I've been an exile for ten years, and am only newly returned."

"Yet you liked coming back?"

"Well—it's home, as Miss Brandon says."

"Oh, yes, one is allowed to feel that at once," she said, smiling rather strangely.

"It must be such a rest to come back to a comfortable, respectable country," said Mrs. Brandon, who was simply and unashamedly insular. "I always do so pity people who have to live abroad."

"Mother even pities the foreigners who have to live in their own countries," said Peggy, laughing; "don't you, dear?"

"Did you enjoy being interviewed?" Maisie asked under cover of Mrs. Brandon's protest. Some colour had come back into her face, and her eyes looked pleasant.

"I'm not a sufficiently distinguished native to merit that honour."

"Ah, you weren't coming home to a fortune."

"No," he said, thinking silently that he had come home to relinquish one.

"Where have you been all these years?"

"Pretty much everywhere, a very vagabond life. New Orleans among other places, however. I have friends there."

"I don't know them," she said quickly, and then she laughed. "You know how people here, when you mention any place abroad, immediately expect you to know the particular citizen out of hundreds of thousands, perhaps, they may chance to have met."

"Yes, we islanders rather lose our sense of proportion when a place is at a distance."

"Yet it's wonderful how we're all linked, the world round," said Herrison, again striking in; "never gone anywhere myself—and I've been in some outlandish holes—where I haven't met a man who's known some other man I know. Talk of the world being big! It's just a little suburb cut up into sets. Why, I believe even Mrs. Kingdon and I could find an acquaintance or two in common if we took the trouble."

"Perhaps, if it were worth the trouble," she assented coldly, "but I am afraid we should not meet on the same social plane. I lived in the old Spanish quarter in New Orleans, and my only acquaintances were some very poor and quite ignorant Creoles, as untravelled as myself."

"The Spanish quarter sounds delightfully romantic," said Peggy, "and a Creole calls up to my mind a vision of dark eyes and flashing white teeth, and flowers and sunshine and unconventional singing. Don't tell me I'm wrong, Maisie, for if I can't travel and get disillusioned for myself, I'd rather keep my visions."

"They are near enough the truth to serve very well," said Drake. He looked at Maisie,

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and saw her shiver a little. She, too, was thinking of the caressing breath from the Spanish Main that calls into birth both laughter and flowers. "Miss Brandon doesn't exaggerate the charm, does she?"

"Why shouldn't you travel?" Herrison asked Peggy, with some loss of his drawl. His light hazel eyes were boldly on her face. Mrs. Brandon had drawn in her chair near the others, and at the tea-table they were isolated.

"Do you want all the reasons?" she

"In that capacity among others."

"What exactly does that mean, I wonder? A cicerone generally presents you with a great many uninteresting and unveracious facts, in very indifferent English, doesn't he? I always think of him as spoiling every landscape by his endeavour to be improving. And after all *Baedeker* supplies as many historical allusions as a reasonable tourist can assimilate."

"I'd promise to bar the allusions. They're a nuisance, anyhow."



MAISIE KINGDON FLEW INTO THE ROOM. SHE SAW NOTHING EXCEPT THE LITTLE FORM SHE HAD SOUGHT IN VAIN SECURELY THRONE ON PEGGY'S LAP

asked gaily. "If so you'll require more patience than I think you possess as a listener."

"Try me. Give me the strongest."

"Then you must give *me* time for reflection, and comparison."

"If by chance the lack of companionship should be one of them, I might find a remedy."

"Thank you, it's not my only lack."

"The thankfulness would be mine."

"Am I to understand you're offering yourself as cicerone?" She looked mischievous and amused.

"Oh, you couldn't help it. Isn't it your business to make history for us?"

"Something else should be my business if I travelled with you. I'd be making history for myself."

"You would find out my ignorance, which I've done my best to conceal from you hitherto. You are formidable enough in London, you know, but abroad—on your own ground—among those scenes of battle and tragedy you've done your best to impress on the national mind, you'd be annihilating."

"I could make allowances."

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"It is very kind of you to tamper with the truth to make me more comfortable!"

"I say, Peggy, how absurd we are!"

"You're finding me out already, and yet you want me to join your personally-conducted tour—round the world, for all one knows!"

"I want you to do something else in the meantime."

"It will have to be something more reasonable, then."

"It's a very small thing. I want to know if you'll receive my cousin, Grania Drake. She'd like to call."

"Of course we shall be very glad to see her, if she takes the trouble. At least, mother will. I'm seldom in at calling hours."

She looked a little surprised, and involuntarily her glance strayed over to Verney Drake. She examined him consideringly. He was talking, and Maisie seemed to like listening. Her mother, too, had put down her needlework, and was looking at him with her most maternal expression.

"She is Mr. Drake's sister-in-law?"

"Yes; her husband's an ass, and of course she thinks the world of him. That one's all right." He indicated Verney with a nod.

"How grateful he ought to feel for that testimonial to his character! And we too. He might have been an ass all this time without our discovering it."

"Your visitor thinks a good lot of him."

"Is that supposed to add to his merits, or hers?"

"It doesn't say much for Drake's penetration. As for Mrs. Kingdon's merits, I don't know yet whether she's got any."

"You didn't take the best way to find out," she said, with something of displeasure in her tone.

"What would you call the best way?"

"Oh," she said, realising the uselessness of being angry with him, "tuition would be lost on you. Don't I remember how you snubbed us all the first time you came to the Vicarage?"

"I never snubbed you, Peggy; anyway, I never wanted to."

"Then please don't want to snub my cousin."

"When I know she's your cousin I won't; and you'll be friends with mine? I rather think you'll cotton to Grania. She's quite one of your sort."

"You don't deserve that I should; but

as she's probably a great deal nicer than you, I'll reserve my decision till I see her."

It was quite late in the evening before Maisie said anything to her relatives of the day's experiences. There was a certain aloofness about her that did not encourage questions, and they were too delicately-minded to force an ungiven confidence. She went from the room before the two young men left, on the plea that it was long past Maisie's bed-time. One hand occupied with the child, the other with her hat, gloves and veil, she contented herself with a bow, and her smile only included Drake, who opened the door for her. Peggy understood that she would not shake hands with George Herrison. In the trailing, soft black dress she looked graceful, and revealed a pretty figure, but perhaps there was not one of the company who did not instinctively understand what a relief she felt in shutting herself out. She was only natural, only in any degree happy, when alone with her little girl.

Peggy went round the room pushing back the chairs, recovering the scattered tea-cups. She lit the lamp behind Mrs. Brandon so that the light fell on the delicate lacework, and shut out the grey, dull street and the towering opposite houses by pulling down the venetians.

Then she drew a tall chair forward opposite her mother. Peggy was too big to perch on footstools or sprawl on hearthrugs, nor was she lavish of endearments, but she liked to be seated where, when she lifted her eyes from her knitting, she could see the calm beautiful face she knew and loved best in the world.

"Mother," she said, "do you believe in instinctive repulsions between strangers who know nothing about each other?"

"Your father used to say women were so intuitive they could almost tell when a man was not good," said Mrs. Brandon, meditatively, "but we have known so few people who were not really nice. There was that Mr. Crowe who cheated your poor father, but somehow, though we missed the money dreadfully, I always felt more sorry for him than angry with him. It must have been so much worse for him than for us."

Peggy's smile was very tender.

"I wasn't exactly thinking of bad people. I hope one's sense of purity would warn one from those. You wouldn't call George Herrison a bad man—only a very vain one, and I'm certain poor Maisie——"

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"Dear child, what are you talking of?"

"Only explaining in my clumsy way that they dislike and distrust each other."

"Aren't you a little bit imaginative, dear? I thought they got on so nicely, George knowing New Orleans, and all that. I heard him say he was sure he and Maisie must have acquaintances in common."

"Yes, he did say that."

"Then why should you think they dislike each other?"

Peggy there and then determined she would not ruffle the elemental deeps of her mother's simplicity. Her own quicker imagination might easily lead her too far.

"I'm afraid I haven't the born writer's power of detachment," she said, "the visualising gift, I suppose it is called, to read hearts and understand motives, but somehow I always seem to know when two of my friends are going to repel or attract each other. For instance, I think Maisie likes Mr. Drake. She seems at ease with him."

"Well, I like him too. There's something that draws one to him: he's very kindly. Have you ever noticed what nice eyes he has, Peggy?"

"No," the girl laughed. "I'm not a sentimental creature like my young and impressionable mother. I've only noticed that he isn't at all good-looking, though I admit he has a personality, which is all a man need have. If you and Maisie are going to think such a lot of him, I'll have to make a study of him; perhaps I'll discover a few redeeming faults. Here is Maisie. Mother is cracking up her latest favourite, Mr. Drake, Maisie. You like him too, don't you?"

"Yes," she hesitated, "but it is because he reminds me of the best friend my husband and I ever had."

"Outwardly?"

"No, there's no sort of physical resemblance. It's a feeling that you could trust him, I think, if you were in any trouble or danger."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Brandon, "I think I could go to him if I wanted help."

"I didn't think, I went!" laughed Peggy, "or he came. He carried the scuttle and peeled the potatoes."

"Maisie doesn't mean help of that kind," said the dear literal woman; "but you won't want a champion now, poor child."

"I'm not so sure of that." Maisie's laugh was hard. "From what I was told to-day

the position of a rich person seems beset with hazards."

"Did Mr. Pile lecture you?" Mrs. Brandon asked, sympathetically. "I was afraid from what Mr. Sim hinted that he would be rather tiresome."

"No, poor man, he's past being able to interest himself, except, very dimly, in his own personality. He took me for a charity collector. Senile decay, I think Mr. Sim called it."

"How sad. Poor old man!"

"Yes, I ought to have come home a year earlier. I feel I've deprived him of the pleasure of catechising me. Sir John? Oh, yes, we saw him, he's quite well. He gave me quite a remarkable proof of his penetration. He said he'd have known me anywhere for a Moore!"

"I don't think you *have* changed much, Maisie," said Mrs. Brandon, reflecting. "I suppose it is that I'm getting more used to your face, but I sometimes see glimpses of your mother in you——"

Maisie's smile was very dry.

"Sir John thought me the image of my father. But the room was rather dark, and his eyesight, naturally, isn't what it once was."

"Well, you've got the ordeal over," said Peggy cheerfully, "and now you can sit down and enjoy yourself."

"Is it over?" questioned Maisie, with her dim smile; "I think it's only beginning."

### CHAPTER XVIII

#### THE BIRTH OF A SWEET FRIENDSHIP

G RANIA lost no time in going to make her promised call at Kensington.

Oliver did not look very well pleased when she told him of her intention.

"Why can't Verney come here?" he said; "you shouldn't always be running after him. He never comes near us. One would think we had forbidden him the house."

"That would be odd indeed," she smiled; "but it's not Verney I'm going to see this time, though if he invites me up to his den I shan't decline the honour; it's the ladies he's living with."

"What on earth have you got to do with his landlady?" Oliver looked up rather querulously from his breakfast bacon.

"She isn't a landlady—in your sense—Mrs. Brandon is the widow of a vicar.

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She and her daughter are very old friends of George's."

"Oh, friends of Herrison!" The tone implied that they could not be friends of his.

"I think George must be—" She hesitated and blushed prettily. "I fancy Miss Brandon is very attractive."

"A love-affair!" He dismissed the subject with indifference.

"Rather difficult to imagine George in love, isn't it?" she asked with constrained brightness, seeing that he was cross and disposed to be captious.

"I don't bother myself with imagining anything about him. Look here, if you see Verney—"

"I may not see him, Oliver. He's very likely to be busy—or out. If you'd rather I went another day, dear—"

"If you'd allow me to finish," he said snappishly, the ignoble lines, spiteful, small, petty, very visible about his mouth; "if you see Verney and he asks you anything about the Bank, tell him—"

He paused. Once before he had given her a message which she had not conveyed because she did not understand it. This time he hesitated, anxious to frame his words so that they should not waken alarm in her. Grania's wifely anxieties were apt to be tiresome.

She did not help him by sitting looking at him with her head held a little proudly. Like most sensitive people she was tongue-tied when wounded.

"Tell him we've had a run of bad luck at the Bank lately. Oh, it's all right,"—he saw the alarm grow in her eyes; "nothing to look frightened about, it's safely weathered or I shouldn't be telling you."

"I wish you'd tell me, Oliver. I'm afraid I must often vex you by spending needlessly, just because I don't know. There are so many little things I might save on if I knew."

"The price of your railway ticket, for instance?" he said, with a laugh of recovered good-humour. "Don't be absurd, my dear; when I want my wife to pinch and scrape I'll let her know."

"But I was thinking of taking Boy to the Zoo, and Miss Moore, she has been so good to him, and it will mean a night away at Jackson's."

"Well, if it does? Get Miss Moore a gown or a hat or anything you like, if you want to. I'm the last man to grudge you any of your fancies."

"I know," she said gratefully, though she still looked perplexed; "but if times are really bad why shouldn't we do a little of the sacrificing too? It isn't much to give up, but it would make us feel—Boy and me—as if we were helping a little."

"What nonsense you talk! You know about as much of business as the Boy himself. Can't you understand after all these years—ten and more since we married—that a man in a large way of business like mine counts his household expenditure as a mere nothing, compared with his other liabilities? All your pinching and scraping wouldn't affect them an atom; they'd only make you look wrinkled and careworn."

She did not understand; indeed her memory treacherously, as she felt, went back to more than one occasion when she had very distinctly been made to feel that the utmost economy, even in the house-bills, was necessary, but ten years at least had taught her the wisdom of wifely silence, on occasion.

"I'll give Verney your message if I see him," was all she said.

"Oh, well, if you remember it. He likes to know how things are going on, and what time have I for family letters? But don't alarm him; there isn't the smallest call for any fuss. I'll repent of having suggested any message at all if you translate your woman's fears into it, and bring him down here to bother me."

"I can have no fears when my husband tells me to have none," she said a little proudly. "If Verney asks, I am to tell him you have had some anxieties connected with the Bank, but that they are surmounted. Is that it?"

"That will do," he said rather sullenly. To himself he was saying—"He'll take the hint, he'll understand that I can't begin to pay him back as soon as I hoped to, though there's nothing for him to come bothering and asking questions about. It's only reasonable I should have time, and of course it will all work out straight enough."

"If you're going to stay the night at Jackson's, you might as well wire to Verney and get him to take you somewhere in the evening, somewhere that Boy can go to; a circus or something; or he could take you to a theatre."

"Oh, I couldn't leave Boy. Miss Moore has friends to go to. Besides, I think the Zoo will be excitement enough for him. I don't mind Jackson's at all. It isn't like a

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public hotel, and town always makes me sleepy and glad to go soon to bed."

"The only thing to do in such a dull hole. Well, have it your own way, but remember if you don't care to amuse yourself, I haven't the chance! If you can get through with your shopping come back by the 1.20 on Friday. Tell me what you want in the way of money and I'll bring you a cheque to-night."

She thanked him, and returned his goodbye kiss with the more tenderness because she felt that there were times when she did not quite understand him, for all their ten years' travel together, and not to understand him was to be in the wrong herself. She went out into the hall with him, brushed his hat, found his gloves, and saw him get into the carriage and disappear down the avenue of pines that seemed to be running a race with the swift-trotting horses.

There were occasions—and this one of them—when she wished that Oliver would walk to the Bank, as in the early days of their marriage, when he would have scorned to be borne lazily on wheels. It would be better for his figure; better, too, for her contentment in the remaining hours of the day to go with him a little way through snow-white or dew-laden or flower-decked meadows, sending love with him, taking love back with her. She had no distrust of his affection, she could make sensible allowance for the nervous irritation induced by business strain, but sometimes she was conscious of a vague impending menace to their happiness, a cloud that would one day appear on the far horizon of her life, and slowly spread until it enveloped her. What form the sway of outside forces would take she had not imagination enough to formulate; if she associated the danger with her husband it was because she could only suffer her worst through him.

But she was speedy in telling herself that she was the most foolish of women, and soon the stimulus of sunlight, and morning air, and the unchanging greeting of her flowers, soothed and calmed her.

Herrison met her next morning at Paddington. She saw his stout, short figure in its careful dress, his face so expressive but for the light, penetrating eyes which missed nothing, before he saw her. Boy's head and shoulders usurped the window, Miss Moore keeping a careful clutch on his little coat. The small party was in holiday humour; Grania had on a

new hat, and her eyes sparkled under it. The station was full of eager humanity, glad to reach its goal, and bustling to go about its business; the row of porters, the row of cabs filling up, driving off, each carrying its own burden of cares and contentments, warmed the two young women with a glow of excitement. Boy's interest in a snorting engine was clamorous.

George went to the window calmly.

"Holiday faces," he said; "that's right."

"George! it's good of you to meet us. You know Miss Moore?"

"Yes," he said, helping her out of the carriage; "didn't I show her the only sound method of teaching the alphabet?"

"We're here to forget the alphabet."

"How are you going to begin?"

"With the Zoo, I think."

"Excellent choice. There was no alphabet in the days of the prehensile toe."

"We mustn't miss that, but we won't drag you there. I suppose we can get back in time for our call at Kensington?"

"I'll go with you and see that you do. What about lunch?"

"We had it early at Bristol; there's an hour to wait, you know, and we thought it would save time."

"Come then; it's one now, and we've to save it still. We'll want a couple of hansoms."

"Oh, a four-wheeler, please."

"Afraid? Why, you used to have a good pluck, Grania."

"I wasn't married then," she said, with a smile for her little son; "when you take a wife, George, there will be no more outlandish expeditions for you."

"Won't there?" His face changed oddly. "She'll share them if she's the girl I take her to be."

Miss Moore lingered with little Verney, both fascinated with the pictures at the bookstall. Grania looked at her cousin with sympathy flowing from her pretty eyes.

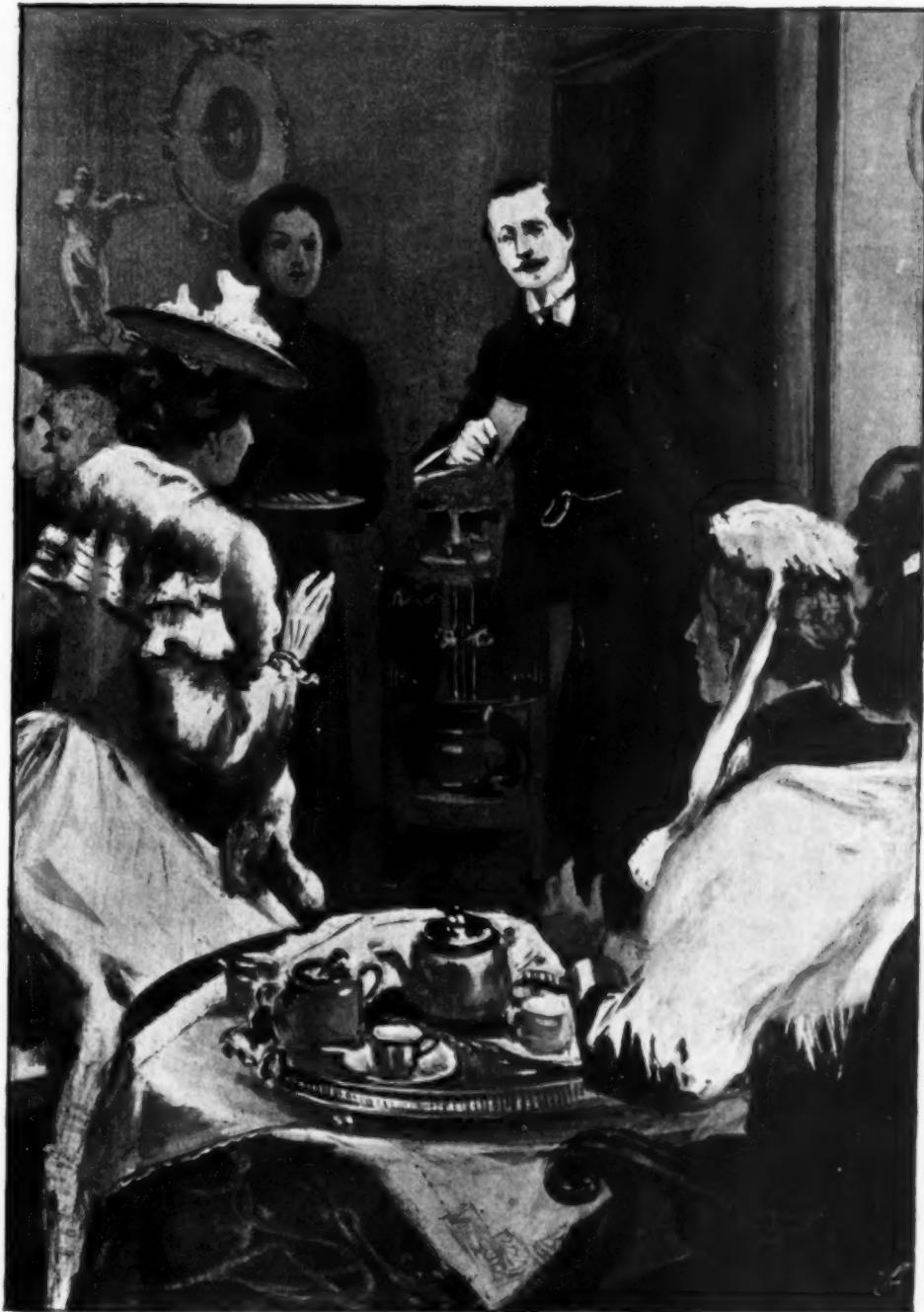
"Am I to see her to-day, George?"

"Yes, my wife, or no other woman. Say a good word for me, Grania."

She shook her head doubtfully, not dreaming of the time when she should plead, for another man, with Peggy. "I don't think that would do much good. If she cares for you, she'll need no advocate. If she doesn't——"

"Well, if she doesn't?"

"Not all the women in the world could make her change her mind."



VERNEY'S FACE WAS GRAVE, AND IN HIS HAND HE HELD A TELEGRAM. HE LOOKED  
AT GRANIA, AND SHE GASPED

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"Then one man will!"

She laughed at his characteristic confidence in himself, and wondered a little about Peggy Brandon, but her curiosity could easily wait—the day so bright and happy.

It was after five o'clock before they reached the little house in Kensington. Miss Moore, duly impressed with the necessity of meeting employer and pupil next day at Paddington, took an omnibus to Hampstead. Grania looked about her interestedly, as they drove through the highly-respectable but eminently dull streets of the old Court suburb. She was hoping Verney might be at home, and that she might be permitted to see the workshop where he strung together those thoughts which she was quite sure would one day electrify the world. Herrison's hopes were placed on Peggy's early return. He knew that some business took her daily from home; teaching, or typewriting, probably, but the nature of her occupation interested him less than its claims on her time. As Mrs. Herrison she would, of course, not work at any calling; it was characteristic of his egotism to dwell more on her future as belonging to him, than on her present as belonging to herself.

But he was to be disappointed. Peggy had not come home, and the little drawing-room looked empty with only Mrs. Brandon and Maisie Kingdon in it.

Herrison, concealing his chagrin, performed the introductions. Grania felt drawn at once to the tall, white-haired, dark-eyed lady presiding over the tea-tray, but Maisie and she looked at each other coldly, almost distrustfully, and for neither was there any kindling into warmth throughout the visit. Perhaps it was Herrison's introduction—no friend of his could be acceptable to Maisie—that helped her to measure the distance she placed between them; perhaps there had been a pitying light in Grania's eyes as they fell on the little blind girl, softly playing at Maisie's feet. They were too alike, it might be, of the same age, the same social position, each the mother of an only child; for likeness may breed antagonism as well as difference. They had a dual recognition that they were committed to civility, but could never be coerced into cordiality.

Herrison, whose pale eyes saw everything, watched the little by-play with an odd smile, while he lent ear and voice to

his hostess; Grania flushed into beauty, uneasy to feel less than warmly towards any creature in the world, making halting small-talk; Maisie, cold as a winter's day, listening, responding with lips that took no gracious curve. Boy, a gallant little figure in a fantastic holiday suit, leaning against his mother, munching a sweet biscuit, was staring at the little girl, whose tiny fingers were delicately threading bright coral beads on a string. The beads made a little pool of red in her white lap. Boy would have liked to play with them too. A whisper from his mother encouraging him sent him forward, but swiftly Maisie picked up little Maisie, encircling her with a defending arm; the beads fell and rolled far and wide over the worn Brussels carpet.

"Oh, what a pity," cried Grania. "Pick them up, sonnie."

"Pray don't trouble," said Maisie, "my little girl is tired of playing with them."

"She doesn't look strong," ventured Grania, noticing the child's silent acquiescence in the loss of her plaything.

"She is perfectly well, though she has not the English colouring."

Grania's eyes followed her son capturing the runaway beads. Beside the healthy red and brown of his country cheeks the little girl's pallor was almost waxen, and her heart trembled in pity she dared not express. They spoke of other things; Maisie took her share, and it was now Grania's part to follow with lamentable pauses and hesitations. Herrison, watching his cousin, while Mrs. Brandon spoke of a letter from Haleford, was surprised into thinking her clever—clever to share his distrust without his calculated reason for distrusting.

When Peggy came at last, it was as if the sun had dispersed a fog. Her very presence, tall, calm, radiant, brought ease. Grania and she seemed to flow together even as their hands met. They had heard much of each other, and each had gone part of the way in liking the other; now some inward sense told them that this hour marked a new date, the birth of their friendship. Herrison, now drawn near, waiting for Peggy's notice, again made inward acknowledgment of Grania's cleverness, the intuitive cleverness of a woman who bows to the best when she sees it.

And what a best was Peggy! Even in her black dress, plain to shabbiness, her fineness shone out. Grania in the feathers

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and frills she wore to please Oliver was a mere pretty woman beside her, one of a thousand pretty women; she was eclipsed by Peggy, just as she eclipsed the slight and slender widow, seated cold, composed, disdainful in her corner. There were no distressful lapses in the talk now. Herrison's drawling account of the Zoo made them all laugh. Grania defended their pleasure. Peggy was gaily on her side. Grania's boy was quickly coaxed near, even little Maisie stirred at her voice, and Maisie's mother half unfroze. Surely there was something magnetic in this delightful Peggy.

"I'm so sorry you can't see your brother-in-law," she turned to Grania; "he's out."

"I thought I heard his key," said Mrs. Brandon.

"It was mine, mother. I met him this morning, and he said he feared he couldn't get back to meet you here, but I was to tell you, Mrs. Drake, that he'd call at your hotel after dinner."

"That will be something to keep awake for."

"What's he doing?" asked Herrison.

"Taking up your neglected work, I think."

"He can't do that," said Herrison, calm in the knowledge of his own supremacy.

"If he does his own," said Grania kindly, "may that not be a great deal?"

"He's probably at the Museum, getting up an article for the *Scrutator*. How much will that add to the illumination of the world, Grania?"

"It may give a good many people pleasure," said Peggy, answering for her; "and what better service can any one do the world?"

"That can be done without writing."

"It can't be done to so many at once," she said, laughing at him.

"It's enough if it's done to one at a time."

"What are you discussing?" asked Mrs. Brandon, abandoning her task of getting Boy to absorb another cake.

"The greatest happiness of the greatest number," said Peggy, her eyes still mirthful.

"As illustrated in pairs," amended Herrison.

"I thought it was only one!" cried Peggy.

"Is that what Verney's writing about?" asked the puzzled and innocent Grania. "Oh, I'd love so much to see his den,"—she turned to Mrs. Brandon; "but he mightn't like it, when he's away."

"Mother dusts it," said Peggy; "she thinks our 'help' might take an unfair advantage and get beforehand with the world."

"Advance sheets—of happiness," said Herrison. "I shouldn't mind letting you dust my den, Peggy."

"Oh, I hope it isn't like yours, George," cried Grania. "Have you ever seen his flat?" she looked at Peggy; "his nightmare of a flat!"

"I've had that startling experience. It cured me for a whole week of the desire to travel. It gave me a fit of—scenic dyspepsia—" She broke off her light talk to hold up a hand. "There is Mr. Drake. That's his latchkey this time. You'll see the humble workshop after all, Mrs. Drake, but be prepared for our old nursery table from Haleford, and a chair that never deserved the prefix 'easy.'"

When she paused, they heard a man's quick, light step on the stair mounting rather hurriedly.

"Oh, I do hope he isn't going to be immersed," said Grania, "for we really must be going, we've paid such a visit."

"He won't take the plunge all at once," said Herrison. "We'll haul him down before he gets over the ankles."

But in a moment they heard him coming down again, faster than he went up. His face, as it showed in the open door, was grave, and full of the absorption of a single thought; in his hand was the orange envelope of a telegram.

Instantly each of the four women present connected his expression with that torn envelope, and spelt disaster. Maisie, clutching her child, turned a sickly white. Herrison alone retained a masculine superiority to panic.

"Got a commission?" he asked.

"Yes," said Drake, "a commission to take a little journey." He looked at Grania and she gasped.

"Oliver!"

"He's quite well, the wire is from himself—but there's been an accident—a fire at the Leas." He saw her begin to tremble and went to put a hand on her shoulder. "Look, read it for yourself," he said reassuringly. But the paper shook in her hand, and he read the message aloud.

"Outbreak fire last night. West wing burned down. Come, and bring Grania if you can."

"The west wing!" She shuddered. "Our

## The Deceiver

rooms and the old nursery—Boy's now. We must go. Oh, Verney, take me to him! Perhaps—perhaps he's hurt!"

"No, you see he sends this himself. It probably happened when he was at the Bank. We can catch the last train if you can come now, at once."

Mrs. Brandon and Peggy settled everything. Boy should stay with them, and go home with his governess later, when the confusion was over. Grania, distracted, in a fever to be gone, could only thank them brokenly, draw Boy to her, and passionately whisper to him to be good.

Maisie, who had stood aloof, came a step nearer, forcing herself to a word of sympathy.

Herrison turned to her.

"I'm afraid Drake's dramatic entrance has startled you, Mrs. Kingdon," he said; "you look as if *you* had been the recipient of bad news."

"Bad news is unpleasant—even if it doesn't come to oneself," she said coldly.

"Especially if one is always anticipating it?" he suggested with a smile. "You'll get used to telegrams in England. We employ them for much more trivial matters than a conflagration."

It was he who took command while Drake hurriedly packed a bag. He found the cab-whistle in the drawer of the hall-table, and while his blast summoned a hansom, he got the address of Miss Moore from Grania and chaffed her into a semblance of composure.

"Think what a chance the rebuilding will give you of illustrating *your* scheme of colour, and still further confounding mine!" he said.

"If it hadn't been the old nursery," she sighed, "with three generations of associations."

"And your little son safely here," said Mrs. Brandon, with gentle reminder.

"Yes!" cried Grania, hugging her boy again, "I'm a wickedly ungrateful woman! what does it matter, since they're both safe?"

Herrison in his search for the whistle saw three letters on the table under the hat-rack, stamped and ready for post. When he took his leave, which he did immediately after the travellers set out, he asked his hostess if he could put them in the pillar. She had gone to the door with him, arranging with him that he should wire to Miss Moore next morning and ask her to come to Kensington.

She glanced absently at the table. "Thank you, if you will be so good. Mr. Drake generally takes our correspondence with his own."

Herrison was so good.

Two of the letters were in Mrs. Brandon's old-fashioned hand, the third, on thin paper with a 2½d. stamp, was in unfamiliar writing.

An inborn courtesy would have withheld any of the four, perhaps any of the five, people he had left from reading the address on this letter, but Herrison had no weak scruples.

"Captain Lawrence Fogo," he said half aloud, and then he smiled. He got the direction of the shipping agents to whose care it was confided off by heart before he dropped the triad of messages into the gaping mouth of a pillar-box.

(To be continued.)



## Budgets and their Makers

AN ARTICLE FULL OF INTERESTING INFORMATION

ENGLISH finance was first organised in Plantagenet times, when the earliest professional financier on record was imported from the City of London into the councils of the King. The personal associations of the national balance-sheet began to be of vivid and general interest from the date (1722) at which Sir Robert Walpole doubled the parts of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Walpole's pupil and follower, Henry Pelham, combined the same offices. So did George Grenville in 1763, and Lord North in 1770. Other instances of the two appointments united in the same person were the second Pitt (1784), Addington (1801), Spencer Perceval (1810), George Canning (1827), and Sir Robert Peel (1834). When, therefore, a great statesman of our own time was charged with conduct, inexpedient if not unexampled, in taking on him the two-fold burden of the Premiership and the Chancellorship, his censors must have accidentally ignored several sufficiently familiar precedents. Except when the Prime Minister sat in the Upper House, from the eighteenth century onward, as a matter of course he held the national purse-strings.

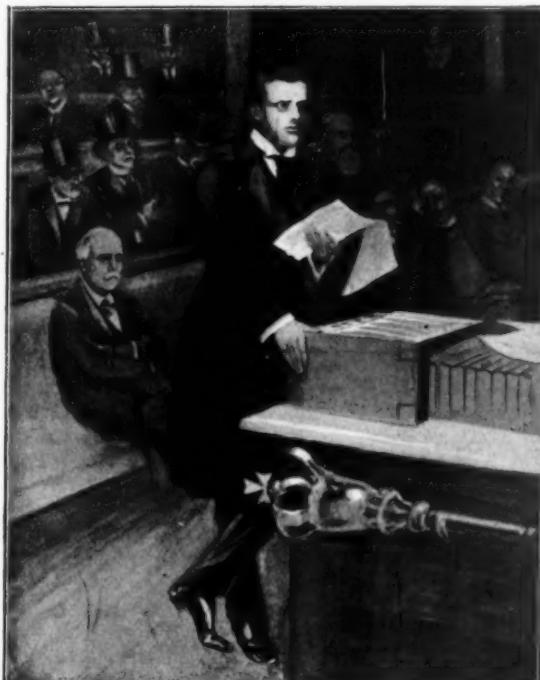
Details presently to be mentioned bear out the statement that, in the Rockingham Cabinet of 1782, the Budget first became a party battle-ground of the kind which it has continued ever since to be.

In 1762 the least noticeable mediocrity of his age, Legge, afterwards Lord Dartmouth, had been followed at the Exchequer by one of the greatest blackguards. "Sir Francis Dashwood," writes Horace Walpole, "together with the phrase and familiarity of a fishwife, introduced the humours of Wapping behind the veil of the Treasury." Probably Dashwood, who assisted with Wilkes, with Sandwich, and with the son of Archbishop Potter at the Medmenham orgies, may have had another side to his character than that of the "vulgar fool" described by Walpole.

After the Chancellorship had been discredited by Dashwood, the Budget soon became, after a fashion unknown before, the test of strength between the two political sides confronting each other at St. Stephen's.

The arbiter, or rather the constructor of the Grafton administration (1766-70), Chat-

ham, at the command of the King, approached the most brilliant member of the Lower House, and, in a letter of famous magniloquence, offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Charles Townshend, who was already Paymaster-General. This, said Horace Walpole, was ordering Townshend to accept £2700 a year in the place of £7000 (the Paymastership then being commercially the most valuable of State employments). Was the gifted and volatile Townshend to accept a loss of



MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN MAKING HIS BUDGET STATEMENT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

## Budgets and their Makers

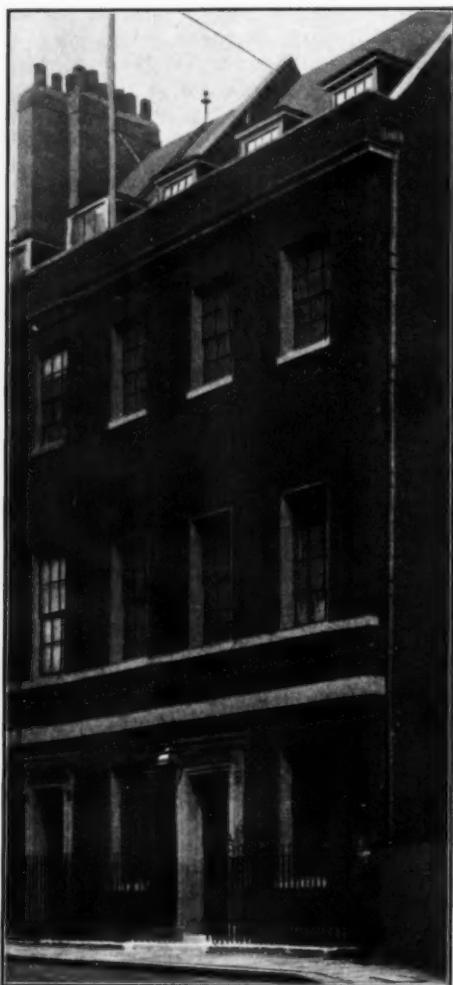
income or to risk offending the Palace? On the one hand, he dared not disobey what was in effect a royal command. On the other, he could not resign himself to the sacrifice of more than £4000 a year. Worry brought this bright and emotional being to a rather

lead the House of Commons; he withdrew his first refusal, only to be informed that the place was no longer vacant, Pitt, now Lord Chatham, having decided to keep on Dowdeswell. Townshend, still in his nightgown, with tears, implored leave to withdraw his refusal; for some time Chatham remained obdurate. At last the gloom of Townshend's bedroom was brightened by the presence of the nominal Premier, the Duke of Grafton, who undertook to move the monarch and his mighty minister. Installed in the Chancellorship, Townshend increased his reputation as a wit, if he did not enlarge it by the fame of a financier. Asking who a new member was, and being told a "distinguished writer on logic and grammar," Townshend exclaimed, "Why does he come here then, where he will hear nothing of either?"

During this period, though not, one may assume, when actually introducing his first Budget, this Chancellor of the Exchequer (May 12, 1767) made his historical "champagne" speech. "A wonderful effort this," on the date just given, wrote Walpole to Mann; "*a propos* of nothing, yet about everything, about ministers, past, present, and to come, himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit, folly, satire and indiscretion. He was half drunk when he made it. Yet it did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities." "Torrents of wit, ridicule, vanity, lies and beautiful language," was Walpole's description to Miss Berry. It was Charles Townshend that Burke declared to surpass all his contemporaries in genius, and, in a way that no other man had ever done, to hit the House between the wind and water.

The Chancellorship of the Exchequer, as the office has existed in modern times, received of course an access of importance from Sir Robert Walpole and the conditions of the time under which he held it. The position was at least embellished by Townshend, as it derived fresh prestige from Lord North.

Among the earliest of Budget debates, essentially modern in their interests and incidents, comes that of 1782. The Budget-maker of that year, Lord John Cavendish, united the typical virtues of his race with both the facial features and the social bearing traditionally characteristic of its members. The deficit that rendered a loan necessary had been augmented by some lavish pensions, granted at the Court's



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, 11 DOWNING STREET

ludicrous state of prostration. He sat at home in his nightgown, pouring the tale of his distress and difficulty into every visitor's ear. First he would not give up the Paymastership. Next he bethought himself of its being now established that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should

## Budgets and their Makers

request. The work of explaining and defending in detail the financial arrangements for the coming year was rather beyond Lord John's power. Not till some time after the House had heard of the need of borrowing did the Chancellor explain the fresh imposts contemplated. Having stated his ways and means with more or less precision, Lord John Cavendish, presenting a picture of resourceless integrity in a tight place, looked round for some one to come to the rescue. Fox and North were equal to the emergency, and did all the speaking on the ministerial side for the rest of the debate. Poor Lord John Cavendish retreated behind the Speaker's chair; from

of the younger Pitt, were united more impressively than by any of his predecessors. Then, for the first time, declarations of ministerial policy on the great questions of the hour began to be looked for from present or past managers of the public money. Thus it was that Pitt, who had been at the Exchequer under Shelburne, insisting on the need of parliamentary reform, made in 1783 his memorable utterance: "This House is representative, not of the people of Great Britain, but of nominal boroughs, of ruined or exterminated towns, of noble families, of wealthy individuals, of foreign potentates." The members who greeted these words with the "hear

Photo by

MR. C. T. RITCHIE

Elliott & Fry.



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

Photo by

Russell & Sons

The  
three  
living  
ex-  
Chancellors  
of the  
Exchequer.



VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

Photo by

Russell & Sons

that position he peeped out at intervals, as member after member approved or condemned his proposals.

The authorship of the Budget and the Leadership of the Commons, in the person

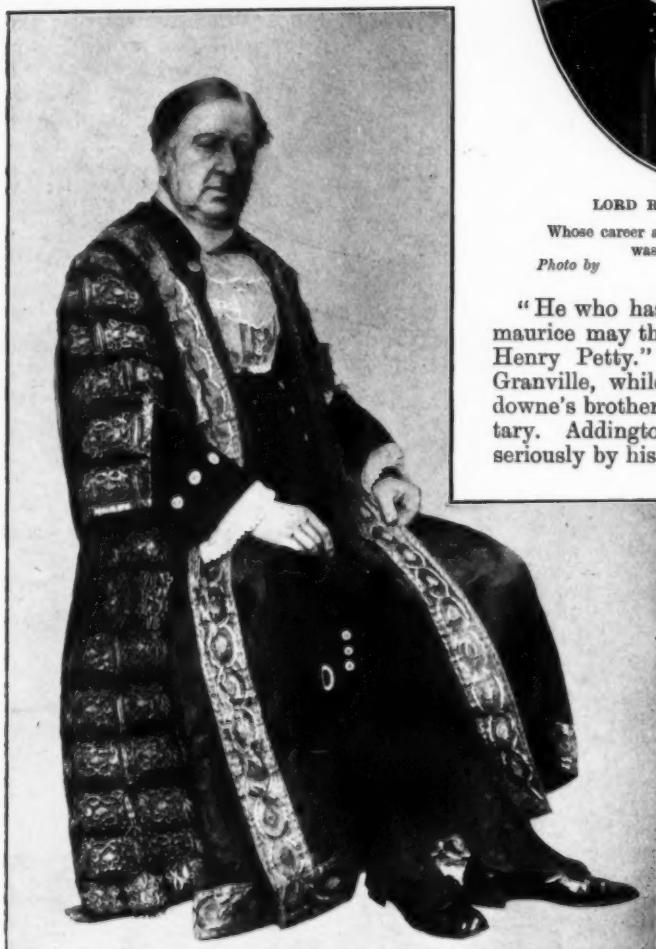
him" of the period whispered among themselves, by way of commentary, that one Whig earl who controlled seven seats had just expressed a patriotic readiness to barter his boroughs for a marquisate,

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provided it were promptly followed by a dukedom. The remark was capped by another, to the effect that an Indian Prince, the Nabob of Arcot, paid for seven nominees of his own at St. Stephen's.

Nevertheless, none knew better than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he sat down, that in the House, as it then existed, any electoral change was absolutely impossible. It was the contrast between the son of Chatham's Budgets and those of his immediate successor, "the doctor," which inspired the lines, in every mouth at that day—

"As London is to Paddington  
So is Pitt to Addington."



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT IN HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

Photo by

482

Haines



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Whose career as keeper of the nation's purse  
was brief but brilliant.

Photo by

Bassano

"He who has seen Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice may think he has gazed on Lord Henry Petty." So said the late Lord Granville, while the present Lord Lansdowne's brother was Foreign Under-Secretary. Addington was never taken quite seriously by his contemporaries; but there might have been worse specimens of that union between business industry and political mediocrity which has given Downing Street some useful personages in its time.

The passions roused on both sides by the Cavendish Budget were prophetic of the fiercer conflict which the rivalry between Fox and Pitt had excited over the financial statements of Lord Henry Petty's predecessor. Lord Mahon, afterwards the revolutionary earl and known as "citizen" Stanhope, had attacked the plans

## Budgets and their Makers

of North and Cavendish with equal violence and bitterness.

Then came in Lord Shelburne, with Pitt as his Chancellor. The Whigs, through Fox, now retaliated on Shelburne and all his colleagues. The Cabinet was declared to be "as incapable of financial generation as it was possible for barrenness to be." As for Mahon, if his abilities were so great without any experience, he must, when matured by time and informed by office, be a prodigy and an ornament to his

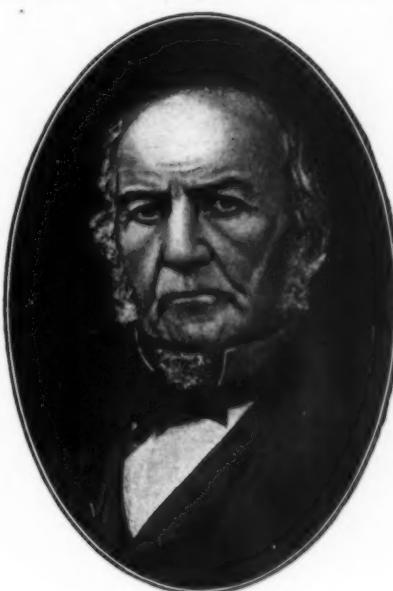
mind to-day as the subject of Sydney Smith's rather cheaply humorous criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*. Spencer Perceval, however, in addition to being among the most various and interesting men of his time, showed throughout his policy a clear grip of some important principles. A learned, if an emotional theologian, he developed certain ideas in the interpretation of prophecy that had first commended themselves to so mighty an intellect, to so holy and humble a man



LORD BEAUCONSFIELD

Photo by

Hughes and Mullins



MR. GLADSTONE

Moffatt

### TWO GREAT CHANCELLORS, AND THE TWO MOST FAMOUS PARTY LEADERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

country at the head of the Exchequer. These debates are of historical importance because they show that, in point of ability, of knowledge and intellectual equipment, Fox was not less capable than his rival Pitt of managing the nation's money. Pitt was the first Chancellor to make the financial statement a field for the display of original genius. His successor in the Talents, Lord Henry Petty, was one of the earliest expounders of modern scientific finance.

The victim of Bellingham's pistol in the lobby chiefly lives perhaps in the popular

as Sir Isaac Newton himself. His Budgets were at least noticeable for bringing out into clear relief the respective arguments for and against what Mr. Gladstone was afterwards to call the "twin-sisters of direct and indirect taxation." To-day his name may associate itself with the house and window taxes. The more intellectual of his contemporaries were as much interested in his latest views on biblical exegesis.

This minister transmitted much of his literary gift to his son, who, as the chivalrous champion of Queen Caroline, received

## Budgets and their Makers



SIR E. W. HAMILTON, K.C.B., THE PRESENT PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, AND LORD WELBY,  
HIS PREDECESSOR. IT IS THIS OFFICIAL WHO IS BELIEVED TO DO MOST OF THE WORK OF THE  
PREPARATION OF THE BUDGET BEHIND THE SCENES. (Photos by Elliott and Fry.)

at the trial a compliment from Brougham. Perceval repaid the courtesy by suggesting the quotation from Milton's description of death in *Paradise Lost*, which, declaimed by Brougham, wounded George IV. more deeply than almost any other incident in the trial.

Among Castlereagh's silent colleagues in Liverpool's ministry, the poor dumb creatures whom the Opposition were called cruel for plaguing, was Mr. Chancellor Vansittart. Entirely devoid of genius, unskilled in devising taxation, resourceless in taking it off, Vansittart still contrived successfully to finance the eleven most important years, 1812-23. The



"BOBBY" LOWE

Afterwards VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE, a Chancellor who was more famous than successful.

Photo by

Bassano

actual annulment of the impost was indeed carried by the Opposition against the Chancellor who, by the sobriquet of "Old Nick" or "Van," was liked and laughed at by every one. Vansittart's amiable and often lucky incapacity brought the Government into antagonism with the country on several critical occasions. Before, as Lord Goderich and Prime Minister, he became the "transient and embarrassed phantom" of Disraeli's satire, "Goody" Goderich at the Exchequer did something to popularise even taxation by the policy that won for him the title of "Prosperity" Robinson.

The late Lord Monk-Bretton, then Mr.

## Budgets and their Makers

Dodson, was once reminded by John Bright that he had only been put into the Cabinet to support Mr. Gladstone. After Canning, Herries was sent to the Exchequer, that he might find the King money to build palaces; even at the council at which he was first nominated, the architect of Windsor Castle applied for £15,000 for the Round Tower. Money was also required for the new royal residence, afterwards to receive its name from the old site of Buckingham House, on which it rose. Other works, for which Herries found the funds, were the turf enclosure of St.

influence over the assembly by inducing it unhesitatingly to accept his assurance that the figures unansweredly supported his argument. In the same discussion, he made the wild remark that, as a patron of sport, he almost found it his duty to attend every prize-fight within reach. The second Lord Spencer's son, he had shown at Harrow and Cambridge his force of character by quite overcoming a taste for play and, while still remaining on the turf, by never making a bet. Of his eloquence (!) an idea may be formed from his once winding up a sentence and a speech with the monosyllable "its."



SOMERSET HOUSE, AS SEEN FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Here are situated the offices of the Board of Inland Revenue and other departments concerned with the preparation of the Budget.

James's Park, the shrubberies of Regent's Park, the colonnaded gateways at Hyde Park Corner, leading on one side by the King's Garden into Constitution Hill, on the other side, by Apsley House into Hyde Park. Simultaneously the Five Arched Bridge was thrown across the Serpentine at the Kensington Gardens end, and the finishing touches were given to the carriage drive, making a circuit of the Park, north of the Serpentine.

In one of the Reform debates, Lord Althorp, Grey's Chancellor of the Exchequer, feeling in his pocket for some statistics to enforce his argument, found he had left them at home, but showed his

What used to be recognised as the orthodox Treasury manner was undoubtedly founded by Sir Robert Peel and his contemporary disciples. Peel's compass, sweetness of voice, and command of tones were imitable, but both Spring Rice and Goulburn exactly reproduced their master's habit of pointedly and, as it seemed, exclusively addressing their supporters and of looking them wistfully in the face for the expected cheer. It was quite a sort of duet; the minister had no sooner said a good thing than, on the signal from him of a gentle laugh, the official claque supplied the expected response, whether of cachination or cheers.

## Budgets and their Makers



Of all Budget-makers since the first Reform Act, the representative of philosophic Radicalism, Sir

others were thought to have succeeded or failed in proportion as they approached to, or fell short of, the Gladstonian model.

Of other Budget-makers, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach impressed all hearers with a sense of mental vigour and reserved strength, not unlike those qualities in his

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, TAKEN FROM LAMBETH PALACE, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE THAMES

Photo by

Frith

George Cornewall Lewis, in earnest simplicity and convinced truthfulness, seems most to have resembled Lord Althorp.

No one of his generation attracted audiences like those which listened to the brilliant Budget statements of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of his several speeches, heard by the present writer on Budget night, that which bulks largest in his memory is the financial statement in 1880. This was the extraordinary and picturesque effort, illustrated and relieved by the prose idyll of the vats, as the graphic and diverting description of the brewing process was called. The climax came with the announcement that a change would be made in the duty on rum. What was "rum"? The Chancellor could but confess that neither he nor any of the revenue board had the slightest idea; in the same way he recalled a like impenetrable mystery surrounding the word "inkle," when he began, forty years ago, to deal with the customs duties of the country.

As intellectual efforts, the Budgets of Robert Lowe, of Mr. Goschen and Sir William Harcourt were scarcely inferior to those of Gladstone. Lowe's epigrammatic precision of language was charged with a dry and delicate flavour which made the whole performance a delight. But he and

predecessor who died Lord Sherbrooke.

Sir Stafford Northcote, by the force of former intimate association with him, had contracted some of Mr. Gladstone's idiosyncrasies, but infused into his statements a geniality and ease characteristic of the country gentleman, and combining pleasantly and effectively with the technical exposition of the Treasury official.

Lord Randolph Churchill never realised all the expectations which his knowledge of character and of life might have seemed to justify. On the other hand, he impressed the Chamber, as he had already amazed the permanent staff at Downing Street, by his power of speedily, accurately and comprehensively mastering details and principles previously strange to him.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's maiden speech was praised by Mr. Gladstone, who at once predicted for the speaker some of the success he has already achieved. "The great thing," said the veteran on that occasion, "is that the matter should be there, the manner will come of itself."

The predominating element in the composition of the crowd that throngs the approaches to the House and those to the gallery on Budget night is apt to proclaim, more or less unmistakably, the interests chiefly affected by the coming statement.

## Budgets and their Makers

And though it was not till the Victorian age and the Gladstonian era that the "statement" itself began to make itself felt as a popularly fascinating item in the programme of the proceedings at St. Stephen's, the attractive prestige of the Budget has continued under Mr. Gladstone's successors, judging by the numerical test, to be as great as it was with the Exchequer in the hands of him whose power to extract from figures a charming fairy-tale may best be compared to the subtle and infinitely varied responsiveness of the English language, when a genius like that of James Anthony Froude ran over its keys with his pen.

What are the preparations under all Chancellors for the grand spectacular and oratorical effects of the Budget discussion? A short summary of them will most fitly conclude this little *causerie*. All the estimates of the Civil and Revenue Departments for the financial year, beginning on the 1st of April, are submitted during the previous December or January to the Treasury. Here they are examined with microscopic relentlessness. Every proposed increase is liable to summary dismissal, unless substantiated by detailed reasons. The pruning-knife too is often applied with as little pity as the lancet of "Dr. Sangrado." This ordeal passed, the estimates are presented to the House of Commons by the Secretary to the Treasury. The total to which they amount is the

principal item provided for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his coming Budget.

The naval and military estimates have also to be ready at the same time as the civil, though the procedure in their case is somewhat different; they are not, that is, seen at the Treasury until they have been brought before and approved by the Cabinet, as well as by the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself in a chronic state of compulsion to reduce the departmental demands, and very much of course depends on the position occupied by him in the Cabinet. In the case of the land and sea forces, the discretion of the Treasury is more limited than with the civil departments, because, before the Treasury receives the army and navy votes proposed, the amount of these has been practically settled by a higher authority, namely, by the collective wisdom of the Cabinet itself.

After all, the true, or at least the chief makers of the Budget are the men who, to the nation at large, can be little more than names. These appear of course in the permanent officials. Such are or have been Mr. Gladstone's old friend, Lord Welby, now Chancellor of the Exchequer to the L.C.C., and Sir E. W. Hamilton, equally proficient in music and figures, Mr. Gladstone's faithful and popular private secretary, still flourishing at the Treasury.



# The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

HOW NOT TO BE A BORE

BY JOHN A. STEUART

IN a club, which I frequently visit, there is a member with an inveterate, incorrigible habit of story-telling. He is a person who affects the humorous. The first time you hear him you laugh consumedly. The second time you laugh less, the third time not at all, and ever after you frown or yawn when you see him opening his mouth. For he has but one set of stories, one series of jests, one mode of telling. In years long past some one rashly complimented him on his gifts as a *raconteur*, and ever since, he has been striving desperately to live up to the compliment, repeating himself with a brazen hardihood and perseverance entirely beyond criticism. The man appears to have many admirable qualities. For aught I know to the contrary, he is the best of husbands and fathers, pays his rates and taxes like a patriot, without murmur or grumble, keeps the law, subscribes to charities, and in other ways is a model citizen. Yet his friends avoid him. He is a bore. Why should he be?

"Probably because he cannot help it," said Solomon flippantly.

Don't believe it, I responded. You are young, I went on compassionately, and I would not have you go through life under a burden of error. The law has yet to be enacted which compels a person to be a bore. One often hears the expression, "He is a good-natured bore." 'Tis impossible. Good-nature, the real article as distinguished from the sham, which is so common and so deceptive, implies largeness of mind, liberality, intelligence, fineness of feeling. A man cannot be a bore without at the time being selfish or stupid or both, —selfish to thrust himself forward where he ought not to be, stupid not to perceive how unwelcome his intrusion is. Let the simple truth be stated;—a bore is neither more nor less than a rampant egotist, whose conceit renders him blind or invulnerable to all the hints and looks of intelligence which modesty notes, perhaps, too quickly.

"But if the unfortunate man is made so," persisted Solomon. "How can he help it?"

By the very simple expedient of holding his tongue, I answered. There are many things we cannot do. A man cannot by taking thought add an inch to his stature, even with the infallible remedies for shortness provided by an ingenious age. Most of us cannot swell our bank accounts as quickly as we would. Neither can we shirk the pleasure of paying for the British Constitution, which at present costs us at the rate of 5 per cent. of our gross income for imperial rights and privileges, and as much or perhaps a little more for those which are commonly called domestic. A fleet, an army, twelve jurymen, a judge and a constable are not to be had for nothing. In these and other matters which might be mentioned, we are powerless. But the least and weakest among us can hold his peace.

## Brilliant Flashes of Silence

I am assuming too much, you think. If *cacoethes scribendi* why not *cacoethes loquendi*? Pesty itches both of them. We all know the gentleman who looks round eagerly for a grievance, and, happy in finding one, writes an indignant letter to the *Times*,—all for the gratification of seeing himself in print, innocent soul! If the pen becomes thus unruly what of that member whose reputation for unruliness has been bad from the first? It is hard to keep a wagging tongue still. Yet against all the evidence of history and experience I maintain that no person who exercises common sense and common caution need ever become a bore.

"You would have us all sit silent," said Solomon. "An assembly of mutes would indeed be gay company."

It might be very welcome and pleasant company, I rejoined. In any case an occasional spell of meditative silence would benefit the most brilliant. A really good talker is the rarest social phenomenon, and the best needs seasons of rest and refreshment. Some ardent chatters seem to forget that the shallow stream soon runs dry,—if there be neither dew nor rain. But I would not expect too much; that way

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1905.

## The Critic on the Hearth

lies disappointment. In conversation I should stipulate rather for variety than brilliancy, and from ladies I should expect the ineffable thing called charm. Brilliancy soon palls; charm never. Neither does variety cloy.

### *The Man with a Fad*

Now who is the bore? let me ask. Is he not the monomaniac, the person of one fixed idea, one enthusiasm, one fad which he pushes to the death, nay, worse, to absolute and unbearable boredom? His cardinal defect is ossification of the mental tissues, a want, that is to say, of mental nimbleness and flexibility. He is without intellectual pliancy or suppleness, which is but another way of saying that he lacks sensibility and imagination. Hence he clings to his one fad or foible like the drowning mariner to his raft, the more desperately, the more the tide of new ideas runs or swells. His malady is a very prevalent one in these days, and, I take leave to observe, an exceedingly baneful one alike to the health and the gaiety of nations.

My auditors looked as if they fancied this was putting it rather strongly, and one at least thought not quite fairly.

"I always understood," said Solomon, like one who has compassed the wisdom of the centuries, "that the present age is somewhat remarkable for the scope and variety of its interests."

Superficially that is true. But look closer, go into detail and you will find that in reality the age is one of coteries—social coteries, industrial coteries, political coteries, literary coteries, scientific coteries and what not. Each has its own shibboleth, its own code of etiquette, its own dear little creed, its own exclusive and only, true original and accredited patent of truth. Is it necessary to say that coteries produce narrowness, and that narrowness hatches bores?

### *The Tyranny of the Specialist*

"Certainly it is the age of the specialist," said the Curate reflectively.

From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head we are all his creatures, I responded. In thought and word we are his thralls. We accept his views and repeat his judgments like apes and parrots. At best, the multitude has only second-hand opinions. In fact, at every turn the specialist tyrannises over us.

"And you would have him abolished," quoth Solomon.

Not so fast, please, not so fast. Because you spy a defect in a building, would you straightway rush and pull it down? We are more indebted to the specialist than is within the power of any single man to tell. In all that conduces to what we broadly call civilisation, to the utility, comfort and charm of life, his benefactions are unspeakable. I doff my hat to him in reverence and gratitude.

"Yet there is a little wee 'but' in the feeling," smiled the young lady.

### *The Philosopher's Walk*

Quite so. In one of his serio-comic disquisitions on German philosophy Heine remarks that the cathedral clock of Königsberg did not do its work more impassionately and regularly than its great compatriot Immanuel Kant. "Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, reading college lectures, eating, walking, had all their fixed time, and the neighbours knew that it was exactly half-past three when Immanuel Kant, in his grey coat, with his Manilla cane in his hand, left his house-door and went to the lime-tree avenue, which is still called in memory of him the Philosopher's Walk. There he walked its length eight times up and down in every season; and when the weather was threatening or the grey clouds announced rain, his servant, old Lampe, in anxious care walked behind him with a long umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence. . . . The good people saw nothing in him but a professor of philosophy, and when he at his regular hour passed by, they greeted him as a friend, and regulated their watches by him."

### *Don't get into a Rut*

This is as good an example of a gifted man running in a rut as we could find. Do I blame Kant for his singleness of aim, his regularity, his great devotion to one ruling purpose? Assuredly not. Indeed, as to the specialist in general I am of the optimists who believe he will perform yet greater marvels and confer yet greater benefits. But, as a discerning French critic observed, the best of men suffers from the defects of his qualities. Take the case of Darwin. You will remember that through absorption in his own work the taste for poetry completely left him. Like one of our royal Georges he came to feel that "Boetry" is

## The Critic on the Hearth

sad stuff, and that Shakespeare is the perfection of dulness.

"It would be difficult to overstate our intellectual indebtedness to Germany," said the Curate emphatically. "Take the three familiar departments of classics, philosophy and theology. In these and others that might be named, the British specialist goes perforce to the German specialist."

Too true, I owned; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the German brain is very much better, or any better, than the British. The difference lies in the conditions. The German gets State aid, which is denied the Briton. In Germany a great work like *The Dictionary of National Biography*, let us say, would be published partly or wholly at the expense of the State. Here it must be done, if done at all, by private enterprise. Thus the German scholar enjoys aids and incentives to elaborate specialisation rarely or never possible in this country.

### *The Dulness of German Professors*

"A huge advantage to the German," said the Curate half sorrowfully. "Look at the department of classical learning, and what do you find? Why, that, as you say, the English scholar in search of the best text goes to Germany as a matter of course. Thanks to the system of State aid the Germans are supreme in textual criticism. One blushes at the remarks of Continental scholars over the best work of our best universities. 'That is merely an Oxford opinion'; or 'That is only a Cambridge fancy,' they will tell you with a smile, sometimes of derision and sometimes of pity. I do not know, however, that the Germans are distinguished for elegance of scholarship. Their distinction lies in their burning thirst for accuracy, their passion for detail."

You have characterised them, I said, awarded them both just praise and just condemnation. From that same passion for detail they are so bent on the letter that they too often forget the spirit. One and all they run in the rut of textual criticism. The dullest man I ever knew was a renowned professor of Berlin. He was a specialist for specialists—that and nothing else. He never lifted his eyes from his own rut, a noble and useful one as a channel of thought, but still a rut, not an intellectual landscape. He was as a man who performs prodigies with one arm

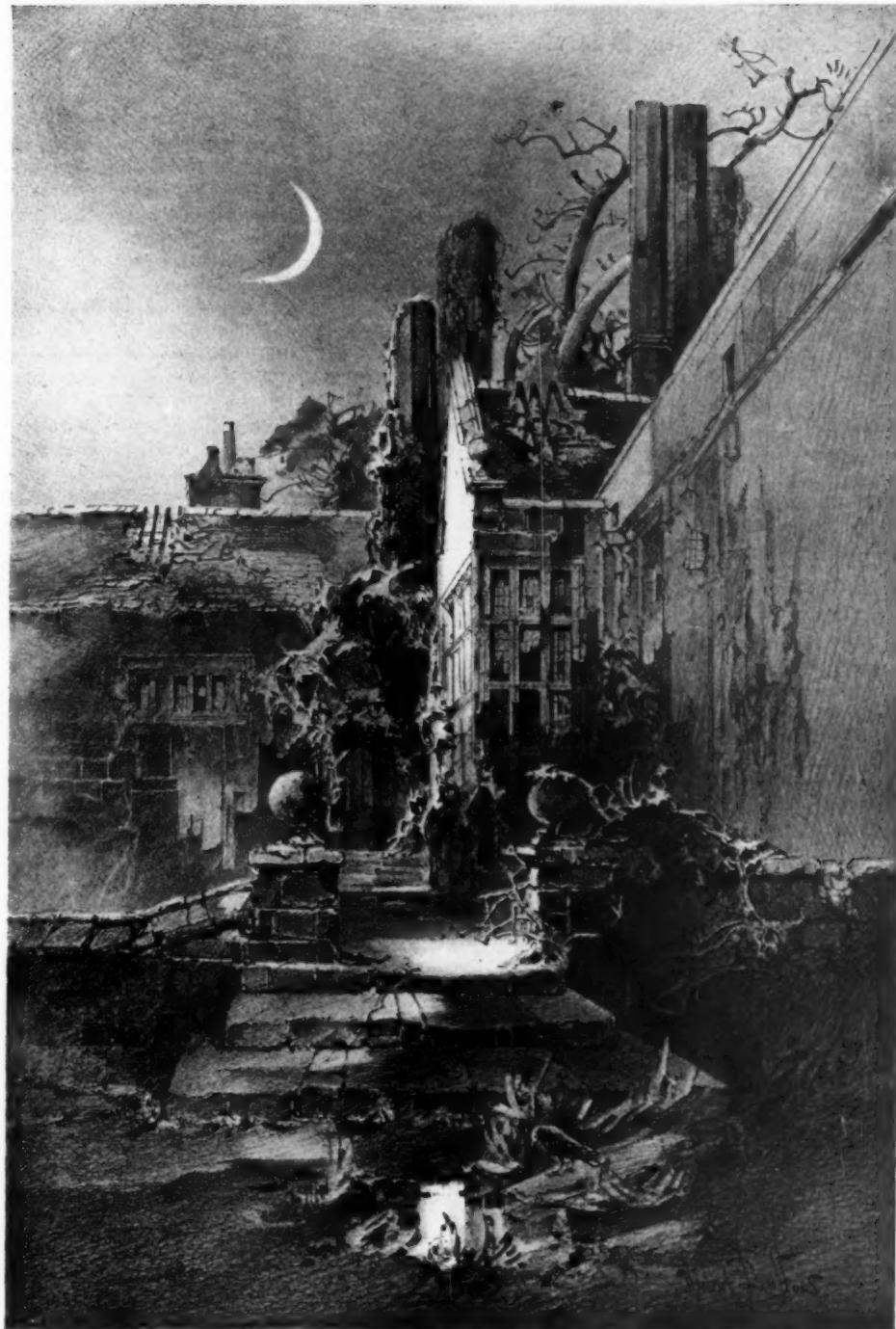
or one leg, wonderful but by no means representing the capacity of the fully developed man. You remember Porson's adaptation of the ancient Greek epigram: *The Germans are bad, not one bad and another good, but all bad, save only Hermann, and even Hermann is a German.* Of the majority of us, I am afraid it cannot be said that our ruts are either useful or noble; but even if they were, I submit that by keeping to them too constantly we diminish the natural charm and enjoyment of life. Bacon knew what he was about when he said that nothing is pleasant which is not spiced with variety.

"Would not some grave and excellent people be disposed to interpret variety as frivolity?" inquired Solomon. "According to your own showing we have enough, and more than enough, of *that*."

Enough and to spare, I owned sadly. But I am really not responsible for the interpretation of owls. Variety of the right sort is the very antithesis of frivolity. Frivolity argues a mind of fathomless emptiness and fickle as the butterfly's flight; a judicious variety means mental alertness, freshness of interest and sympathy. It is not the too much work which makes Jack a dull boy, but the too much of one sort. Kant was a most estimable man. (I am not thinking of him as the philosopher.) But he probably would have been a more cheerful and agreeable companion if he had been less the slave of habit; if he had changed his hour of half-past three and gone occasionally for his walk at two or four, or not at all. But with him method was pushed to monotony, so that his neighbours came to regard him merely as a regulator of clocks and watches.

### *Increasing the Attractions of Young Ladies*

Yes, yes, I know what you would say, I went on, cutting short an observation from Solomon. With all our variety our besetting sin is really the vice of cliqueism. The strongest mind is at last stunted and blinded by its baleful spirit. Why is it that party leaders are invariably so dull? Because, as a rule, they have no interest except in party. Why (present company always excepted) are young ladies often so much less attractive than they might be? Because they lack intelligent interests. Why do so many excellent matrons bore their friends? Because their talk is so much of cooks and cooking—most im-



Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Herbert Railton

### "HOBGOBLIN HALL"

A KIND OF OLD HOBGOBLIN HALL,  
NOW SOMEWHAT FALLEN TO DECAY,  
WITH WEATHER-STAINS UPON THE WALL,

AND STAIRWAYS WORN, AND CRAZY DOORS,  
AND CREAKING AND UNEVEN FLOORS,  
AND CHIMNEYS HUGE, AND TILED AND TALL.

From the Prelude to Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'

## The Critic on the Hearth

portant factors in the social economy, but scarcely mind-enlarging topics of conversation.

"And how are we to secure this indispensable blessing of variety?" sniffed Solomon.

By stepping a little outside the narrow path of our own ambition and interest, I replied. When he was eighty-five it was said of Mr. Gladstone that he had the youngest and freshest mind in England. His curiosity (I speak in the larger sense) regarding men and things remained intense and active to the very end. How was this freshness preserved through more than threescore years of absorbing political occupations? Simply by width and variety of interest. It is a truism to say that if we could always be young we should never be dull. One boy or girl never bores another.

### *The Colonel's Secret*

"True," put in the Colonel; "however, a somewhat considerable experience convinces me that three-fourths of the evils of existence arise from sheer idleness. Keep people busy and interested, and you shut the door on temptation; avoid temptation and you may at once begin to reduce your police force."

"It would be wise at the same time to lay in a nice new lash for the lazy and the rebellious," laughed Solomon.

"It is the weakness of some people to leap to conclusions," returned the Colonel gently. "Do you believe then that Providence commits the cruelty of sending any child into the world without some possibility of good? You suppose not. Very well, granted the latent good, what is our manifest duty concerning it? You think some people are really happier in evil courses than in good." (This to Solomon.) "No, sir, I decline to believe it of any sane mortal. Was Byron happy? was Burns? I never knew a man who was not happier doing well than doing ill."

"We have just heard," said Solomon, "that there is no law compelling a man to be a bore; neither, I should think, is there any compelling him to be a criminal."

"Don't be too sure of that," rejoined the Colonel. "There are many laws which are not written, such as custom, habit, use and wont, and so forth, which are often as binding as any law enacted at Westminster. Of course, there is an order of mind which seems to take to crime as its natural element.

Only the other day I read of a burglar who simply couldn't resist the thrilling delight of his calling when there was a chance to pursue it. But that was a morbid perversion due to wrong training or no training."

"What of our scientific friends, the Germans?" inquired Solomon.

"Moltke made the German army as nearly perfect a machine as ever man made or is likely to make out of mere flesh and blood," answered the Colonel. "It did what it did in 1870 by superior equipment and discipline. But it was only a machine, after all."

"And the more machines the more bores," said the Curate, switching back.

"Precisely," assented the Colonel, "precisely. The moment a man degenerates into a machine, that moment he is endowed with all the qualities of a bore. For in spite of all his whirling he stagnates, and stagnation is death."

### *How to Keep Fresh*

The young lady classic expressed the opinion that the Colonel's chances of stagnating had been meagre, to which he replied that destiny had done him the kindness to kick him forth to the ends of the earth, telling him he must sink or swim. "I dare not say," he added, "that I wasted no time. But I wasted as little as I could, and at no period did I suffer from finding time heavy on my hands."

"And now when duty no longer calls, sir?" asked the young lady classic softly.

"Duty has not ceased to call, my dear," answered the Colonel, smiling benevolently. "You think an old fogey, superannuated for the good of his country and laid on the shelf like an old weapon, has no longer duties to perform. I cannot take that view. In reality I am but beginning to find out how extraordinarily interesting life is. I find an infinite enjoyment in conversing through books with the great spirits of the ages, and in watching my fellow-men. Then perhaps in my modest way I try to make a soul here and there gladder than it would be but for me. Thus you see I try to justify my existence, a duty that goes on to the end."

"And therein," said the Curate, "lies the secret of that variety which, by keeping people fresh, keeps them from being bores."

"On the whole, I am inclined to think you are right," responded the Colonel simply.

# John Wesley, Evangelist

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

## CHAPTER VI.—THE SPIRITUAL CONFLICT

WESLEY landed at Deal on his return from Georgia, on February 1, 1738, after an absence from England of rather more than two years. He had made considerable, if unconscious, progress in spiritual knowledge during that time. His zeal, so far from suffering abatement by the things he had endured, had been kindled to a yet greater intensity. On the morning of his arrival he read prayers and explained a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn. Reaching Faversham, he read prayers and expounded the second lesson to a few, "called Christians, but more savage in their behaviour," he was compelled to observe, "than the wildest Indians" he had ever met with. He visited the home of his friend Delamotte, at Blendon, receiving a very hearty welcome. On the 3rd he reached London.

As might have been expected, he carefully reviewed the results of his residence and work in America. He had more than once deplored his failure to accomplish his purpose of becoming a missioner to the Indians; and he could hardly look upon his labours amongst the English with perfect satisfaction. But all was not failure; and he was enabled to express his thankfulness that he had been carried into that strange land, contrary to all his earlier resolutions, and that though the chief design of his going did not take effect—the preaching of the Gospel to the native tribes of

North America—yet he had derived much personal profit; he had been humbled and proved; he had learned to "beware of men;" to know assuredly that if in all our ways we acknowledge God, He will, where reason fails, direct our path "by lot or by other means." He was delivered from the fear of the sea, which he had dreaded from his youth.

It had been given to him to know many servants of God, particularly those of the church of Herrnhut. By his studies of the German, Spanish and Italian languages his way had been opened to the literature of these tongues. Moreover, all in Georgia had heard the Word of God, which some had believed, and had begun to run well; and a few steps had been taken towards the preaching of the Gospel to the African and American heathen. Many children had learned how they ought to serve God, and to be

useful to their neighbours. Besides, they whom it most concerned had now, through his reports, an opportunity of knowing the true state of the infant colony, and the firm foundation of peace and happiness might thus be laid for many following generations.<sup>1</sup> These were not inconsiderable fruits of his expedition.

### WHITEFIELD'S TRIBUTE TO WESLEY

But real spiritual results were traceable by others. Whitefield reached Savannah on May 7. On June 2 his friend Delamotte

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, February 3, 1738.



DR. ANTHONY HORNECK

A forerunner of Wesley as a founder of devotional societies within the Church of England

## John Wesley, Evangelist

left for England. "The good people," Whitefield says, "lamented the loss of him, and went to the water-side to take a last farewell, and good reason they had to do so; for he had been indefatigable in feeding Christ's lambs with the sincere milk of the Word, and many of them (blessed be God) have grown thereby. Surely I must labour most heartily, since I come after such worthy predecessors. The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America, under God, is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people; and he has laid such a foundation, that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake. Oh that I may follow him as he has Christ."<sup>1</sup>

Many of the incidents in Wesley's life during his missionary career are of thrilling interest, but to the biographer the spiritual struggle through part of which he there passed, with its hidden, subtle forces, must be held to be of primary import. It was a silent formative process, by which this great servant of God was being prepared for his supreme work, that of an active evangelisation throughout the British isles. That process must be carefully traced, if we would understand Wesley, and his place in the Church's history. He has recorded it, with some minuteness, as we have seen. It is only necessary here to add that his High Church views had received a very severe shock, and that he had passed, to a large degree, from under their dominance to that of the Moravian teaching. The Oxford don, who, keeping up the traditions of his childhood, would do nothing "without a reason," had learned in great exigencies of his life to decide his course by lot!

### OXFORD DON BECOMES ANXIOUS INQUIRER

"Wesley's voyages to and fro, and the months of his stay in the colony, were incidentally important in bringing him within the circle of the Moravian influence. It was in that circle that the new and strange idea first met him of a Christianity more elevated and excellent than his own. One or two of the Moravian ministers were—and he felt it—far advanced in knowledge and experience beyond his own rate of attainment. At Oxford he had found himself stepping forward always in front of those around him. But on board the ship on which he crossed the Atlantic, and afterwards in the colony, he met with men who,

<sup>1</sup> Whitefield's *Journal*, June 2, 1738.

without assuming a tone of arrogance towards him, spoke to him as to a novice, and who, in the power of truth, brought his conscience to a stand by questions, which, while he admitted the pertinence of them, he could not answer with any satisfaction to himself. Thus it was that he returned to England in a state of spiritual discomfort and destitution. He had been stripped of that overweening religiousness upon which, as its basis, his ascetic egotism had hitherto rested. He rejoined his friends in a mood to ask and receive guidance, rather than to afford it."<sup>2</sup>

Wesley immediately began to preach in the London churches. But his experience on the first Sabbath was indicative of what awaited him. He was desired to preach at St. John the Evangelist's. He did so, on the words, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," and was afterwards informed that many of the best of the parish were so offended that he was not to preach there any more. He now visited many of his old friends and relations, to his great joy and comfort. At the house of Mr. Weynanz (or Weinantz), a Dutch merchant, he met Peter Böhler, just then landed from Germany, Wesley delivering to him a letter addressed to Zinzendorf, from John Töltschig, a Moravian minister whose acquaintance he had formed in Georgia.<sup>3</sup>

### FIRST MEETING WITH PETER BÖHLER

Wesley marks Tuesday, February 7, as "a day much to be remembered," for this was the day of their first meeting. Böhler was a chosen agent of God in leading him to the light he was then seeking. Böhler, with two other representatives of the Moravian Church, having just arrived in England, Wesley procured for them lodgings near Mr. Hutton's, where he himself was staying; and he lost no opportunity, he tells us, of conversing with them while he remained in London. He waited on the Georgian Trustees with his report of the colony, which he had reason to believe was not acceptable to many of them, as it differed greatly from reports they had generally received. He then, in company with Böhler, set out for Oxford, where they were received by the only one remaining there, he says, of many who, at his embarking for America were used to take sweet counsel together and rejoice in bearing

<sup>2</sup> *Wesley and Methodism*. By Isaac Taylor, p. 31.

<sup>3</sup> *Memorials of Peter Böhler*. By Lockwood, p. 65.

## John Wesley, Evangelist

the reproach of Christ. While in Oxford they were often the objects of ridicule and derisive laughter. One day, Böhler perceiving that Wesley was troubled by it on his account, said with a smile, "My brother, it does not even stick to our clothes." They visited together his friend Gambold, and found him "recovered from his mystic delusion, and convinced that Paul was a better writer than either Tauler or Behmen."

All this time he conversed much with Böhler, whom he confesses he did not understand, and especially when he said, "Mi frater, mi frater, excoquenda est ista tua philosophia." "My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away." Latin was the medium of intercourse, Böhler not understanding English. Böhler, writing to Zinzendorf, says, "I travelled with the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, from London to Oxford. The elder, John, is a good-natured man. He knew that he did not properly believe in the Saviour, and was willing to be taught." He now returned to London; and, after meeting his mother once more, set out again to Oxford, called thither by the report that his brother was dying. On his way he spoke plainly to several "well-wishers to religion," and in the evening to the servants and strangers at the inn. He then resolved, with regard to his own conduct—

- "1. To use absolute openness and unreserve, with all I should converse with.
- "2. To labour after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in any the least levity of behaviour, or in laughter, no not for a moment.
- "3. To speak no word which does not tend to the glory of God; in particular, not to talk of worldly things. Others may; nay, must. But what is that to thee? and—
- "4. To take no pleasure which does not tend to the glory of God; thanking God every moment for all I do take, and therefore rejecting every sort and degree of which I feel I cannot so thank him in and for." (*Journal*.)

### WESLEY'S WANT OF FAITH

On March 4 he found his brother with Peter Böhler, by whom during a quiet walk in the evening of the following day he was "convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby we alone are saved." Böhler says, "I took a walk with the elder Wesley, and asked him about his spiritual state. He told me that he sometimes felt certain of his salvation, but sometimes he had many doubts; that he could only say this, 'If what stands in

the Bible be true, then I am saved.' Thereupon I spoke with him very fully; and earnestly besought him to go to the opened fountain, and not to mar the efficacy of free grace by his unbelief." It immediately struck into his mind to leave off preaching, for how could he preach to others who had not faith himself? Appealing to Böhler, he received for answer, "By no means: preach faith *till* you have it, and then, *because* you have it, you *will* preach faith."

"Accordingly," says Wesley, "Monday, 6, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered Salvation by Faith alone, was a prisoner under sentence of death. His name was Clifford. Peter Böhler had many times desired me to speak to him before. But I could not prevail on myself so to do; being still, as I had been many years, a zealous asserter of the impossibility of a death-bed repentance." This is one of the critical hours in Wesley's life. What a revelation his words contain! He had never before preached salvation by faith alone! He had never before believed salvation was thus obtainable! What light is here thrown upon his past efforts! He might now say truly, "The faith I want is—this."

### LIVING BY RULE

Böhler returned to London, and Wesley set out to visit his friend Clayton at Manchester, in company with Mr. Kinchin, Fellow of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Fox, recently a prisoner in the city prison. They fully determined to lose no opportunity of awakening, instructing, or exhorting any whom they might meet in their journey; but, neglecting their duty in Birmingham, they were "reproved by a severe shower of hail." In the evenings, at the inns where they stayed, they held family prayer, with reading and exposition of the Scriptures, with all who were willing to join. On returning to Oxford, he again met Peter Böhler, who now amazed him more and more by the accounts which he gave of the holiness and happiness attending faith. He then began afresh the examination of the Greek Testament, resolved to abide by the law and the testimony, in full confidence that he would thereby be taught whether this doctrine was of God.

This was a time of great spiritual conflict

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for Wesley. He was passing through a strait gate. Since his intercourse with the Moravians he had been gradually led to see that he had been putting too much confidence in his strict attention to the performances of religion. In assigning to these their proper place and proportion,

diary, kept with the greatest precision for many years, the occupation even of minutes is recorded. His whole conduct, his words, his very thoughts, were under control, and were regulated by laws, which he was strict to observe, and every departure from which gave him pain.

Never was man more resolute in this process of self-control and self-discipline. He had long accustomed himself to frequent interrogations as to his fidelity. Precise questions were drawn up and faithfully proposed at stated times, of which examples have been given. He was a most rigid methodist long before that name, as a stigma, was attached to him. He was not without light and comfort, but he was gradually being led to see that he was far from the perfect light and rest of the Gospel. That light, however, was dawning upon him. Whether it must be said that he was or was not a true Christian is in great part a question of definition: How much is included in being a Christian? He had faith, but it was not perfect faith. It was not the faith that brings assurance. He was a good man. He was in many respects a very saint, a pattern to believers. But, withal, he had not yet attained. He was in the light, but it was not the perfect day. He had rest, but it was unsettled and unassured. There was yet a further and happier stage. "I want that faith which none can have without knowing that he hath it. For whosoever hath it is freed from fear, having peace with God through Christ, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And he is freed from doubt, having the love of God shed abroad in his heart."



COUNT ZINZENDORF

A leader of the Moravians, a friend of Peter Böhler, and a great influence in the life of Wesley

there is no need to minimise their importance. Wesley's danger was in their exaggeration. One striking feature of his training hitherto had been the reduction of his entire conduct to rule; so that the individual hours of the day, and even separate portions of the same hour, had each its allotted task. In his pocket

### THE SEARCH FOR PEACE

How is it to be explained that Wesley, after so many years of earnest seeking, failed to find the Gospel salvation? He had been in the ministry more than twelve years. He was diligent in the discharge of every duty; he fasted and prayed and gave alms; he attended with scrupulous care on all the means of grace, including a frequent attendance at the Lord's table;

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he laboured assiduously, even to the utmost of his strength, for the welfare of others. Yet he had not found the peace of the Gospel. How was this? Would not his own answer be?—*Israel, following after a law of righteousness, did not arrive at that law. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by works* (Rom. ix. 31, 32).

He now became persuaded that this faith is the gift of God, and that God would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it; and he resolved "by the grace of God to seek it unto the end. 1. By absolutely renouncing all dependence, in whole or in part, upon my own works or righteousness, on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up." How true! This confession is exceedingly impressive. "2. By adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, a continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith, a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for me, a trust in him as my Christ, as my sole justification, sanctification and redemption."

It is needful to give careful attention to the details in Wesley's spiritual struggle, for, unless regard is paid to them, neither he nor his future work can be understood. The time came when he looked back, as his followers do now, to one supreme and critical hour of his life; an hour for which years of training prepared him, an hour which in his religious history is invested with a significance which it would be foolish to ignore, and almost as foolish to minimise. The period now under consideration was an integral and important part of the preparation for that hour. He was being taught, and by efficient, if humble teachers. On many subjects he needed no tutor: he himself could teach. But here he was a learner. How often has a child of the kingdom led the full-grown seeker to its gates!

### THE FIRST HOME OF THE LONDON METHODISTS

Wesley writes, "On May 1 [1738] our little Society began which afterwards met in Fetter Lane." They met in Neville's Court, in an old dingy chapel supposed to have been erected in the days of Charles II. This was the first home of the Methodists in London, and around it many interesting incidents connected with early

Methodism cluster. It was at this place that Lord and Lady Huntingdon first attended the Society's meetings; and Sir John Phillips and Sir John Thorold were awakened here, and became members of the Fetter Lane Society. The little Society named by Wesley has been erroneously called a Moravian Society. It is true that its rules were drawn up in harmony with the advice of Peter Böhler. But Wesley had already had experience in the formation of societies. It was a Church of England Society; one added to the many religious societies then existing in London and elsewhere. It so continued until a Moravian teacher, Mölther, spread his peculiar views amongst the members, thus leading to Wesley's separation from it, to which future reference will be made.

Whitefield, a year after the above date, records in his *Journal*, "Sunday, May 20. Went with our brethren of Fetter Lane Society to St. Paul's, and received the Holy Sacrament, as a testimony that we adhered to the Church of England." Three weeks afterwards, Charles Wesley writes, "Brother Hall proposed expelling Shaw and Wolf. We consented *nem. con.* that their names should be erased out of the Society-book, because they disowned themselves members of the Church of England." Drastic methods surely!

It is an interesting fact that Wesley marks the formation of this Society as the beginning of the present-day Methodism. In his *Short History of the people called Methodists*, he says, "On Monday, May 1, 1738, our little Society began in London. But it may be observed, the first rise of Methodism, so called, was November, 1729, when four of us met together in Oxford; the second was at Savannah,<sup>1</sup> in April, 1736, when twenty or thirty persons met at my house; the last was in London, on this day, when forty or fifty of us agreed to meet together every Wednesday evening, in order to a free conversation, begun and ended with singing and prayer. In all our steps we were greatly assisted by the advice and exhortations of Peter Böhler, an excellent young man, belonging to the society

<sup>1</sup> "I now advised the serious part of the congregation to form themselves into a sort of little society, and to meet once or twice a week, in order to instruct, exhort, and reprove one another. And out of these I selected a smaller number for a more intimate union with each other; in order to which I met them together at my house every Sunday afternoon."—*Works*, xiii., 271.

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commonly called Moravians." It is observable that here he distinguishes between "Methodism so-called" and the "Society commonly called Moravians." Future reference will be made to this society.<sup>1</sup>

### PETER BÖHLER AND CHARLES WESLEY

On May 3, Peter Böhler had a long conversation with Charles Wesley, when John says, "It pleased God to open his eyes so that he also saw clearly what was the nature of that one, true, living Faith, whereby alone, through grace, we are saved." On the following day Böhler left London for Carolina, and Wesley writes: "O what a work God has begun, since his coming to England! Such an one as shall never come to an end, till heaven and earth pass away."<sup>2</sup>

Preaching "free salvation by faith in the blood of Christ," in several churches in London, Wesley was apprised at almost everyone that he could preach there no more. He records, however, that the Rev. G. Stonehouse, Vicar of Islington, was convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. For some days Wesley was sorrowful and very heavy, unable to read or meditate, to sing or pray or do anything; but was somewhat revived by a tender and affectionate letter from his friend Böhler, urging him not to delay to believe in "*your Jesus Christ*"; declaring "how great, how inexpressible, how unexhausted is His love. Surely He is now ready to help; and nothing can offend Him but our unbelief."

On Friday, May 19, Wesley makes the

<sup>1</sup> Hutton says:—"In June 1740, he [Wesley] formed his Foundery Society in opposition to the one which met at Fetter Lane, and which had become a Moravian Society."—*Memoirs*, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> Böhler deserves to be had in remembrance by the Methodist Church, on account of the exceeding great and beneficial influence which he exerted on Wesley at the most critical part of his life. This good man was greatly honoured in his ministry during his visit to England. His attainments were more than respectable. He could expound the Psalms in Hebrew, to the delight of the sons of Abraham. He wrote a good Latin style, and conversed with ease in that language. He was acquainted with Arabic, and was conversant with other languages then used by scholars, and was known at the University as the "learned Peter Böhler." He was a man of great labour, of purity and beauty of spirit, modest, and wise in counsel. After much toil and suffering in the service of Christ and His Church, this honoured Bishop of the Unitas Fratrum fell asleep on April 27, 1775, in the 63rd year of his age. He was interred in the cemetery attached to Lindsey House, Chelsea.—See *Memorials of Peter Böhler*.

following entry in his *Journal*:—"My brother had a second attack of his pleurisy. A few of us spent Saturday night in prayer. The next day being Whit-Sunday, after hearing Dr. Heylin preach a truly Christian sermon (on *They were all filled with the Holy Ghost*; and so, said he, may all you be, if it is not your own fault), and assisting him at the Holy Communion (his curate being taken ill in the church), I received the surprising news that my brother had found rest to his soul. His bodily strength also returned from that hour. *Who is so great a God as our God?*"

### "I FELT MY HEART STRANGELY WARMED"

It is right that he should in his own words declare what took place on that momentous Wednesday, May 24, 1738. After a review of his life from his tenth year, he writes:—

"I think it was about five this morning that I opened my Testament on these words: *There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature.* (2 Peter i. 4.) Just as I went out, I opened it again on these words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was 'Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ear consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.'

"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a Society [perhaps then meeting in Trinity Hall]<sup>3</sup> in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.<sup>4</sup> About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away *my sins, even mine*, and saved me from the law of sin and death.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Respecting the name and previous history of Trinity Hall, see *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, vol. iii., p. 246. In the autumn of this year Wesley says he "spoke the truth in love at a Society in Aldersgate Street." It is not a little surprising that a place of so great interest does not appear to be mentioned again in all Wesley's writings.

<sup>4</sup> It will be presently seen how highly Luther's teaching on faith and justification was prized, and how subsequently Wesley came to pass a severer judgment upon the great Reformer's writings.

<sup>5</sup> This present assurance of reconciliation with God, assurance of forgiveness, of actual salvation, came to be his central theme. He proclaimed it as on the house-top to be the privilege of all.

## John Wesley, Evangelist

"I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner spitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be Faith; for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation. But that as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth counsels of His own will."

### AN EPOCH IN ENGLISH HISTORY

For some days he walked as a little child, with trembling, and with doubts and fears and subtle temptations assailing him; nor was he free from external opposition. He found a refuge in earnest prayer, in diligent reading of the Scriptures, and in active Christian work. During this time he watched narrowly the varying states of mind through which he was passing. He writes, May 27—

"Believing one reason of my want of joy was want of time for prayer, I resolved to do no business till I went to church in the morning, but



PETER BÖHLER

Who led John Wesley into the light of evangelical truth, and was also the instrument of Charles Wesley's conversion

ment of Lecky, who writes: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and most active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *England in the Eighteenth Century*, ii., 558.

(To be continued.)



to continue pouring out my heart before God. And this day my spirit was enlarged, so that, though I was now assaulted by many temptations, I was more than conqueror, gaining more power thereby to trust and to rejoice in God my Saviour. May 28.— I waked in peace, but not in joy. In the same even, quiet state I was till the evening, when I was roughly attacked in a large company [at Mrs. Hutton's house], as an Enthusiast, a Seducer, and a Setter forth of new Doctrines. By the blessing of God I was not moved to anger, but after a calm and short reply went away; though not with so tender a concern as was due to those who were seeking death in the error of their life."

The critical writers on Wesley's life have almost wholly overlooked the significance of the event we have just reviewed; but it did not escape the keen discern-

# Jeremiah's 'Oss

A TENDER AND TOUCHING TALE OF CORNISH LIFE

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

*Read this Summary of Chapters I. and II., and you will enjoy what follows.*

THIS charming story exhibits the power of the love of a sweet, pure-hearted woman to rescue a careless, desperate man from destruction both of body and soul alike. Jeremiah is a Cornish quarryman who has just been left a widower with seven rather unruly children. On her death-bed his wife had made him promise to be good to the bairns and kind to his horse. Jeremiah, alas! soon forgets his good resolves, takes to drink, and one morning the poor horse is found on the hillside dead from cold and starvation. Jeremiah goes mad with remorse for his wasted life, and meditates making away with himself. He is saved by what seems the accidental interposition of Hephzibah, a sweet, graceful, young woman who had formerly secretly loved Jeremiah, and who is now herself a childless widow. Hephzibah talks to Jeremiah seriously, lends him money to buy another horse, and sets him on the true path again. The sequel is told in the touching chapters that follow.

## CHAPTER III.—HEPHZIBAH AND THE “WARMINT”

THE new 'oss was bought from Farmer Bull with Hephzibah's savings, and Jeremiah was delivered from going down into the pit. The fact that she trusted him put him on his mettle, and drew forth the latent manhood in him. The corner in “The Marbler's Rest” was again forsaken, this time quite finally. The “brats” began to wear shoes and socks again, and to bless “Aunt Hepzibah.” It was a great day in her life when she was invited by Jeremiah to “come up ‘long and see yon 'oss.” She took good care not to go empty-handed. A truss of fresh hay which she had won from Farmer Bull when carrying down the washing gave the excuse for feeding the “beastie” from her own hand. They seemed to catch on to each other by natural affinity. She stroked it, petted it, coaxed it, praised it, let it thrust its nose into her jacket, admired its quiet eyes, extolled its good humour, and by this means impressed upon Jeremiah, who had by no means a good record with his beasts, that he had become the fortunate possessor of the best horse in the Isle of Purbeck.

Then, knowing where the weak point really lay, she said, after a parting caress of the 'oss, with a pleading look which grateful Jeremiah found simply irresistible, “P'raps thee'll let I come and zee 'un again some vine day. But do e treat 'un kind for my

seäk.” Jeremiah vowed, for he was much impressed with her devotion, and remarked after her departure, that “he never saw any meäd so took up wi' un 'oss, not barring even Susan.”

The winter which followed proved bitter and severe. Heavy snow blocked the roads, and the quarriers could not get their stone down to the bankers by the shore. The trade of the town being at a standstill, there was no money for Hephzibah. Soon her work came to a dead stop, for, every one being very hard up and mostly shut indoors, they preferred to do their washing at home.

The frost which set in with the heavy fall lasted for months, and will long be remembered through all the south-west of England. The rent got in arrears, and doctor's bills followed. For Hephzibah, worrying secretly over the future, never very strong at best, and having no means for fire or food, sat shivering and half-starved alone, till a lingering decline crept over her, and she had to keep her bed. A hacking cough wore her down to almost a shadow of her old self. Then came the hardest blow of all. Unable to mind the “warmint” out in the shed, and ever pitiful and devoted to her “beastie,” Hephzibah decided to sell it rather than have it starve in the cold. And a “kind” neighbour bought it, with many professions of condescending sympathy, at a price less than half what she had paid for it, or than she ought to have let it go for. This wiped out part of the arrears for rent, but left nothing for food.

The resolve which bore her spirit up through all this sea of trouble was her fixed determination that, come what might, Jeremiah should never know. It was difficult enough for him to get from the stone merchants<sup>1</sup> the food with which he might feed his children; it would have been utterly impossible for him to obtain money in advance as well as food, when his stone was lying idle and the quarries too frost-bound for any fresh stone to be brought to

<sup>1</sup> The “Truck System” used to be the rule in Swanage, the stone merchants repaying for stone partly from their stores “in kind.”



HEPHZIBAH FEED THE HORSE FROM HER OWN HAND. JEREMIAH WAS MUCH IMPRESSED BY  
HER DEVOTION AND BY HER PLEADING LOOK, WHICH HE FOUND IRRESISTIBLE

## Jeremiah's 'Oss

the top. If Jeremiah knew, he would have no peace till the loan were repaid. And she was not, she said to herself, going to have his mind "hurted" in that way on her account. It would be quite enough reward for her if some day—what matter if it were after she were gone?—Jeremiah knew how she had loved him, and sacrificed herself to that love. So her intense poverty was kept concealed even from the old doctor, who in his kindness of heart might, whilst relieving it, have made it known to Jeremiah.

Thus the hard winter passed, and still Jeremiah, who wondered why he never now saw her, was kept in ignorance of her illness. But one March day, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, the real state of affairs came to his knowledge. He was wandering across the quarries, and had just come to the spot where nearly six months before he had helped Hephzibah over the high wall. And there in the very same quarr'-yard was her "warmint" standing in the snow, being mercilessly belaboured by its new master for returning to the old quarters to which it had strayed even under her gentle rule. It had good cause to stray now if Jeremiah had known the true facts, for it was harshly treated. Jeremiah had nothing but a stick in his hands, but a stick in the hands of a strong man is a wonderful minister of conviction. He seized the bully by the nape of his neck, and, dragging him to the spack, bent him over it till the capstan groaned with his blows, and the aggressor upon the "warmint" groaned too.

During an involuntary pause, necessitated by the snapping of the stick, the "girt zeaw," as Jeremiah choicely described his victim, revealed in half-blubbered sentences the quite unimportant fact that he happened to be the owner of the "warmint," and could do as he liked, he supposed, with his own. And this caused Jeremiah many pangs, with which, however, it must be owned, no regrets for the mistake which he had made were blended.

For how could it be; he asked himself, that Hephzibah had parted with her beastie? There must be something wrong. It would be well to go and see for himself.

So that very night, after work was over, he made his way across the quarries to the tiny cottage where she dwelt, a lowly place standing up on the hills by itself save for the weird shadow of a huge deserted farmhouse and empty barn to which it had

once been the appendage as a carter's home. The farm-tenant had removed to another home far across the valley, and Hephzibah was now absolutely the solitary inhabitant. No place could well be more lonely.

Jeremiah thought upon this, and wondered at Hephzibah's cheerfulness as he climbed the last wall and the lonesome forsaken farm loomed upon him, gaunt and spectral in the deepening twilight. Not a sound to break the stillness but the call of the "peewit" from the cliffs, and the far-off murmur of the open sea, and the mournful sighing of the wind over the common. It looked a place such as one instinctively connects with the old smuggling memories of by-gone days. As he drew near he saw a light gleaming in the lower window, and he knew that Hephzibah must be sitting there. He was surprised to find himself so eager to see her, and to note that his heart distinctly beat faster as he knocked on the paintless and half-broken door. The thought of the possibility of making some return now for her kindness gave him intense zest and eagerness. There was at first a little delay in opening, as of one who found it difficult to rise, and then he could hear her coming. The feet were slow, as though they could scarcely walk. The bolts were flung back with an air of weariness. Then he could see, dark against the light shining within the cottage, the slight figure which he knew so well.

"Hephzibah!"

She gave a little start, then a half-suppressed utterance of delight, and then she recovered her usual reserve.

"Jeremiah! I ain't seen thee theese long time. Come in an' tell me all about the youngsters and the 'oss." And she led the way along the dark passage into the tiny low-roofed, stone-floored room where he had seen the light. Then she shrank back into the shadow of the room, and sat down upon a rude settle on the further side from the door, while Jeremiah seated himself in the old wooden arm-chair beside the table. This was what Hephzibah wanted, for the light, dim as it was, illumined him and made him clearly visible, whilst she herself was almost hidden in the shadow. Jeremiah was silent for a few moments; he was struck with the cold, cheerless air of the room, and observed that there was no fire in the grate (the bars of which were broken), though it was a bleak March

## Jeremiah's 'Oss

evening, and the long frost had not yet broken. But he was most anxious not to betray his thoughts and hurt her feelings.

"Well, Hepzibah," at length he said, "how be ye?"

"I be rough," she answered, in a tone which minimised the seriousness of the trouble which it was too sincere to deny; "I be rough, Jeremiah, but tidden nou't that's serious; when the weather do break, I'll soon mend."

Jeremiah was gradually putting two and two together, and thinking things out in his own deliberate way, so he made no haste to answer. But he thought he began to understand from the look of things why Hepzibah had parted with "thik warmint," and the thought caused him infinite trouble. Her voice sounded so weak that he drew a little nearer to the settle and pushed the lamp on the table behind him that he might see Hepzibah more clearly. Then, in despair how to proceed, he asked her whether her donkey had wandered lately up to its old quarters in the quarry. He could see the crimson flush that spread over her face at the question, and it made the deadly pallor which followed the more noticeable. Hepzibah was clearly very badly ill, and ought not to be by herself up in this out-of-the-way cottage.

"I sold 'ern, Jeremiah," she replied faintly, after a very long pause, "'cos I was rough and couden mind 'ern. It cost a lot to do it, but I wouden the beäst should suffer, so there wadden any choice."

He could hear her fidgeting as though she wished he would change the subject, so he did.

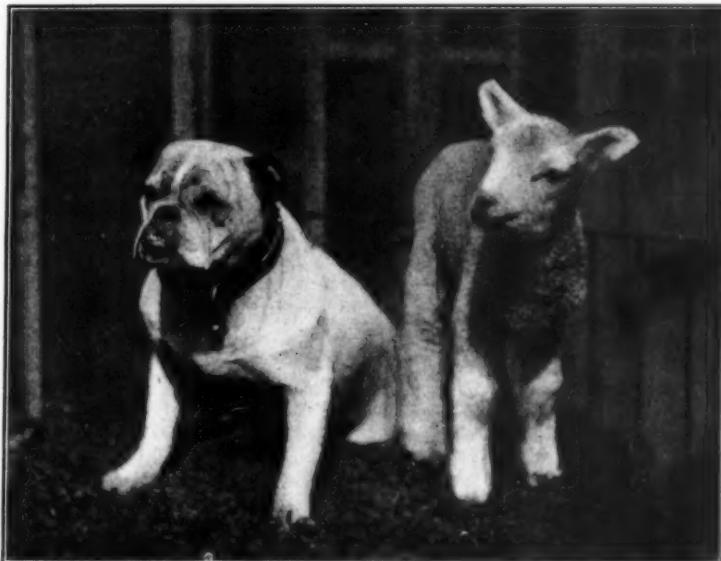
"Hepzibah, I've kep' my word since thik morn'ng, and your 'oss is as right as the day I bought 'un. When 'ull thee come and zee 'un again?"

He could mark how all her face was lit up with a flush of pleasure which made her look for the moment almost like her old self.

"Tis thine, Jeremiah," she said, "I've done with 'un; yet"—and she paused—"I'd tar'ble love to zee 'un again; but there, I BE sa weak," and she sank back as though the very thought of the effort involved wearied her.

This was Jeremiah's enlightenment. As in a moment it flashed upon his consciousness that this little uncomplaining woman, who thought far more of him, of the 'oss, of another woman's "brats," than she did of her own troubles—this true friend from childhood who had ministered to his dying wife, and then afterwards rescued himself and his home from a terrible ruin, was now herself in a state of dangerous collapse simply through helping him and keeping her own care to herself lest it might hurt him.

The tears stood in his eyes in spite of himself as, by a sudden impulse, taking her hand, he drew forth from her point by point the story of her silent struggle and her break-down of health. And, as he strove to utter words that might comfort her, and always seemed to himself to fail, that sympathy had a power wholly beyond him.



WHO WILL DARE MEDDLE WITH US?

*This Photograph is the work of one of our readers, an amateur.  
Can you send us anything equally delightful?*

## Jeremiah's 'Oss

its poverty of eloquence, till Hephzibah's face glowed like a live coal between the patches of ashy paleness, and her large, lustrous eyes were lit with a fire quite unnatural to them even in their old days of brightness. When at length he rose to go, she stood for a moment close against him by the empty fire-place as though, half unconsciously, she were nestling for support in her weakness beneath his burly strength, and she did not hasten the leave-taking. Then, suddenly, the old weary look came back, and she stepped slowly to the door, and held out her cold hand.

"Good-night, Jeremiah, do 'e be kind to theeself and kind to the 'oss still for—" But the door was shut to before he could hear the finish, and he lost the rest.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE SECOND SPRING-TIME

"But He that tried our soul do know  
To meake us good amends, an' show  
Instead of things a-took away,  
Some higher jay that He'll bestow."

W. BARNES.

JEREMIAH passed out into the night. A full moon was shining over the quarried hills and the open common, and casting its sheen of silver across the pathway of the great and wide sea, making a track of sheeted glory from this world of time and limitation into the gateways of darkness and mystery, the unknown land beyond flood and storm. The wind had veered round from the north-east, and there was the first suspicion in its softness, as it swept in from the sea, of a coming change about to break the iron fetters of the long frost. He was in no haste to get home. He paced on rather fiercely over the open heath towards Seacombe, and soon had reached the top of the gully above the cliffs, whence the one light of a solitary cottage close beside the tiny cove was visible.

All the time he was thinking very, very hard. He was blaming himself very sharply for his blindness. Fool, that he had imagined that a woman could show all that interest in him these years and never feel something more. It was plain to him now that Hephzibah loved him; he had learnt it in those flushes of pleasure at his praise, that half-desire hastily overcome to lengthen their talk, that half-unconscious clinging to him in her weakness, that sudden quickening of eagerness out of weakness and apathy. A thousand little

things which she herself fondly supposed that she had concealed made it plain. And that once made plain all their relationships for years were made plain also—her persistent refusal of Anthony, the unselfishness which welcomed Susan because she was his, the scene at the quarry, the silence which love dictated and in which love triumphed when her own time of trouble came.

And with these came the conviction, every moment strengthening in intensity, that he also loved her; not indeed with the old rough-and-tumble quarry-boy's love with which he had courted Susan, but with a love far deeper and purer and more intense because it had so long lain latent, because it had been won from him by a love which sacrificed itself and even its own fulfilment in its pure desire to serve him at its own cost, even unto death. Even yet, he said, he would make amends. If human love could save Hephzibah, she should be saved, and saved without delay.

He had just resolved this clearly when, turning a sharp angle in the steep gully plunging downward at that point to the shore, he noticed a man in front of him, standing with his back toward him, and gazing out over the cottage below across the sea. The man seemed lost in reverie, and was unaware of Jeremiah's approach till he suddenly heard footsteps close behind him, and leapt round half in fear. Then, as he recognised him, he exclaimed—

"What, thee, Jeremiah! who'd 'a thought of meeting thee here at this hour! Are the free traders about again, then, among the cliffs?" Jeremiah laughed at the joke at his expense, but he noticed the expression of sadness which was cast upon the old doctor's face, and he wondered what had called him there. "Lad," the doctor continued, as though glad to have some one to whom to unburden his thoughts at that moment, "if only folks took Mother Nature in time they'd give her some chance to mend their ills. But it's always the same story—too late—first neglect—then frantic panic—then 'What is to be, must be,' when it needn't be at all. The woman in yon cottage, Jeremiah, might have been saved three months ago, but she's doomed now. Yet I was only sent for when things had gone pretty well beyond all mending."

Jeremiah, occupied with his own case, seized the opportunity.

## Jeremiah's 'Oss



"IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME STORY," SAID THE DOCTOR TO JEREMIAH, "TOO LATE ! TOO LATE ! THE WOMAN IN YON COTTAGE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED THREE MONTHS AGO. SHE'S DOOMED NOW"

"I saw Hepzibah just now, doctor. She seems tar'ble rough and weak. But tidden too late wi' she, is 't?" and he paused and waited.

The old doctor turned round and looked Jeremiah full in the face as the moon shone into his eyes. Jeremiah wondered whether he already divined what lay beneath his words. Then he answered slowly, as though he was making a mental diagnosis of the case.

"Hephzibah's very far gone, man, very far indeed. She's in a decline, and her right lung is affected. Staying where she is and as she is, all alone and uncared for, there's not a particle of hope for her. I've tried my hardest to get her to rid house, but in vain. But no, I won't say that if she had proper care and food, and . . . some one to be with her and keep her from drooping and wasting, the lung might heal, and she might pull through. But there you are again. Hephzibah never told any one she was half starving till all the mischief was done. Good-night, Jeremiah; I've prescriptions to make up, and I must get along." And in a moment he was passing out of sight up the gully, whilst Jeremiah stood watching the half-stooping

gait and recalling how he had seen it just the same as he climbed up to the quarry on that fateful April morning when Susan was dying.

If Jeremiah was anything he was a man of action. In spite of the heavy state of the roads his first load of stone for weeks was down street next morning before midday, the 'oss rising grandly to the occasion. The stone merchants took note of it, and the truck system came to his aid. Before many hours mysterious gifts found their way to Hephzibah's threshold, which, do what she would, she could not trace, though she had her strong suspicions. The landlord looked in as he rode over the farm, not for the quarter's rent but to leave the receipt and say that he had received it from Lawyer Marshman.

The postman toiled up the hills with a couple of young fowls which in those days could never have come by post, but when questioned, all he could say was, that they were "gallus fine vowls," and worth eating. A couple of warm blankets came from the quarriers' stores, and the stupid boy who brought them could only say that he knew "nout," except that he was "ould" to bring them "up 'long."

## Jeremiah's 'Oss

A hundred of coals was planted noiselessly and mysteriously in the passage as though it had "dropped like the gentle dew from Heaven." And when Jeremiah's children came to see Aunt Hepzibah, and bring her a nice warm dinner, they were as ignorant as Hepzibah herself about these gifts.

But at last, after about ten days' absence, on Easter Sunday afternoon, when all the world around was beginning to be musical with the promise of spring; when the last patches of snow were melting in the hollows, and the air that stole in softly from Dancing Ledge was a whispered prophecy of resurrection and life to all awaiting nature, Jeremiah himself came. She flushed with eagerness to greet him; then, restraining herself, stood silent and self-possessed again. And he too stood for a moment silently gazing at her, and collecting his thoughts for the great word which he had come to speak.

"Hepzibah," at last he said, his strong man at first broken with the depth of emotion that lay behind the revived recollection, "a year ago my Susan went along, whom I'd loved tar'ble, and for want o' she things got in a sair tangle, and I couden set 'em right. When thee cam'st up to yon quarr' six months ago I'd settled to make an end of my troubles." Here Hepzibah started; she had always half imagined this, and it showed her now how literally her prayer had been answered. "But, Hepzibah, when thee cam'st and stoodest up yon above me like an angel of light sent from the Lord to healp me, I couden do it. It was thy coming seaved me, and brought new feath and hope. Thou'rt a good, true, brave 'oman, and I love thee. Hepzibah, I can't do wi'out ye; thee come and healp I drough everything still."

As he spoke Hepzibah stood by the window gazing out across the open common, all glorious already with the bursting gorse, towards the distant quarries. She looked pale and weak still, but the flush of joy that had filled her face gave her back for a moment the old buoyant air which

had once made her so beautiful. The soft lustrous eyes looked even larger than usual, and were very full of thought. Tears stood in them, but they were as blue as the violets growing under shelter of the lichen-ed wall just outside. It was the same living picture of human Hope and human Tenderness which Jeremiah had seen on that eventful October morning at the top of the quarry-stairs.

Then she came across to him like a spirit which accepts a fate shaped for it by higher, wiser Powers. She put out her two thin hands and put them into his great strong palms. She put up her face with the trustful simplicity of a child, and he stooped with real reverence and devotion and kissed it as gently as a mother would kiss a sick, weary babe. She drew herself into his shelter, and he put his arm all around her. In the silence a lark started its heavenward-winging song in the field just before them, and they could see it climbing up into the azure blue. Then she spoke, and the light of Nature's Eastertide seemed to find reflection in her bright face.

"Jeremiah, I've loved thee these long, long years. The Lord heard my prayers and seaved thee from going down into the pit. If thou'l love me and do for me, I'll do for thee and love thee still."

\* \* \* \* \*

On their wedding morn—a glorious day when young May was borne to her espousals in the flowering woods beside the shore, along a waveless sea, draped in glittering robe of sunshine over which the ocean nymphs had cast their sea-wrought vanishing-veil of mist—the first honeymoon visit they paid straight from the old ivied church in the hollow where they were made man and wife, was up through the fields of blossoming daffodillies, gilly-ganders and celandine, to Jeremiah's quarry. There the 'oss, decorated by the children in honour of "Aunt Hepzibah" with longrods and primroses, was "At Home" to her new mistress. And Hepzibah took good care that she had ample share in the joy of her bridals.

T. A. GURNEY.



## Some of our Village Worthies

THE PICTURES IN THIS ARTICLE WILL RECALL TO YOU MANY HAPPY AND AMUSING EXPERIENCES IN THE COUNTRY

SHOULD you come into our village by train, probably the first man with whom you will come in contact will be our station-master, and a very important member of our community he is. This official at a large station is generally invisible; something after the manner of an editor, he is sheltered in an office upon whose door stands out the prominent warning, "Private." In our station the master is most evident; he certainly has the help of a youthful porter, but the bulk of the work rests upon his shoulders. Badgered by nervous questioners as he often is, he is never discourteous; this means much to us dwellers in the country. Most of our goods come to us by rail, and it is a great advantage to have a courteous and obliging official from whom information may be sought, and of whom inquiries may be made with the certainty of receiving ready help.

The busiest time at our railway station is the market-day of the country town some seven miles away. Why the country folks should crowd to town on these occasions is not plain to a stranger; it certainly is not that they can save on their purchases, the cost of the ticket must prevent that. The real reason lies deeper. On these days the third-class carriages are turned into places for the discussion of public and private affairs.

All news garnered during the week is passed on and circulated; village topics are discussed from every point of view, with a freedom from restraint which has induced more than one to travel second class.

What a pleasure it is to pack everything into the carriage, children, onions, butter, all and sundry purchases, and then to exchange tit-bits of information. It makes life worth living, and market-day is a bright spot standing out in welcome relief against the grey sky of ordinary existence.

After leaving the station, probably the next man you may

notice is the road-mender. His work is a necessary one, and consists of keeping that stretch of road committed to his care free from weeds and rubbish of all kinds. Our village does not lie upon the high-road, so we are never visited by the steam-roller. Our roads are not made, they are patched; upon the old road-mender the work falls. He has his spade and barrow, and not much else does he use. Here and there a load of flints are flung down, to be gradually worn away by the doctor's trap or the baker's cart, assisted by sundry wagons and all the et ceteras of our traffic, bicycles included.

Should some great outsider visit us—for example, should the Lord Bishop of the



OUR ROADMENDER IS TIDYING THE PATHWAY IN  
VIEW OF A VISIT FROM OUR BISHOP

## Some of our Village Worthies

Diocese come to dedicate a lych gate or a new organ—then the roadman receives his orders, and cleanses the line of route of unsightly weeds and nettles that otherwise might offend his Lordship's eyes. It is not an exciting employment, and does not require great skill; it is one that will allow plentiful time for meditation, uninterrupted, except by the passing of some acquaintance who must needs be greeted; it has its attractions, no doubt.

It is not often that we see members of the gentler sex taking upon themselves the

over her shoulders. And very hard and rough work it is, especially when the snow is on the ground, or the fields are heavy with rain or dew, to trudge early in the morning with her sometimes heavy load; and I have no doubt that when the weather is very bad she often wishes that people would not write quite so many letters or send such heavy parcels; but she has struggled gamely on now for many years, and will probably not give in until forced to do so by increasing infirmity.

The village ostler is a different being from his town cousin; the latter is clean-shaven and possesses a horsey kind of look, and his name is always John. He may have been christened James, but all the same he is known as John only, and answers "Yessir" when so called as if he were to the manner born. The country specimen of this tribe is called by the name he lawfully possesses; in fact, sometimes his surname is added, a thing unheard of in the town.

Our ostler is called John, as this is his name, on the same principle that if he had been baptised Henry he would have been known to the community as 'Enry. But his duties are more various than those of the John of the town hotel; he spends little time in cleaning or collecting boots; very few are the tips he pockets from visitors whose portmanteaus he carries about. When he is free from stable work he is driving the plough in the fields, or digging potatoes in the garden; perhaps he passes a spare hour in mowing the bowling-green. He has been known to spend a day or two in the harvest-field; nothing comes amiss to him, he is ready for all emergencies, and is as much at home doing the work of a farm labourer as he is attending to the horses and traps of travellers.

Attached to most village houses is an extensive tract of country devoted to the production of flowers, fruit, and vegetables; this must be kept in order. If there is not sufficient work for one man's undivided attention, the course usually adopted is to hire a universal gardener to come in for as many days in the week as is needful or as he chooses. This man works for some four or five families. As a rule, I think these gardeners like to get hold of people ignorant of the first principles of the art of cultivating the soil; this gives them what is called a free hand, which, though rarely



WE PAID THIS MAN SIXPENCE TO HAVE HIS  
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN

duties of delivering letters, yet Mrs. A. has done so for some years past. In the days far back dwellers in outlying districts were forced to fetch their letters from the post-office or from the nearest point at which the postman called on his regular round. But as ideas altered every one was not contented with such an arrangement, and so it came to pass that the lady in our picture was appointed to take round the parcels and letters of those who lived outside the postman's usual round, and to this day she has her regular beat.

The Post Office allows her an official bag, but, woman-like, she prefers to carry a basket on her arm to having a bag hung

## Some of our Village Worthies



THIS GOOD WOMAN BRINGS US OUR LETTERS  
AND PARCELS

attained, is in all departments of life the summit of ambition.

You come into a new house and the gardener takes up command in the garden; he is a man of cheerful countenance and ingratiating manners. His first duty is to hint gently at the purchase of new tools. He probably brings some for your inspection and for immediate use; incidentally, they are borrowed from the employer in whose garden he has last been working. Holding up a pair of shears fixed at the end of long handles, he proceeds to arouse your cupidity. "These here are some things," he says, "as you wants." Probably you had been unaware of this pressing need, and would have lived fairly comfortably without acquiring the tool in question, but his method is so insinuating that in the end you are completely won over to his way of thinking, and cannot rest contented until the purchase has been made.

At his next visit he has another suggestion, and this is made with

subtlety; in a confidential undertone he informs you that the one thing needful for the working of that garden is a "barra." And he would not be surprised if when your ship comes in you buy one—he hopes so; you cannot refrain from forthwith adding a "barra" to your worldly possessions.

Since the production of machine-made boots, warranted not to last too long, the trade of the country bootmaker has somewhat languished. In former times boots for agricultural labourers were made to measure, in the village, now they are nearly all bought ready-made in the town; whereas in those days they would hold together for a couple of years, now they begin to wear out before they have been out of the shop for twelve months. An old boot every one knows is more comfortable than a new one, and two years give ample time for the foot to adapt itself fully and resignedly to its covering, whilst now-a-days at the end of a paltry twelve months its symmetry is spoilt by a patch, or its shape ruined by a new sole or heel.

Our shoemaker is almost a nonagenarian, and has been making boots for the last



WE APPRECIATE THE "CHARMS" OF MUSIC EVEN IN  
OUR REMOTE VILLAGE

## Some of our Village Worthies

seventy years; this does not appear to have undermined his constitution to any great extent, as he can yet boast of walking four or five miles across country when he likes. He was very proud of the pair of boots at which he was working when photographed, as they were made entirely by himself.

How do we manage to have our chimneys cleaned in the country? At one village in which I lived it was the custom to devote the Sunday morning to this task, that being

asked him if he would like to earn six-pence; he asked, "How?" "By having your photograph taken." Still with discreet regard for economy of time he inquired, "How long will it take?" "Ten minutes." "Very well then, I don't mind." Thus was secured the picture for this article on page 508.

We had our ordinary kitchen chimney swept a short time ago, for which we paid the sum of half-a-crown; the work is done early in the morning, as is evident to the slumberer's senses. When the task was finished the maid ascended to the upper regions to her mistress with the message, "Please, the sweep says he always has his breakfast give him wherever he goes," adding with a giggle, "He says he likes it in his hands!"

Another familiar sight in the village street is the scissors - grinder. The one who patronises us has lately risen in the world. Once upon a time, and that not long since, he

OUR KNIFE-GRINDER HAS RISEN IN THE WORLD. HE IS VERY PROUD OF HIS CART, WHICH IN HIS OPINION MAKES "A GOOD PICTURE"

the day on which the father of the family had most leisure. Instead of a broom he used fire, the sitting-room was cleared of finery, the carpet taken up, and valuable furniture covered; then by means of newspapers the soot that had collected was burnt out. This method united profit with amusement, dashed, I should imagine, with a little anxiety and excitement.

The usual thing, it must be said, is to call in the services of a professional sweep. There are still chimneys pointed out as having been cleaned in the far-off times by the unfortunate boy apprentices, who were sent up instead of the modern many-jointed broom. Sweeps go round asking for orders in a quiet way, not with the unspeakable discord of the London variety. I one day met one on his rounds, and

wheeled his grindstone from place to place on foot; now he has a man, also a pony, and a cart whereupon his apparatus is fixed, the whole, of which the owner is unduly proud, making in his opinion "a good picture."

We too have our music—at one time a barrel-organ, at another a concertina, we have sunk as low as a tin-whistle. Years ago we were enlivened by travelling German bands, who were, we are now told, disguised spies searching out the land; these men, having done their work and given the German army complete maps and measurements of the length and breadth of the country, have taken themselves off, carrying their music with them. Now all we have left to us are stray Italians; I think they have some method in their travels, as the



OUR KNIFE-GRINDER HAS RISEN IN THE WORLD. HE IS VERY PROUD OF HIS CART, WHICH IN HIS OPINION MAKES "A GOOD PICTURE"

## Some of our Village Worthies

same men at fairly regular intervals come round again and again; whether they make a fortune is another matter. There is certainly no question as to the character of the music they supply for our benefit.

Our last village professional is the head keeper on a large estate, and a most important position he holds. Keepers as a race are always killing something. I do not think they are particularly interested in what is called the balance of nature, but wherever they see a jackdaw, a magpie, a jay, hawk, or an owl, bang goes the gun which they carry as

OUR SHOEMAKER HAS BEEN AT WORK FOR SEVENTY YEARS. HE IS NO MERE COBBLER, BUT MAKES THE ENTIRE BOOT



naturally as an ordinary man takes out his walking-stick. The world for a keeper is a place made for the rearing of pheasants and partridges, everything else is of minor importance. The great thing in life is the preservation of the sacred GAME.

One summer night, having lately come into the neighbourhood, I was startled by great noises which proceeded from a wood close at hand. First there was a great shouting, then followed what appeared to be the chorus of a song sung lustily by men's voices, whilst at regular intervals



THE GARDENER IS A MAN OF CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE, AND INGRATIATING MANNERS



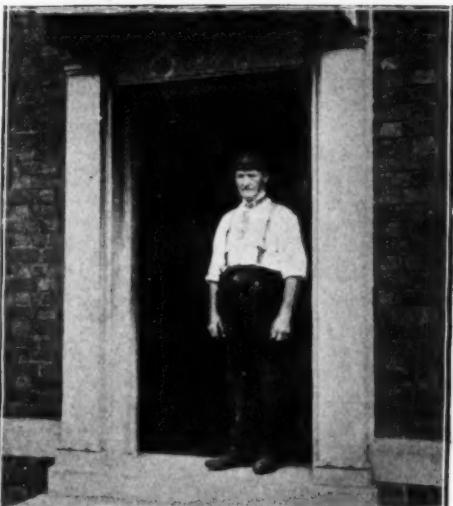
THE HEAD GAMEKEEPER IS A VERY IMPORTANT PERSONAGE IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE VILLAGERS

## Some of our Village Worthies

came the report of a gun. What did it all mean? It was simply due to the efforts of the keepers to drive away the foxes from the young game.

About this time I was talking in the evening to the head keeper, who just before leaving pulled out of his pocket a brass instrument. I asked what it was. He said he was going to sit up in the cover all night, and the instrument was a horn, which he carried to supplement the report of the gun and the shouts of the under-keepers. I remembered this when at midnight and for some hours following the horn spoke out with no uncertain sound.

Probably many of my readers are now beginning to make plans for their summer holidays, and it may be that this article, with its quaint, original photographs, will whet their anticipations of happy days in the green fields and on the sweet country roads.



OUR OSTLER IS CALLED JOHN, AND, ODDLY ENOUGH,  
THAT IS HIS REAL NAME!



Photo

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Janczewski

## Wee Willie Winkie!

WEE Willie Winkie! Are you tired of play?

You have been a sunbeam in the house all day;

Now the sun is sleeping, little stars instead Peeping down at baby say it's time for bed!

Wee Willie Winkie! Kiss and say "Good-night,"

Wake up with the blossoms when it's morning light;

Now the Gates of Dreamland, see, are open wide;

Baby, don't you wonder what you'll find inside?

Wee Willie Winkie! Close those drowsy eyes Till the big, round sun once more is in the skies;

In our hearts the sunshine all day long you've shed,

Wee Willie Winkie, now it's time for bed!

MARY FARAH.

## Let us Talk it Over!

HELPFUL CHATS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

### Those Brothers of Ours

THE superiority of the brother to herself the girl recognises long before she is sure that two and two make four, and only he himself can take the assurance from her. An aura of veneration surrounds the baby boy. The mother is proud of him, the father is glad he is a boy, each feels sure the young creature will be able to use his life to more purpose than if he belonged to the handicapped sex ; the sister who is older than he catches the infection, inhales the incense offered at baby's shrine, and from the first hour of his existence delights to wait upon him, to fetch and carry for him, to collect his scattered toys and house them safely till needed again. This is very good for the girl ; it makes her docile, observant, unselfish. On the boy the effect of her devotion is sometimes not so salutary.

#### THE OLDER BOY

with a brood of sisters in his wake naturally acquires sultanic ideas ; he is no more responsible for this than for speaking his native tongue or for walking upright. He will suggest, the girls will obey ; he will have plans, they will put them into practice ; when they play, he leads the expedition, they carry the baggage ; if he is the officer, they are proud to be the men-at-arms, and if he thinks of anything so namby-pamby as a game of "school," he raps the desk and they cower and say "Please, sir." The parents observe this with pleasure. They think it natural that force of character should dominate. All this adoration and deference to Johnnie proves calamitous unless there is a Willie in the nursery to periodically punch Johnnie's inflated head. Where there is no Willie, sometimes, after long suffering, a Wilhelmina rises in her wrath, and then the parents are sorry and say Wilhelmina has a very troublesome temper.

#### WHEN JOHNNIE GOES TO SCHOOL

things improve. The boy learns something there, though it may be items not indicated in the curriculum, and when he comes home he has interesting information to impart ; probably has made the acquaintance of heroes greater than Hector, and is willing to discourse of these. That the heroes admire Johnnie renews his prestige, his audience again burnish his aureole and do homage to him. Sometimes he brings a hero home for a section of the holidays, and the incident stirs the whole family much as the advent of Napoleon I. stirred the Prussian Court. Johnnie watches his family through the hero's eyes, and his parents acquire a new title to his esteem if the hero decides in their favour. As to the girls, if they are told that Briggs has graciously pronounced them "not so dusty" or "a good sort," they are moved to dream of fame.

#### AT FIFTEEN

Johnnie begins to think of his dress and even to have some concern about his manners. Prior to that period he preferred a collar that had done

service for a week, and, if his attention was directed to his hands and nails, he usually secreted them in his pockets. He always liked well-blacked boots, because the blacking was hireling's work and gave him no trouble, but after fifteen he feels he would almost brush them himself rather than have them neglected. At this time he observes what older fellows wear in the matter of ties, buys himself a cane, and adheres rigidly to the fashion of the school in the detail of waistcoats. If the school says the lower button of the waistcoat is always to be undone, because the garment rucks into ugly wrinkles otherwise, a pistol at his ear would not make Johnnie fasten that button. In the matter of hands and nails there is still something to desire, but in what the school calls the hall-marks of good dressing that brother is scrupulous. Father says he hopes to goodness Johnnie is not going to become a fop, and consults mother on the advisability of changing his school, and sending him where sports matter more and clothes less ; but mother says she thinks he had better be a dandy rather than a sloven, and is sure he will get over this malady as he got over the measles.

#### HIS FIRST PARTY.

At this he is exceedingly disagreeable, and begins being disagreeable when he begins to dress. He says his collar is too high, declares he is too big for an Eton suit, and fights with the entire household over his shoes. Wilhelmina says she ought to have shiny slippers with bows on the toes, and he says he will never wear bows on his toes in this world. Mother intervenes, but she does not know what is the fashion of the school, and suggests dress boots as a compromise. But the only boots he has got with shiny uppers have buttons, and he says that is incorrect for evening wear, and altogether it is a miserable business. During the journey he glares and growls at everybody who speaks to him, but once at the party, when he is sure no one is taking any particular notice of him, he thaws, recovers his good-humour by degrees, makes himself quite agreeable towards the end of the evening, and on the way home admits that he rather enjoyed himself. Next morning at breakfast he is subdued, and the reason probably is that mother had a *ettle-à-étte* with him in his own room before he came down. The family individually knows those interviews, where the starch is taken out of you in a way that does not hurt very much, when you are made to feel that you are still in the melting-pot, and that, though you have made rather a fool of yourself, if you see that for yourself and will avoid the same mistake in the future, there is no great harm done. In the *ettle-à-étte* line one might back mother against the community.

#### WHEN NOT VERY OLD,

and not very wise, it is not possible to know everything, but with such experience as one possesses, it would seem as if it is more salutary for the brothers to begin working at their life-work early than to be kept too long in the preparatory stage. Some people differ from this opinion. Uncle Matthew says people do far better ultimately who

## Let us Talk it Over!

have had long training, but perhaps that is because Uncle Matthew was a scholastic toff himself, took as many gold medals at the University as would make a waistbelt, and lots of scholarships and things. But father went into an office at sixteen, and Uncle Matthew forgets that it was father's office work that gave him his first educational chances. Possibly the people who are of their own generation may judge differently, but we of the generation that comes after cannot help thinking that the Kingdom of Heaven will be composed chiefly of the people that bore burdens early, and bore them, more or less, always, and grew so unselfish and patient and brave that though their very gentleness started their children to be demons at the first, it conquered and convinced ultimately, till they who set out with tomahawks and scalping-knives came home at even with their weapons turned to gentler use. At twenty Johnnie would have listened to father even about waistcoat-buttons—but more attentively on other matters—and then mother said we should have reason to be proud of Johnnie yet. It had not come home to her that we had been proud of him all the time.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

#### EMPLOYMENT.

*J. H.*—Upwards of 400 firms in London have decided to give preference, when making appointments, to applicants holding the junior certificate from the London Chamber of Commerce. There is an employment department in connexion with the Chamber. The scheme is on similar lines to the commercial system prevailing in France and in Munich and Leipzig. Examinations are held at various centres, and the subjects of examination are divided into groups—(A) comprising Commercial Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Advanced Drawing, Stenotypy and Typewriting. (B) Foreign Languages. (C) Mathematics. (D) Natural Science. The examinations are held in the evenings, from May 8 to June 2. The fee is 2s. 6d. for one subject, or 10s. for a full certificate, taken at one examination. Prizes, medals, and travelling scholarships are awarded to successful candidates. Particulars with copy of the scheme may be had from the Commercial Education Department of the Chamber of Commerce.

#### PERSONAL

*Ethel L.*—Falling hair may be due to anaemia, in which case more fresh air, less brain work, and some iron taken internally will prove helpful. Ammonia citrate of iron is a preparation that most people can assimilate. To massage the scalp is certainly the best method of treatment, as it helps circulation. Press the fingers firmly on the scalp, and move them backwards and forwards as if with the object of loosening the scalp from the skull. Continue the movement for at least a minute in each spot, and go all over the head. Then carefully comb the hair and brush well. The treatment may render the scalp tender for a few days, but that will pass away.

*Esme.*—To polish jewellery apply a little dry prepared chalk with a soft brush, and brush lightly and briskly. This will polish without loosening the stones.

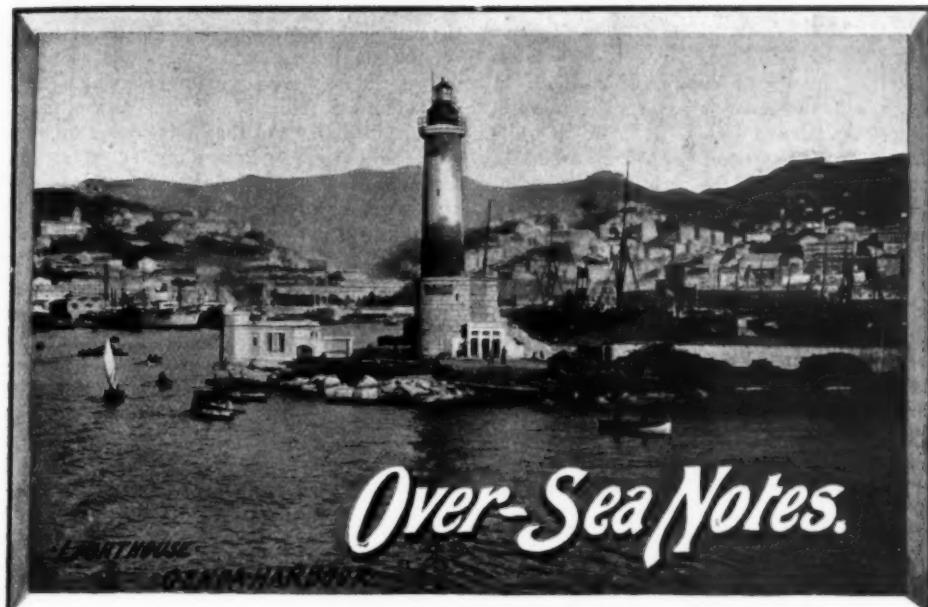
*Heather.*—Prematurely grey hair is constitutional with some people and runs in some families. The general health affects the hair in most cases, and serenity of temperament and freedom from mental strain conduces to keep the hair long of a youthful colour. No hair tonic would be as likely to restore the colour as would a course of iron taken medicinally. After an illness or an accident the hair may turn grey and ultimately resume its colour, but generally when it becomes grey it remains grey unless external treatment is applied. Walnut pomade is a harmless application in the earlier stages of the trouble, when there are only grey hairs here and there; quite grey hair is one of the most beautiful adornments in the world, and never more beautiful than when it crowns a young face. A young woman with dark eyes and white hair is distinguished above her fellows. I know a woman whose hair has been grey since she was twenty-eight (she is not yet forty), and wherever she goes she is the cynosure of all eyes.

*F. F. F.*—Such an affection of the skin as you describe may be due to one of several causes: to something unwholesome that has been eaten—tinned meats or fish are sometimes responsible—to an accident entailing some measure of blood-poisoning, or to an exhausted condition of the nervous system inducing low health. A very melancholy fact is that people exercising unprofessional judgment sometimes mistake an eczematous condition due to exhaustion for one of overheated blood, and give lowering medicines when the patient needs dieting to what, under ordinary circumstances, would be excessive feeding. There is no better food than eggs, and if these can be taken raw they are less likely to produce biliousness. Three raw eggs—quite fresh eggs of course—taken one between each meal and its successor, should do an immensity to restore lost strength. Eggs have the advantage over every other article of diet that they cannot be adulterated. One of the best beef extracts for curing impoverishment of blood is Vitalsia, prepared by the Company of that name, and to be had from 5 Albion Place, Blackfriars. It is not a palatable soup like other preparations, it is a medicine for the debilitated, and to be taken as such. Warm milk brought to boiling-point, and then allowed to cool sufficiently for deglutition, is another excellent food for the weak. Many people who cannot digest cold milk will find hot milk very palatable and nourishing. In addition as much rest as possible will be helpful. Go early to bed; if you cannot sleep do not worry; try to realise that the recumbent position is helpful; pleasant quiet thoughts are a great restorative. An outward application may be necessary, at least while the cold weather lasts; if so, let me know. Vinolia powder is sanitary, and is a most delicate preparation.

*Maggie S.*—Fabrics may be rendered incombustible by being saturated in a mixture consisting of two parts borax, two and a half of sulphate of magnesia, and twenty parts water. Saturate the article thoroughly in the mixture, wring out, dry, and then wash in the usual way. So treated fabrics thrown on the fire or held close to it will smoulder, but will not burst into flame.

#### VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.



*From Our Own Correspondents*

### Pius X. and the House of Savoy

THE Vatican is trying to work upon the religious feeling, which is very strong in some members of the House of Savoy, to give the impression that a radical change has taken place or may soon take place in the relations between Church and State in Italy. It is said that Princess Clotilde, the pious sister of the late King Humbert, has written letters to the Pope, which those at the Vatican declare are a condemnation of what the Kings of Savoy had done against the Roman Catholic Church. To this must be added the alleged visit of Queen Margherita to Pius X., in May 1904, and the audience granted by the Pope to the Duke and Duchess of Genoa on the 9th of last January.

The dream especially cherished by the Pope and Cardinal Merry del Val is that through a *rapprochement* between the Church and the State they will be able to become masters of the situation in Italy, and exercise such an influence, allying themselves with the Conservative elements, as to practically rule the country. In this case their plan consists not in making any serious attempt for the restoration of the Temporal Power, but to secure that the Law of Guarantees, voted by the Chamber in 1871 to regulate the position of the Pontiff in

Rome, should be changed into an international agreement to which all the Powers, including the non-Catholic, should adhere, so that the condition of the Holy See should be guaranteed not by a bill of the Italian Parliament, but by a pledge of all the European countries.

The more fantastic dreamers go so far as to imagine that through such an international agreement the Papacy might be entitled to have a strip of land from the Vatican to the Mediterranean Sea, which would be proclaimed neutral, in order to ensure to the Holy See under all circumstances a free communication with the outside world. Whoever knows the Italian people, and the true feeling of the great majority of the masses, will easily understand how all this scheme is impossible of realisation, as an accentuated interference of the Clericals in public affairs will provoke such a reaction as to render them impotent for years. The King has often stated and repeated that he has never had, and will never have, any intercourse with the Vatican. But admitting for mere argument that he might do so, in the discussion of the civil list at the Chamber he was told what he might expect when Deputy Bissolati said, "If a King of Italy should ever enter the Vatican he would be obliged to at once leave the Peninsula."—I. C.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Westralian Flower Trains

A NOTABLE characteristic of the State of Westralia is its wild-flowers, which both in beauty and abundance are far in advance of those of the eastern states. It is worth while making the railway trip from Albany to Perth, in the spring, to see the amazing display of flowers that border each side of the line for almost the whole of the route. For many years past the Government has placed the beautiful scene within reach of almost everybody in the central towns by running special trains during the season down this line from Perth and Fremantle. These trains are packed with excursionists, who are dropped into a veritable floral paradise.

The flowers are of all colours, but the most striking blooms are those of the boronia. The "sweet-scented boronia" is a garden flower in the eastern states, and bouquets of it are sold in the streets of the big cities. Here in Westralia the train steams for hours through countless acres of the lovely flower, and the carriages are filled with the sweet, penetrating perfume. It is characteristic of the temperate regions of Australia that "the poorer the soil the more beautiful the wild-flowers." This is the case with regard to this wild-flower district, most of which is so poor that the wild-flowers are likely to be left unmolested by the farmer for an indefinite period. On the return home of the flower-trains, the streets of the cities for a few minutes—as the excursionists are proceeding to their dwellings—are like moving flower-gardens, while the scent of the boronia is everywhere.

F. S. S.

### Tasmanian State Gambling

IT is a curious fact that the State of Tasmania, which—by reason of the character of its rural population, its apple-orchards, and its small sheep-runs—is often called the England of the South, should be the only State in the Commonwealth to openly sanction and take part in a gambling scheme. Attention has lately been again attracted to the fact by the death of the promoter of the gamble—Mr. George Adams.

Mr. Adams, who was an Englishman by birth, commenced his turf lotteries in New South Wales several years ago. Legislated out of that State he went to Queensland. Driven out of Queensland he took up his abode in Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. There he had conducted his "race consultations" for several years, not only with the sanction of the

Government, but under its supervision. On all the principal horse-races in the states, lotteries of 100,000 tickets at five shillings each are drawn, the first prize winner receiving £7500, while there are hundreds of other prizes, ranging down to £5. On the Melbourne Cup, just run, there was one lottery of 100,000 at ten shillings each, and no fewer than five others of 100,000 each at five shillings a ticket. Mr. Adams deducted ten per cent. of the amount contributed, for expenses and profit, and it will be seen that this gave him an immense income. He paid the State a licence fee, and a tax of a penny a ticket. It was known of course that he had accumulated great wealth, and his will, lately published, was a curious document. Although not disclosing the amount of his estate—indeed the "good-will" of his lottery would be hard to value—it shows that he had, so to speak, coined money. A lot of it has been left to his staff, while several prominent members of the Tasmanian legislature, who assisted him to secure State recognition of the lottery, are well remembered. The lottery is to be carried on by his executors, and is still going strong. The Federal Parliament very commendably refused to carry letters in this lottery, but permits, unfortunately, the money to be collected by agents.—F. S. S.

### A New Departure in City Building

THE opening of the new *New York Times* building marks a new era in city development in New York. The *Times* building is in the centre of the city, in Times Square, 42nd Street, and Broadway. At the time of its completion it was the loftiest of New York's sky-scrappers, having twenty-five floors and rising to a height of 476 feet—73 feet higher than the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. But an extra storey or a few feet more of height are not sufficient to make a new departure in city development. It is not the twenty-five floors above ground in the *Times* building that are remarkable; it is what is to be found below street-level.

Descending from the street on Broadway, partially under the sidewalk and partially under the *Times* building, is a station of the new subway, the platforms of which are about 20 feet below the street. Here the trains, running south and north, connect Times Square with Brooklyn Bridge and the Battery, and also with the residential areas stretching up-town for eight or ten miles. In the space below the *Times* building not taken up by the subway station, are two storeys of arcades, most of

## Over-Sea Notes

which are rented. In these arcades, besides the delivery offices of the *Times* newspaper, are to be found barbers' shops, bootblacks' parlours, manicures', stenographers', telegraph and telephone offices; and one may also supply oneself, without stepping outside the confines of the arcades, with theatre tickets, cigars, confectionery, perfumery, eye-glasses, umbrellas, jewellery, shoes, fruit and flowers. The arcades, however, do not make up the whole of the accommodation underground of the *Times* building. With a floor 50 feet below street-level, and, like the arcades, extending under the sidewalks as well as under the building proper, are the press-rooms of the *Times* newspaper. Here are four Hoe octuple presses, which can turn out 192,000 sixteen-page newspapers per hour; and here also is the casting apparatus for the stereotype plates. The stereo-moulding machine, for the sake of speed in manipulation, is placed in the composing-room, on the sixteenth floor, 258 feet above the level of the press-room.

On the press-floor, besides the machinery and the incidental equipment, there is storage space for paper and coal, and there are also the engine-

rooms, the machinery for working the lifts, and a machine shop for repair work. Twelve feet below the press-room are the pumps for drainage, so that a depth of over sixty feet below street-level has been utilised in this remarkable building.

It is not expected that the *Times* building will long stand alone in New York in thus burrowing downwards as well as soaring upwards. The new subway is giving an impetus to the construction of arcades for shopping, accessible from many of its underground stations. Already several great stores or retail shops, such as Wanamaker's, have access directly from their establishments to the nearest subway station, and the time is not far distant when ladies will be able to go down town to do their shopping, and return to their own neighbourhood without once emerging on the down-town streets.—A. G. P.

### The Present Position of Australia

AUSTRALIANS realise at present that a great change in the public sentiment of England towards them has lately taken place. Three or four years ago they were *feted* at home at every



A RAILWAY STATION BENEATH A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. UNDER THE IMMENSE BUILDING OF TWENTY-FIVE STOREYS FROM WHICH THE NEW YORK *TIME*S IS ISSUED IS A STATION FROM WHICH TRAINS RUN CONNECTING THAT PAPER WITH ALL THE DISTRICTS OF THE GREAT CITY

## Over-Sea Notes

turn in recognition of the efforts of the Colonies for the Empire.

Now we are told "there are none so poor as to do them reverence." Dr. Irvine, the late Premier of Victoria, on his return, has said publicly that this is so, the Bishop of Ballarat has been equally emphatic, and every business man who comes back from London repeats the tale.

The reasons for this change of sentiment are not far to seek, and may be summed up in a single phrase, "too much and too restrictive legislation."

Every hindrance is now placed in the way of the solid type of immigrant entering this land. If he come under contract to do skilled work, he will be turned back, or only let in after endless trouble and negotiation.

Australia is an island—the largest in the world. "We mean," the Acts of our Legislature apparently say, "to keep it the most exclusive island in the world. We are in undisputed possession, and no outsiders need apply."

Then, the White Ocean Policy has brought the British mail contract, so far as we are concerned, to an end. The Postmaster-General in London has made the usual arrangements to carry English mails here, but for the return journey it will be a case of "go as you please." Postal matter from Australia will have to be taken at poundage rates by any boat that may be going. It can easily be seen that all certainty of carriage, with consequent promptness of delivery, will be at an end, and no wonder the British merchant grows angry at the prospective dislocation of trade.

Then, we are manifestly in for more restrictive legislation to regulate local industry, and men with means fear to launch out here, as they do not know what will be attempted next. We have just completed a long and expensive Session of Parliament, with the result that thousands of pages of Hansard have been published, and only two really important measures passed. One of these—the Arbitration Bill—has not been received with any great enthusiasm by the Unionists, for they have not received that amount of exclusive preference to work which they demanded.

They will keep on demanding though till they get what they want, and we shall then see

some things that were not anticipated off the comic opera stage.

As an illustration of what may happen in this southern hemisphere where it is attempted to legislate for the most minute details of business and labour, I may mention that in New Zealand lately an employer was haled before the Court and fined £3 and costs for paying his men *weekly* instead of fortnightly as specified in the Act! Few people at home will believe this, perhaps, but it is a fact nevertheless.

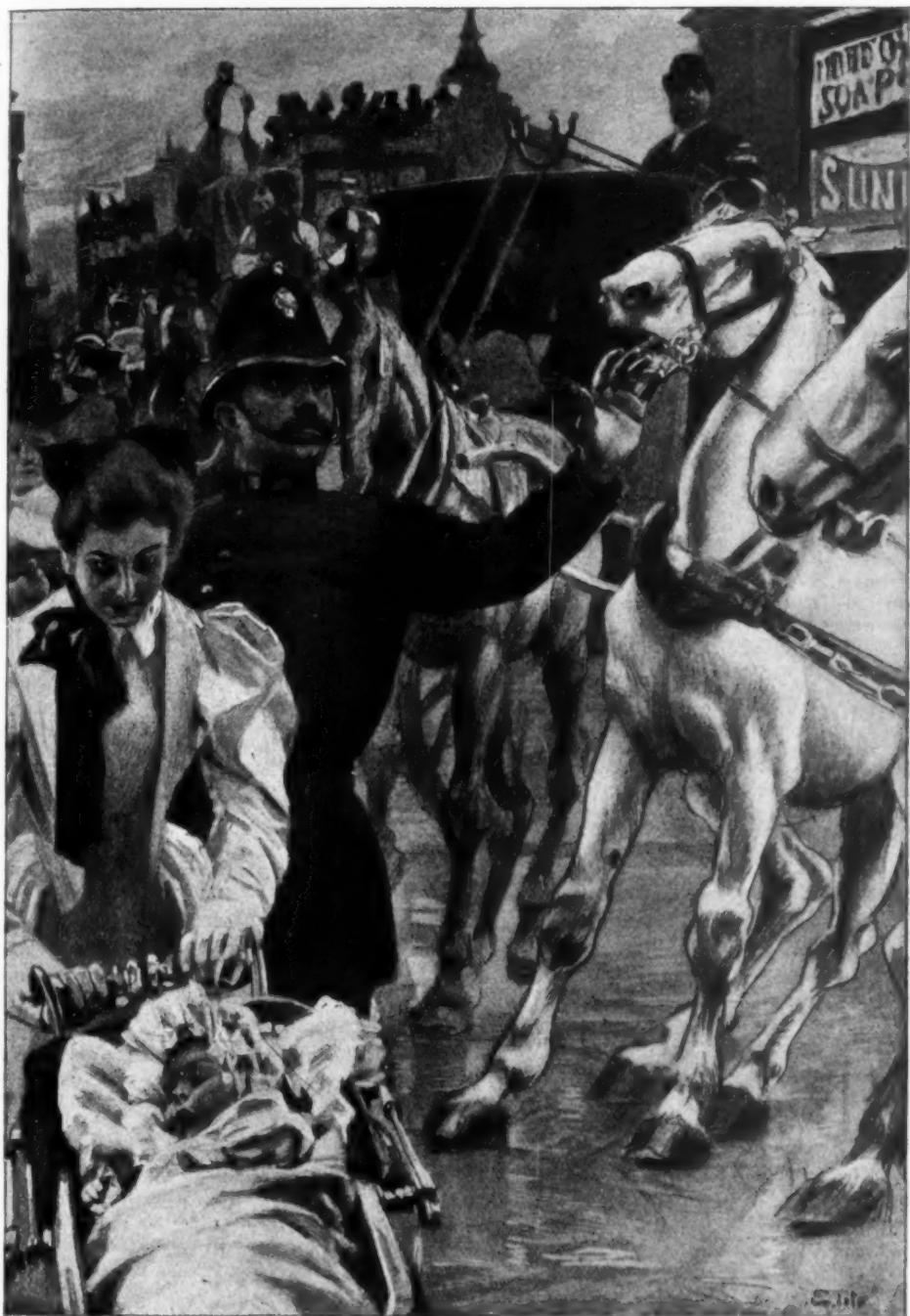
A. H. W.

### Camels in Australia

DURING the past few years the camel as a beast of burden has become of considerable importance in Australia; in fact there are parts of the continent where he is practically indispensable. On the Westralian goldfields, where great waterless tracts have to be traversed, the camel is the only animal that can be depended upon. Long strings of the patient beasts, each with a heavy load on its back, may be seen plodding silently along in all directions; and very many of the more remote villages depend wholly for their food and other supplies upon the camel trains. Most of the camels are owned and managed by Afghans, who have reaped a rich harvest in the carrying trade. The camels are not, as a rule, owned by the drivers, but are generally the property of a wealthy and important Afghan who manages the carrying trade in his particular route. Some of these Afghan camel-owners are very rich, owning as many as four or five hundred camels.

Camels are used in every State on the continent except Victoria. In South Australia they are used to make trips overland, across the great desert to Westralia, where horses would be useless. They also bring down wool from the far-away sheep-stations, and take up stores. In New South Wales they are put to the same use. When a big drought is on it is only by using camels that many of the out-back sheep-stations can obtain stores and get their wool down to market. Almost all horses are dreadfully afraid of the camel, and the white men who drive horse teams loathe the sight of the Afghan camel trains. The animals occasionally get dangerous, and they can inflict a bad bite. But, with all their faults, they are, as I have said, indispensable in the dry interior.—F. S. S.





A FAMILIAR STREET SCENE IN LONDON

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW COMES TO THE PROTECTION OF HIS MAJESTY THE BABY

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Mandrake Legends.

SOME curious legends connected with the mandrake are referred to by Dr. J. F. Payne in his *English Medicine in the Anglo-Saxon Times* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), and illustrated by pictures, one of which is here reproduced by the courtesy of the publishers, from Anglo-Saxon works on medicine. Many superstitious notions have been associated with the plant from earliest times, and ancient writers regarded it as semi-human in nature. The taproot is often double, like "a forked radish with the head curiously carved," and this rude resemblance suggested the figure of a human being.

Whenever a mandrake was found, a circle had to be drawn round it to prevent it from escaping. The odour of the fresh root was supposed to be strong enough to kill a man,

so the fable sprang up that it was fatal to dig up the root. A hungry dog was therefore tied to the plant and made to pull it up by throwing meat in front of the animal.

On being torn from the ground the mandrake was believed to utter groans or shrieks which caused madness or death. It is remarkable that the Chinese associated precisely the same superstitions with a plant named Shang-luh as early writers did with the mandrake.

There are other plants which were supposed frequently to assume the forms of human beings or animals; and the many similarities between the stories referring to them, found in the folklores of various countries, suggest that the fables have not been invented independently, but have had one common origin.



MANDRAKE BEING PULLED OUT OF THE GROUND BY A DOG,  
AS ILLUSTRATED IN AN ANGLO-SAXON WORK  
WRITTEN ABOUT 1000—1050 A.D.

(From *English Medicine in Anglo-Saxon Times*.)

## The Largest Trees in Britain

MR. JOHN CLAYTON recently read before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh a paper on large trees in Britain, including the oak tree at Cowthorpe, near Wetherby, which is acknowledged to be the largest in diameter of all oaks that are known. More than 200 years ago Evelyn, of "Evelyn's Diary" fame, mentioned in his book on forest trees three that are still living—the Yew at Crowhurst, the Great Chestnut at Tortworth, and the Greendale Oak in Welbeck Park, near Worksop, belonging to the Duke of Portland.

The Crowhurst Yew is one of about half-a-dozen which compete very closely for the distinction of being the largest in Britain. At a height of 3 ft. from the ground the tree measures 34 ft. 4 in. in girth. The trunk is hollow and the cavity inside is about 9 ft. across. The Great Chestnut at Tortworth measures 49 ft. 2 in. at 4 ft. from the ground, and the Greendale Oak 30 ft. 1 in. A roadway was cut through the trunk of this oak in 1724, and since then it has been the custom of the successive Dukes of Portland to pass through the roadway with their brides shortly after marriage.

Measurements of the Cowthorpe Oak, made by Mr. Clayton, show that the dimensions of the tree have diminished since the time

when Evelyn's measurements were made. About the year 1700 the girth of the tree on the ground was 78 ft., and the height 80 ft.; now the girth on the ground is 54 ft., and the height, including dead wood, 37 ft. The difference in girth between the earlier and later measures is probably due to the tree



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Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

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There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. That is why diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone. And it cures diseases which medicine never cures. In germ diseases the results are almost inevitable.

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These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks

the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

Asthma  
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Dysentery—Diarrhoea  
Dandruff—Dropsy  
Dyspepsia  
Eczema—Erysipelas  
Fever—Gall Stones  
Goitre—Gout

Hay Fever—Influenza  
Kidney Diseases  
La Grippe  
Liver Troubles  
Malaria—Neuralgia  
Many Heart Troubles  
Piles—Pneumonia  
Pleurisy—Quinsy  
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My disease is.....

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Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

THE LARGEST TREES IN GREAT BRITAIN



THE OAK TREE AT COWTHORPE, NEAR WETHERBY, HAS THE LARGEST DIAMETER OF ALL OAKS THAT ARE KNOWN



THE GIANT CHESTNUT AT TORTWORTH

## Science and Discovery

shrinking and settling into the ground as it has decayed.

However, what remains of the tree puts forth new shoots and leaves each season, though imperceptibly dwindling each year. As to the age of the Cowthorpe Oak, Mr. Clayton finds it to be about 350 or 400 years. The tree is supposed by many people to be almost as old as the Christian era, but careful and prolonged study shows that this popular view is incorrect, and that 500 years is the utmost limit of age which the evidences will warrant.

### An Iron Mountain

ABOUT three-quarters of a mile north-east of the city of Durango, Western Mexico, there is a hill known as the Cerro Mercado, or Iron Mountain, which is largely made up of solid

It was formerly supposed that this mass of iron is a huge meteorite, and many pits have been dug in it in the hope that it would prove rich in gold and silver, but the attempts to extract precious metals from the mountain have not been successful. A large plant for the production of iron from the ore has, however, been established close to the mountain, and for the last five years a steady output of iron has been maintained.

### Infected Words

THE latest annual report of the Local Government Board contains the record of some investigations carried out by Dr. M. Gordon to determine the effect which speaking has in polluting the air with micro-organisms. The natural character of the saliva as regards bacteria was first examined, and a certain



THIS HILL IN MEXICO, ABOUT 400 FEET HIGH, IS LARGELY COMPOSED OF SOLID IRON ORE. IT IS KNOWN AS THE CERRO MERCADO, OR IRON MOUNTAIN. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE WORKS OF THE MEXICAN NATIONAL IRON AND STEEL COMPANY

iron ore. Dr. O. C. Farrington, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, has recently described the structure of this remarkable object and the neighbouring region, in a publication of the museum, from which the accompanying illustration has been reproduced. The hill is one and one-third miles long, and about one-third of a mile wide; and its average height is about three hundred feet, with single peaks fifty to one hundred feet higher. It is almost bare of vegetation, and the black colour of the iron ore—hematite—of which the hill is composed, is in striking contrast to the yellow and green of the surrounding plain. The amount of ore in sight above the level of the plain is stated to be three hundred and sixty million tons. How far the ore goes down below the plain is not known, but explorations so far made have failed in finding a limit to the depth.

minute form was found extremely abundant, the number varying from ten millions to one hundred millions in about the sixteenth part of a cubic inch. Dishes containing a solution by which minute traces of saliva could be detected were then placed at varying distances from a speaker, and by examining them subsequently, the distance to which particles were carried from his mouth was determined. It was found that these particles were present in the air no less than forty feet in front of a loud speaker, and twelve feet behind him. The results would be alarming if they referred to malignant forms of bacteria; and even as they stand they suggest that an audience may be literally infected by the words of a speaker. The extent to which speech may pollute or enrich the air may thus in future be decided by a bacteriological examination.



## The Fireside Club

### PRO AND CON ESSAYS

THE third subject for debate is, *That Thackeray drew a larger variety of life-like characters than Dickens.* Essays, limited to 800 words each, must reach the Editor by May 1, marked outside "Fireside Club, pro and con." For the two best papers, one on each side of the

question, money prizes of Half-a-Guinea each will be awarded.

For best papers on the second subject, *That all systems of reward for merit are pernicious*, the prizes are awarded to (Pro) J. B. SINCLAIR, Sheep Street, Burford, Oxon., and (Con) S. M. BROTHIE, 12 Queen's Road, Ealing, W.

### TENNYSON AS A DESCRIPTIVE POET

#### IV.—STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

1. "The kingly, kindly boy ;  
Who took the world so easily heretofore."
2. "My mother was as mild as any saint  
Half canonised by all that looked on her."
3. "Late he learned humility  
Perforce."
4. "Lord of human tears  
Child lover ; Bard."
5. "Her needle perfect, and her learning  
Beyond the church men."
6. "As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen."

A prize of the value of Five Shillings is offered for the first correct answer tracing all these passages.

For Studies of Great Painters, from Browning, the prize is awarded to FRANK SIFTON, 48 Breakspear Road, St. John's, S.E.

### ON OUR BOOK TABLE

**Memories.** By MISS GORDON-CUMMING. Blackwood. 20s.

Miss Gordon-Cumming's latest volume is what Jane Welsh Carlyle would have called "a fine, roomy, readable book"—mainly autobiographical; the many digressions into which the memories of so eventful a life naturally lead are interesting, however diverse. The umbrageous family tree sketched at the outset struck its roots, as it spread

its branches, far and wide, and the authoress counts kin with a number of notable folk, some of whose portraits are given; not the least striking being that of her good and beautiful mother (a granddaughter of the renowned beauty Elizabeth Gunning, who was famous as the wife of two dukes in succession, and the mother of four). Lady Gordon-Cumming died young, leaving thirteen children—a stirring, handsome, gifted, and adventurous race, of whom our authoress was one of the youngest. Her travels far and wide did not begin until she was thirty, and extended over forty years. They have been so often illustrated both by pen and pencil in the pages of this magazine as well as in her books, that they need no introduction to our readers, but we may note that five chapters in this volume of "Memories" contain a résumé of her travels in Japan in 1878, hitherto unpublished and well worth perusal.

**The Wayfarer.** Palmer and Sons. 3s. 6d.

The identity of *The Wayfarer* is so open a secret that we hope he will sign his name to a second edition. His touch is light and sure, his style has a pleasant acidity without cynicism, and there is a humorous variety in the ninepins he sets up and conscientiously steadiest before he bowls them over. Harrison stands for the British Philistine, Miss Robinson is given to religiosity, Mrs. Parkhurst of Pembroke illustrates snobbery in the Universities, and so forth. But the essayist is at his best, we think, in literary criticism, and his papers on Shorthouse, Meredith, Charles Lamb, and Lord Acton well repay more than one reading.

**Pulpit and the Press.** By the Rev. THOMAS HANCOCK. Brown, Langham and Co. 4s. 6d.

A Christian Socialist both by conviction and practice, the late Rev. Thomas Hancock remained unbefriended to the end of his days because he could not conscientiously accept preferment to a charge unless by the choice of the people. *The Pulpit and the Press* is one among many notable sermons in this volume which were preached at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey to few hearers, and they are worthy, as a brief preface claims, of a wider audience. Mr. Hancock applied Christianity to life in a searching and uncompromising fashion which must command the respect even of those who differ from him on many points of ritual and discipline.

**The Diary of a Churchgoer.** Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

This volume disappoints us. Its anonymous author is lukewarm at best in his sympathies. He goes to church, as he makes clear, mainly for conventional and aesthetic reasons, and finds there, at long intervals, the reward of a brief religious emotion. He believes that he expresses the relation to Christianity held by many, more reticent than himself. It may be so. But we cannot let pass so easily his contention that, because his church-

## The Fireside Club

going implies no adhesion to creed, the religion professed by such well-known men as Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson, Nelson, Bismarck, meant little more than Deism in the first two, and mere homage to a national God in the last two instances. He has no right to discount their expressions of faith.

**Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations.**  
Elliot Stock. 5s.

Lying on our Book Table, beside this Diary, is a new edition of the *Prayers and Meditations* of Samuel Johnson, with a short preface by Augustine Birrell and many notes added by the Rev. Hinchcliffe Higgins, the present editor. Surely no man, not even this Diarist, can read these earnest and reiterated self-communings and prayers without perceiving that Johnson had very clear and decided views on the great doctrines of the Christian Church, and that for him saving faith really meant "the daily worship of God, penitence for sin, and personal trust in Christ as the Saviour of men."

**A Little Child's Wreath.** By MISS CHAPMAN.  
John Lane. 1s.

Miss Chapman, whose commentary on *In Memoriam* was, Tennyson declared, "the best ever done," wrote, among other volumes of minor verse, a sonnet sequence called *A Little Child's Wreath*, an "exquisite portrait," as Mrs. Meynell calls it, "of an exquisite subject," the author's nephew, who died at the age of seven. Those who have loved and

lost little children will find many beautiful and consoling thoughts in these verses, all the more convincing from their touches of reminiscences haunting the garden where he played, the fireside, the city street—

"Here, where we crossed' the dangerous road, and where  
Unutterably desolate I stand,  
How often, peering through the sombre air,  
I felt the sudden tightening of his hand!"

Elsewhere are described the memories poignantly recalled to the mourner by the sight of a playing child—

"The passport to my heart is—being seven.  
\* \* \* \* \*

You had his years,  
Almost his eyes, and something of his mirth;  
And one stray lock on your bare neck that curled  
Made sudden twilight of the summer world."

**The Work of the Prophets.** By ROSE SELFE.  
Longmans.

Miss Rose Selfe's handbook on *The Work of the Prophets* is intended as a sequel, in the series of Simple Guides to Christian Knowledge, to Mrs. Thomas' able little volume on *The Early History of Israel*. Being specially intended for intelligent and educated young people, with the aim of kindling their interest in theological study by relating it to other studies, the freshness of method and earnestness of religious purpose which characterise these little books make them of great value.



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SPOTS IN SWITZERLAND—ST. MORITZ LAKE AND INNFALLS, A  
FAVOURITE RESORT OF TOURISTS AND INVALIDS

Photo by Ballance

## Varieties

THE witness was asked by counsel if he were married. He replied, No. Are you a bachelor?—No. A widower?—No. Then what are you?—I'm courting.

WHAT's the difference between the North Pole and the South?—All the difference in the world.

"PLEASE, aunty," said a five-year-old child, "will you tie my sash behind me?" "Why don't you learn to tie it yourself?" "How can I see to tie it myself when I'm in front of it?" was the crushing rejoinder.

"Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress?" Charlie, with emphasis: "Yes, mamma." His mother: "And yet, my dear, all that beautiful silk is provided for us by a poor worm." Charlie: "Dad, mamma?"

### Be Appreciative

SOME people never dream of praising anything or anybody. They take everything as a matter of course, and imagine that they show their superiority by so doing. They little dream that they never get the best service owing to their niggardliness in showing their appreciation. It is surprising how a little word of praise stimulates to new effort, and puts life and interest into the work of those about us.

### The World's Record for Large Families

CANADA probably holds the world's record for large families. Mr. and Mrs. Ratell, of Montreal, have just had their twenty-fourth child born to them. They have been married for twenty-eight years. The father is fifty-one and the mother forty-eight.

### The Woman does the Wooing

WHEN a single woman amongst a powerful tribe in the Persian mountains wishes to get married, she merely sends a servant to pin a handkerchief on the hat of the man of her choice. He is obliged by tribal laws to

marry her, unless he can prove himself too poor to pay the price to her father.

### The First Trade in the World

TWO blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the Garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Ay, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade, "but wha made the spades?"



THE JOYS OF MOTORING

No, this is not an awful accident. He is simply tightening a nut or something, and she is hoping he won't be much longer.

(By permission of 'Punch')

### The Snake's Eye-glasses

SNAKES may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale, much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin, the eye-scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips. This glassy eye-scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass, and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow of the most perfect vision. Thus, if the snake has not a glass eye, it may, at any rate, be said to wear eye-glasses.

## Varieties

### A Canny Guid Wife

A VERY young Parliamentary candidate for a Scots borough, visiting a shoemaker and his wife, took the liberty of kissing the "guid wife" and slipping a couple of sovereigns into her hand. He was for a moment not sure what effect would be produced. Then the "guid wife" slowly smiled upon him as she slipped the gold into her pocket. "Gin ye like, ye may kiss my dochter too!" she said.

### Edible Frogs in England

THE edible frog is to be found in some parts of England. It is a naturalised alien at Thetford and Scoulton, in Norfolk, where it was introduced a century ago, and recently it has been found in a small pond at Ockham, in Surrey, where its noisy croaking drew the attention of a wandering naturalist to its whereabouts. Its presence in Surrey is due to the late Doctor St. George Mivart, who turned loose a number which he had imported from Brussels and Berlin into the small ponds about Chilworth.

### Cheerfulness as a Tonic

CHEERFULNESS, says Ruskin, is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as colour to his cheek; and, wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labour, or erring habits of life. Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health, remarks Addison. Repinings and murmurings of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

### Human Calves for Sale!

THE rage for "English knickerbockers" amongst sportsmen in Germany so lamentably betrays the scanty natural covering of German legs that a certain enterprising human "taxidermist" has circulated amongst sportsmen a price list of artificial calves. "The calves supplied by our firm," runs the announcement, "have been designed by skilled anatomists, and are modelled on the finest sculptures of classical antiquity!"

### The Jap's Good-Morning

THE Japanese word of greeting is "Ohayo," which is pronounced "O-hei-o." When the United States Minister, Judge Bingham, arrived at Yokohama, he was saluted by the crowd waiting on the jetty with cries of "Ohayo!"

"These are clever people," remarked the Judge. "How did they know I came from Ohio?"

Another story is told of this word in connexion with an American lady who inquired of a Jap and was told that "Good-morning" was "Ohayo."

"That's easy to remember," she said, "for it's the name of one of our States!"

The next day she met her Japanese informant. Gaily waving her hand, she cried—

"Mr. Fakuchi, Illinois, Illinois!"

### Why he was Never Tired

A ROBUST American Indian asked a farmer to give him work, but was refused on the ground that the Indians were no good—that they always got tired. This particular Indian said that he didn't belong to that class, and had never been tired. So he was put to work hoeing corn. An hour afterwards the farmer went around to see how he was getting on, and found him asleep under a tree. "Here, wake up here," he cried; "you told me you never got tired." "Ugh," said the other, yawning, "this Injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired, just the same as the rest."

### No Treasure in London Soil

WHEN the work of demolition was commenced, preparatory to the formation of London's two magnificent new streets, Kingsway and Aldwych, the London County Council offered the excavators an amount equal to the real value of any treasure discovered during the operations. But nothing of value was found, except two or three silver and a few copper coins of William and Mary.

### Be Careful in Your Choice of Gifts

A GIFT is a pleasant thing rightly given, most pleasant and dear and sacred, whether its value be much or little, if only it is offered with the heart and chosen from the heart—chosen with care and pains and a tender anxiety that it should be exactly the thing we liked and wanted. It is so sweet to be remembered and taken trouble over, even in the smallest things. But gifts given without thought of whether they will be useful or not, whether the receiver will care for them or not, are between friends often a great vexation; between strangers, or any who are not exactly equals, a burden of obligation simply intolerable.

### A Fema'e Jack-of-all-Trades

AN American lady, Mrs. Alden, declares that she has probably earned money at more various occupations than almost any woman in her country. She has made a living cooking for sixteen farm hands on a Western ranch, teaching a borderland school, singing in church and concert, as matron in a great tent factory, as superintendent in a metropolitan candy factory, as inspectress in the New York Custom House, as Secretary in the Street Cleaning Department, as a busy reporter with notebook and camera, and as editor on a daily newspaper.

### Sixpence a Carcass for Mutton

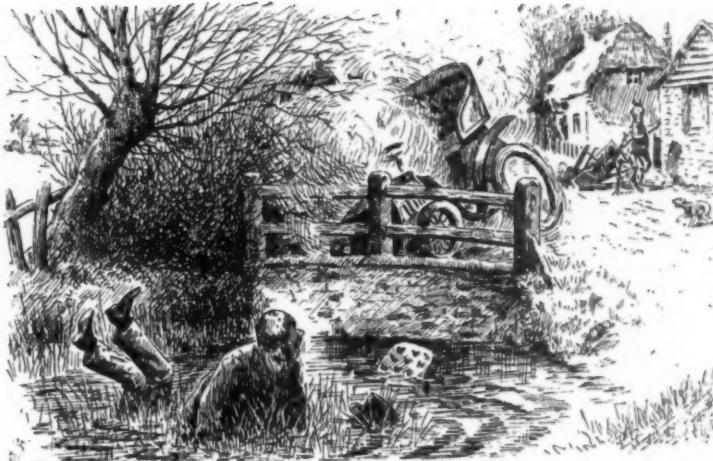
SUCH was the price realised at Fremantle for a cargo of damaged mutton. It had been in the steamer *Sophocles*, an Aberdeen liner trading to Australia. A fire had broken out on board this vessel a few days after leaving Albany, West Australia, and although the heroic efforts of the captain and crew succeeded in saving the ship, the cargo was badly damaged. The frozen mutton, well thawed by this time, was sold for sixpence a carcass and melted down for tallow.

**Dogs Resent Rudeness**

"DON'T say that before Snap. Snap don't know he's only a dog. He thinks he's folks!" was an American appreciation of the quickness with which dogs understand and resent anything rude said about themselves. The degree to which they comprehend doubtless differs, and is probably in most cases limited to the perception that their name is associated with laughter or a censorious tone of voice when mentioned to others.

**Good Advice to a Bride**

A COUNTRY vicar gave this advice to a young woman bent on matrimony. "When you marry him, love him. After you marry him, study him. If he is honest, honour him. If he is generous, appreciate him. When he is sad, cheer him. When he is cross, amuse him. When he is talkative, listen to him. When he is quarrelsome, ignore him. If he is slothful, spur him. If he is noble, praise him. If he



MOTORIST (A NOVICE) HAS BEEN GIVING CHAIRMAN OF LOCAL URBAN COUNCIL  
A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE EASE WITH WHICH A MOTOR-CAR  
CAN BE CONTROLLED WHEN TRAVELLING AT A HIGH SPEED

By permission of 'Punch'

is confidential, encourage him. If he is secretive, trust him. If he is jealous, cure him. If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him. If he favours society, accompany him. If he does you a favour, thank him. When he deserves it, kiss him. Let him think how well you understand him; but never let him know that you 'manage' him." We commend this as very excellent advice.

**Astronomical Notes for April**

THE Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st of this month at 5h. 37m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 31m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 14m., and sets at 6h. 48m.; and on the 21st rises at 4h. 53m., and sets at 7h. 4m. At the beginning of it he will pass the meridian about 4 minutes *after* noon, and at the end of it about 3 minutes *before* noon, the Sun and clocks being together on the 16th. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be—New at 11h. 23m. on the night of the 4th; First Quarter at 9h. 41m. on that of the 12th; Full at 1h. 38m. on the afternoon of the 19th; and Last Quarter at 11h. 14m. on the morning of the 26th. She will be in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 10 o'clock on the night of the 18th. Exceptionally high tides may be expected on the 19th and 20th. No eclipses are due this month, and the only special phenomenon which need be mentioned is an occultation of the fourth magnitude star, Eta Virginis, on the evening of the 17th; the disappearance taking place at 8h. 18m., and the reappearance at

9h. 12m. The planet Mercury will be at greatest elongation from the Sun on the 4th, and will be visible in the evening until about the 12th, in the southern part of the constellation Aries; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 23rd. Venus is nearly stationary in the north-eastern part of Aries, and will be visible in the evening until about the middle of the month, not far from Mercury, to the north-east of him; she will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 27th. Mars continues to increase in brightness, rising between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening in the constellation Libra; he will be in conjunction with the Moon about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. Jupiter is visible in the evening until about the middle of this month, after which he sets before dark; he is in the constellation Aries, and therefore not far from Mercury and Venus, Jupiter being the southernmost of the three, and nearly due south of Venus on the 17th. Saturn is in the southern part of the constellation Aquarius, and does not rise until between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning.—W. T. LYNN.

# Our Chess Page

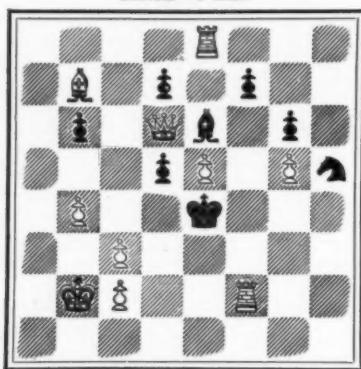
**Problem Tourney.—Prizes, Seven Pounds Ten Shillings.** Entries received up to May 1, 1905. For particulars see p. 263.

**Solving Competition** for Gold and Silver Medals and other prizes—see p. 87.

Solutions to the following problems must be sent in before May 12.

The first of the trio is one of the earliest submitted in our New Problem Tourney, and criticisms are particularly requested.

No. 11.  
"Pro Rata" II.  
BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

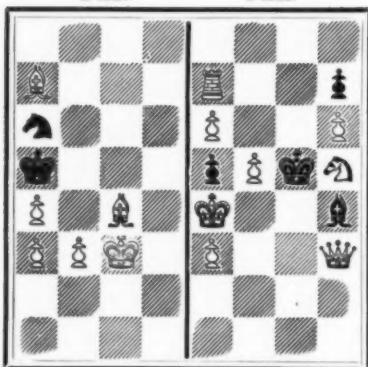
Mrs. BAIRD is now turning her attention to Letter Problems, that is, Problems which in form represent letters of the Alphabet. She has very kindly sent us the following specimen of her Art, representing the initials of our Magazine.

No. 12.      No. 13.

Specially composed for *The Leisure Hour*.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

L      BLACK      H  
2 MEN      4 MEN



6 MEN      WHITE      8 MEN

Mate in two.      Mate in two.

The whole board may be used for the solution of each problem.

528

## SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

(Key-moves only.)

No. 7. Q—KR6.      No. 8. P—K6.

Solutions received from :—

Nos. 3—6 : CHARLES HINDLANG.

Nos. 5—8 : F. W. ATCHINSON, JAS. BLAND, GILBERT BREAKWELL, COL. FORBES, C. V. HOWARD, W. J. JULEFF, WM. F. H. POCOCK, CHAS. SALT, GEO. J. SLATER, R. G. THOMSON, J. D. TUCKER, DAVID WALKER, JAS. WHITE.

Nos. 5, 7, 8 : E. M. DAVEY.

No. 6 : E. ATFIELD, Staff Sergt.-Major C. N. GRAHAM.

Nos. 6—8 : ISABEL R. THOMAS.

Nos. 5 and 6 : MISS A. ADAMS, T. H. BILLINGTON, ARNOLD G. BRADLEY, HERBERT H. CLEAVER, T. DALE, S. W. FRANCIS, A. J. HEAD, EUGENE HENRY, WM. B. MUIR, J. W. RAWSON-ACKROYD, JOHN A. ROBERTS, HERBERT STRONG, JOHN TAYLOR, FREDERICK WILHELMY, E. YOUNG.

Nos. 7 and 8 : WALTER HOGARTH, LILLIAN JAMES (also 5 and 6, "No name," last month), E. THOMPSTONE.

Problem 5.—*Suum Cuique*.

A few solvers gave Q—R 7 as the Key-move. It is a very near try, but can be defeated by B—B 4.

## New Retractors Competition.

For particulars as to Prizes, etc., see p. 351.

Solutions to the following must be sent in by May 12, 1905.

"Twentieth-Century Retractor."

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

No. III.

"I shall discover a thing to you."

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. ii. 190.

White :—K on Q 2; R on Q 1; Ps on Q B 2 and K B 4.

Black :—K on Q 3; Kt on Q 6; Ps on Q B 3 and K 3.

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play.
4. White to play.
5. Black to play, giving check.
6. White to mate by discovery.

RETRACTOR NO. I. SOLUTION.

1. White Kt retracts to K 3.
2. Black Q retracts to Q R 1, replacing white R.
3. Black plays Q—Q R 7.
4. White Castles, mate.

Solutions received from :—F. W. ATCHINSON, T. H. BILLINGTON, JAS. BLAND, T. DALE, ARTHUR FAIRHURST, ARTHUR J. HEAD, C. V. HOWARD, WM. B. MUIR, WM. F. H. POCOCK, CHAS. SALT, E. THOMPSTONE, and R. G. THOMSON.<sup>1</sup>

Correspondence Match with *The Four-leaved Shamrock*. Our team is nearly completed, and, together with the names of our opponents, will be published next month.

<sup>1</sup> Disqualified for a clerical error.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod* Ticket from the Contents page.

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### Nursery Rhymes for Eating!

STRANGE, is it not? Yet true. Nursery rhymes are the favourite mental pabulum of children, and Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, with their customary ingenuity, have hit upon "nursery rhymes" as the name of a new brand of biscuits. These will give great satisfaction, we have no doubt, to the inmates of nurseries and also to a host of persons who have left that stage of existence long behind them. Try the new "nursery rhyme" biscuits. Each of them contains a design in relief of some hero or heroine of childhood's days.

### CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

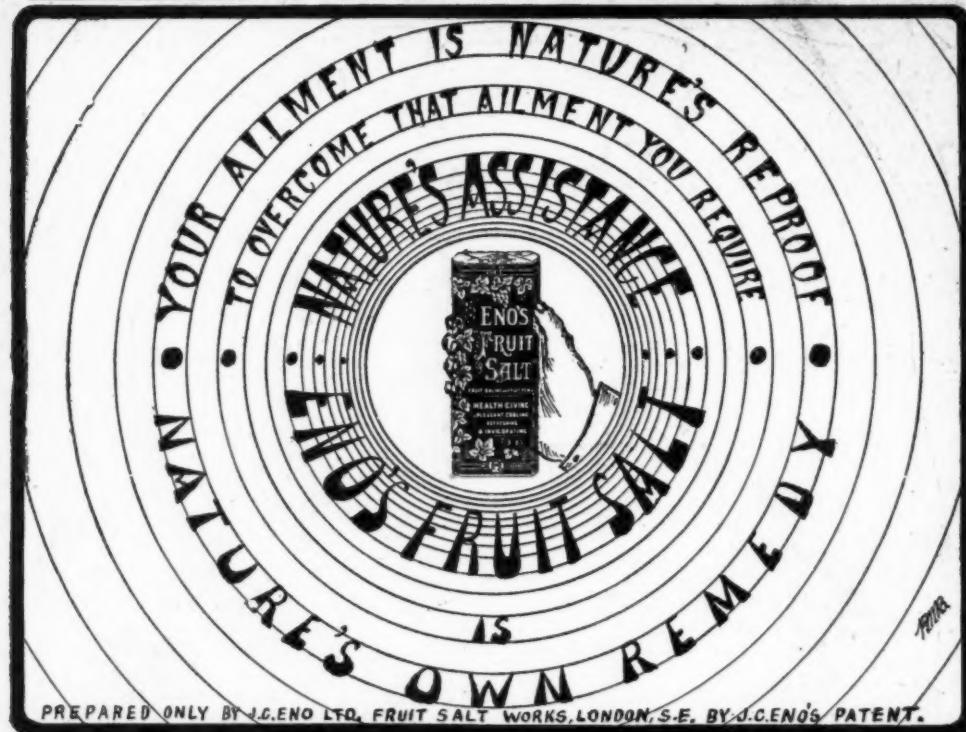
DRINK THE

**RED**  
**WHITE**  
& **BLUE**

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being so much stronger than ordinary **COFFEE**.

[To face letterpress.]



**SECOND EDITION JUST READY.**

## **THIRTY YEARS IN MADAGASCAR.**

By the Rev. T. T. MATTHEWS, of the London Missionary Society.

With 62 Illustrations. 384 pages. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt. Price 6/-.

The Athenaeum says:—"It is by far the most interesting and entertaining of all the books which have been published lately concerning missionary life in the great African island."

The Missionary Review says:—"No fiction could hold the reader more spellbound than this simple, straightforward narration of facts."

The Expository Times says:—"To read the book is to be at home in a strange land."

The Methodist Recorder says:—"It should have a place in all missionary libraries, and be read by all friends of missions."

The Glasgow Herald says:—"Mr. Matthews writes with authority, but he is anything but a dry-as-dust, and he sees no reason why the humorous side of mission work should not be presented to his readers along with its more serious aspects."

**The Religious Tract Society, London.**

**SECOND EDITION. 220 Pages, Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2/6.  
A NEW BOOK ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM.**

The Guardian says:—"His position is a strong one. It is not new, of course, but we know of no book in English which sets it out so well."

The Christian says:—"To those who are tempted to entertain the conclusions of the critics it may be cordially recommended."

# **Are the Critics Right?**

**By W. MÖLLER.**

Translated from the German by C. H. IRWIN, M.A.

With Preface by Professor VON ORELLI, of Basel.

**Published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.**

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THE MAY QUEEN



# SIX YEARS AT THE RUSSIAN COURT

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, AND THE CHURCH OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE, MOSCOW

BY M. EAGAR

(FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE CZARINA)

## CHAPTER VI

### THE QUAIN CEREMONIES AT A ROYAL CHRISTENING

THE Czar's palace at Peterhoff, by the shores of the Baltic, has many historical interests; Peter the Great loved the place, and built there two residences for himself. The houses which contented him were very small and plain. One of these little cottages in Peterhoff is built in the Dutch style. In front of the door is a fish-pond in which are numbers of carp. These fish are so tamed and trained that at the sound of a bell they come swimming up to be fed.

The second of Peter the Great's houses is called "The Hermitage." It has a moat all round it and a drawbridge. He disliked servants waiting in the room during meals, so he designed a large round table with an ingenious arrangement of pulleys by which each plate and dish could be removed and changed from down-stairs. The table would seat about twenty people, and each place was furnished with a bell which the guest was supposed to ring when the plates required changing. The worst of the arrangement was that no table-cloth could be used, but I should think that matter would trouble Peter the Great very little—he was, after all, very much of a barbarian.

In the large park is "Mon Plaisir," the summer residence of Catherine the Great. In her days the park was a wood, and here she used to chase the deer. On one occasion a poor hunted deer took refuge in the house, and with his antler knocked a piece

of the gilt moulding off the wall. The place is still shown to visitors.

There is a very pretty little garden with several fountains in front of the house. The custodian asks the visitor most politely to sit down on a certain bench. Should you be so unwary as to comply you find yourself immediately surrounded by a shower of water. The wicked man has touched a spring, and turned on a fountain which plays all round the seat, and there you must stop until he turns it off again.

It was at Peterhoff that Catherine awaited the news of her husband's murder. She had been separated from him for some time; he was a weak, dissolute young man, and the country was on the verge of a revolution. She was unscrupulous, and she arranged for his death. Opportunity was found in a drunken brawl, and he was stabbed by one of his friends, who immediately rode to Peterhoff, where he arrived early in the morning. Catherine took horse and rode to St. Petersburg, announced the death of the Emperor, and that she herself would henceforth reign. She settled the grievances of the soldiers, quelled all mutiny and rebellion, and ruled with a strong hand.

About four or five miles from Peterhoff is Subswina Datcha (My own Villa), a little rococo house built and furnished in the First Empire style. The furniture alone would realise a very considerable fortune if sold in London. One of the delights of the little Grand Duchesses was to go there to spend the afternoon and take tea, especially during hay-making time, when they

## Six Years at the Russian Court

would have rides in the hay-cocks, and run up and down the grassy slopes. Another great delight was to visit the farm, see the cows milked, feed the fowls, collect eggs, and fill baskets with apples.

That year the farmer's wife, a most amiable woman, was bringing up by hand four kittens whose mother had been killed. When the little Grand Duchesses went over in the morning on their Shetland ponies or bicycles, the kittens were always brought out, four bottles of milk were produced, and each child, bottle of milk in one hand and a kitten comfortably tucked into her arm, would quietly take a place in the milk-cart and go for a drive round the farm-yards, feeding the kittens in the meantime. The little Grand Duchess Anastasie was very fond of taking her kitten for a ride, seating it on her little pony and leading it around.

When the Grand Duchess Marie was a fortnight old she was baptised in the church in the Great Palace of Peterhoff. The ceremony, which is a most imposing one, lasted for a couple of hours, or rather more. The Empress had made arrangements for me to go into the church by a particular door and to return by the same. Accordingly on the appointed day, clad in a white silk dress, I took my place in the carriage and was driven to the church. The Cossack who was on guard would not allow the carriage to pass; I spoke no Russian, and I thought that perhaps I might be allowed to pass in on foot. I therefore got out of the carriage. But no! he lowered his bayonet and blocked the way. There I stood in my white dress in the road, with the assembled crowd gazing at me.

I did not know my way round to any other door, but at last I saw an officer whose face I knew, having seen him on guard at the palace. I made my way to him, addressed him in French and told him my dilemma. The officer was exceedingly kind and took me through the guards, and into the church itself, where the priests and bishops were assembled. They were engaged in combing out their long locks. One of them came to me and in a wonderful mixture of tongues asked me how hot the water should be. I answered him in French and English, but he did not seem to understand. I then showed him on my fingers the number of degrees, and a group of interested and excited priests prepared the font for the child.

Presently in came all the invited guests,

Ambassadors and their wives, all in the dresses of their various courts. The little Chinese lady looked very sweet and bright. She wore a gorgeous blue figured-silk kimono, and had a little round blue cap on her head, a red flower over one ear and a white one over the other. The Roman Catholic Church was represented by a Cardinal with his red hat and soutane, and the head of the Lutheran Church in Russia was also present, wearing a black gown with white ruffles. The Dowager and young Empress have five hundred ladies belonging to their court—"Demoiselles d'honneur," as they are called. These ladies all dress alike on such occasions, in scarlet velvet trains embroidered in gold, with petticoats of white satin; while the elder ladies, "Les dames de la cour," wear dark green, embroidered in gold.

When all were assembled, the small heroine was carried into the church by Princess Galitzewne, the senior lady of the court. She carried a pillow of cloth of gold, on which reposed the little Marie Nicolaivna in the full glory of her lace robes lined with pink silk, and wearing a little close-fitting cap or bonnet. The Emperor, the Dowager Empress, the other god-parents, and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses and foreign royalties followed. According to the law of the Russian Church the parents are not allowed to remain in the church during the baptism, so the Emperor, having received the congratulations of his relations, withdrew from the church, returning afterwards for the Confirmation, and to bestow the Order of St. Anne upon his little daughter.

The baby was then undressed to her little shirt, which was the same that the Emperor had worn at his baptism. It was, alas! stolen from the church that day and never recovered. She was then dipped three times in the font; the hair was cut in four places, in the form of a cross. What was cut off was rolled in wax and thrown into the font. According to Russian superstition the good or evil future of the child's life depends on whether the hair sinks or swims. Little Marie's hair behaved in an orthodox fashion and all sank at once, so there is no need for alarm concerning her future!

The child was then brought behind the screen, where she was dressed in entirely fresh clothing, and the robe of cloth of silver was put on her and the Mass proceeded.

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She was again carried into the church and anointed with oil. Her face, eyes, ears, hands and feet were touched with a fine brush dipped in oil. She was now carried round the church three times by the Dowager Empress, supported on each side by the god-fathers. Two pages held up the Empress's train.

The Emperor, who had re-entered the church when the baptismal ceremony was over, came forward and invested her with her Order in diamonds, after which the procession retired in the same order that it had entered the church. The baby was brought to the church in a gilt and glass coach drawn by six snow-white horses, each horse led by a groom in white and scarlet livery with powdered wig, and she was escorted by a guard of Cossacks.

When I wished to return by the same route I had come, the soldiers would not allow me to pass, I was therefore obliged to return into the church. I could not remain there, so I passed along the way I had seen the procession go, through the great state rooms, and presently was fortunate enough to find some one from the palace. I explained my dilemma, and was left in charge of an elderly respectable woman, who I afterwards found was one of the servants of the palace, and my guide said he would telephone for a carriage. The carriage, however, did not arrive, and to return on foot was out of the question; for one thing the distance was too great, and I was not at all sure of the way, and did not know enough Russian to ask a policeman.

At about half-past three the woman went off to find some one to help me. She soon returned with a man who said, "I no speaking English, I speaking German." I explained that I spoke neither German

nor Russian. The question of language, however, did not trouble my Good Samaritan. He called an izvochek, as the street carriages are called in Russian, put me into it and sent me home, as he imagined. I was taken to the Dowager Empress's palace by mistake at first, and when at last I arrived home I had been away in all seven hours, and felt rather tired and hungry.

The next morning the news reached Peterhoff of the death of the Czarovitch, George Alexandrovitch. This poor young fellow had suffered from consumption for many years. He had lived for some time



THE FOUR ELDEST CHILDREN OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA

in Egypt, and had tried many other climates, but only at Abbas Tuman in the Caucasus could he breathe. His life there was lonely and sad. His mother and sisters, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Xenia, with the latter's children, used to visit him every year, going after Easter, and staying until the weather got too hot for them. For the climate is hot, and the journey long and difficult, specially for children. That year on account of little Marie's birth the journey had been postponed till later than usual, and the poor young Grand Duke was awaiting their arrival with impatience. In a letter written just before his death he said he longed for the sound of a woman's voice, the touch of

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A PAIR OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS AS SWEETHEARTS

a woman's hand, and begged his mother to come as soon as possible after the baptism. He was keenly disappointed that Marie was not a boy, as he felt the burden of his heirship almost intolerable.

Through a mistake the Emperor had named him Czarovitch, instead of Heir Apparent; in Russia this title can never be withdrawn, excepting when the bearer of it becomes Emperor. After his death the Emperor named his young brother Michael Heir Apparent. He has borne his title with great dignity and honour, but he was very glad to be relieved of it by the birth of the tiny heir, the Grand Duke Alexis, on August 12, 1904.

On the morning following the baptism the Czarovitch had got up earlier than usual. He felt better and brighter, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his valet, took a ride on his bicycle. He rode down a hill, and on reaching the bottom of it suddenly fell from his machine. An old peasant woman going to his villa with milk, accompanied by her grandson, were the sole witnesses of the accident. She ran to his assistance, and found blood pouring from his mouth. She dispatched her grandson to the villa for help, and, sitting on the ground, took the young Grand Duke's head in her lap, but in a few minutes he was dead.

Thus on the roadside, attended by an old peasant woman, died the heir to the Russian throne. He fulfilled the saying regarding the Romanoffs, that none of them will ever die in their beds. So far as I know, Nicholas I. was the only one who did die in his bed. He died of pneumonia a few days after the fall of Sevastopol. Though Alexander III. died a natural death, he was sitting in a chair in the balcony when it took place.

A church has been erected over the spot where George Alexandrovitch breathed his last. The Dowager Empress with all her family went to the Crimea to meet his body, which they conveyed to St. Petersburg and laid in the fortress church of St. Peter and St. Paul. His tomb is attended to with loving hands; fresh flowers and plants always appear on it, and every year there is held a memorial service. This service will be held so long as any of the children of his family are alive. Such is the custom of the Russian Church. It has been said that the Grand Duke George was married to a telegraph girl. The story is absolutely untrue. He lived alone in his home in the Caucasus with his servants, except when visited by his mother and family.

A few days after his funeral the battleship *Alexander III.* was christened. The Emperor, Empress, Dowager Empress and other members of the family went to the ceremony. According to Russian tradition they wore white mourning, for no one attends any ceremony in Russia in black. A sudden thunderstorm came on, and the lightning struck the flagstaff. It fell on the heads of some officers standing on deck, killing three of them, and wounding seven or eight. The ship bore the name of the Dowager Empress's husband, and she was terribly upset over it. She said it would go down in its first engagement. It has now gone to the East with the Baltic Squadron, to which it belongs. There was another curious prophecy connected with this accident, that from the time it was put into action, three years, counting one year for each person killed, would see the end of the Romanoff family.

### CHAPTER VII

#### FATHER JOHN'S FATAL "PRACTICAL" JOKE

**I**N the autumn we went to Denmark. Starting from Peterhoff we went in the small yacht, the *Alexandra*, to

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Kronstadt, where we got on board the *Standard*. Father John of Kronstadt came on board to bless the Emperor and Empress and the children; he also blessed me. Father John has a most interesting personality, he is a kind of latter-day saint. He has written a book called *My Life in Christ*, which is rather like *The Imitation of Christ*. He has worked many cures, especially in paralysis, epilepsy, and other diseases of the nerves. He knows his own limitations, however, and if called upon to cure such diseases as scarlatina, diphtheria, etc., says, "This disease must run its course, I can only pray for the patient."

He was once called in to see a little child, who was very ill with pneumonia. He brought with him some holy water, of which a little was spilt on the floor. A sister of the little sufferer was called and obliged to go on her knees and with her tongue lick up the spilt drops. In this case Father John said he could only pray. The child eventually did recover.

Some people, especially doctors, say that he is a natural hypnotist, others that he is a faith-healer. In either case he certainly has great power over nervous diseases, and these are often the most difficult to cure. I once suggested to the Empress that he was probably simply a natural hypnotist who had practised his powers; however, she was not pleased with the suggestion. Both she and the Emperor look upon these occult sciences with grave suspicion. The Empress says if there is anything in them at all, it is the work of the devil, and is the witchcraft spoken of in the Bible.

Many people are afraid of Father John, and there are many curious stories of him. It is said that he has no sympathy, no feeling, for any one outside of the Greek Church. He is not always beneficent, as the following story will show. A young man fell into bad health, and his doctor pronounced his illness heart disease, which was incurable. He came a long distance to see Father John, who told him frankly that he must die. He said he would give him a little present, which he had to open on a certain date. "On the same morning," he continued, "you will receive by post from me a small present." Father John left the room and returned with a parcel, which he handed to the young man with strict injunctions to lay it on one side until the stipulated date. Then he prayed with the poor sufferer and sent him away.

On the morning of the appointed day the young man opened the parcel and found it contained a shroud. He was much shocked, and was still holding the ghastly present in his hand, when the promised posted parcel was handed to him. He opened it eagerly, and found inside corpse candles, as the lights which burn round a dead body in Russia are called. The unfortunate young man dropped dead.

We started from Kronstadt in the beautiful yacht *Standard*. It is as large as an ocean liner, and carries a crew of 500 men. We were followed by an escort, the *Polar*



A DRAWING OF THE CZARINA BY THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, HER ELDEST CHILD. A PICTURE OF UNIQUE INTEREST

## Six Years at the Russian Court

*Star.* It was in this yacht the Emperor made his voyage round the world when he was Czarovitch. Orders had been given that in case of fog, which is very common in the Baltic, both vessels should steam at half-speed. A fog came on, and the *Standard* reduced speed, but the *Polar Star* did not. She quickly overtook us, and was within a few inches of our stern before



A GLIMPSE OF THE LOVELY CAUCASIAN SCENERY AMIDST WHICH THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE, THE CONSUMPTIVE BROTHER OF THE CZAR, DIED

she was perceived. There was a great commotion on board both vessels, and each was quickly turned a little out of her course. The *Polar Star* passed us so closely that we could have shaken hands with those on her decks. The rest of our voyage was accomplished without incident.

On landing at Copenhagen we were met by the old King of Denmark, the then Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the King of Greece, and many other royalties, and drove to Bernstorff Castle, a short distance from Copenhagen. It is a very small residence and was most uncomfortably crowded. Princess Victoria took great delight in her small cousins, and they on their part manifested much affection for "Auntie Toria," as they always called her. Indeed the three little girlies were objects of adoration to all the family.

We spent about sixteen days in Denmark, then went on to Kiel to visit the Empress's sister, Princess Henry of Kiel. Kiel is a rather dirty, very busy little town with a thriving port; there are, however, nice shops. If you ask a Kiel person what you can buy as a souvenir, he will always suggest smoked and cured fish. The smoking and drying form quite an extensive trade, and some hundreds of persons are employed in a

factory. The fish is greatly prized all over Germany.

We stayed two days in Kiel and then went by train to Darmstadt, or rather Wolfsgarten. We were met at the station by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and their little daughter, the Princess Ella. The little Princess was then four years old, a sweet and pretty child, with wide grey-blue eyes and a profusion of dark hair. She was like her mother, not only in face, but also in manner. She was very much interested in her cousins, and had herself put some of her toys in their room for them, and they were soon great friends. She very much wished she had a sister of her own, and begged hard that the Grand Duchess Tatiana might be adopted as her little sister. She said we would not miss her so much as we would Olga or the baby.

That prospect falling through, she made inquiries about the baby, and came to the conclusion that she and Miss W. could easily manage her. With anxious eyes she followed all the details of the baby's toilette till she thought she had mastered them. She then asked her aunt about giving it to her, and of course was refused. She then tried diplomacy, and kept constantly assuring us that it was a very ugly baby, and we would be much better and happier without that stupid little thing. At last she thought she had attained her object, and suggested that as the baby was so entirely horrible I should throw it away.

We spent about six or seven very happy weeks at Wolfsgarten, and had many simple pleasures, such as gipsy teas. We went twice to Darmstadt, took tea at the Palace and went shopping with the children. They were told that they might choose what they liked for themselves, and also for relations and friends at home. Olga looked at the things, and finally chose the very smallest thing she could find, and said politely "Thank you very much." Vainly the shop-people showed her more attractive things; she always replied, "No, thank you, I don't want to take it." I took her on one side and asked her why she would not buy the toys. I said that the people would be very sad if she would not take more, and that she could not leave the shop without buying more. So she said, "But the beauti-

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ful toys belong to some other little girls, I am sure, and think how sad they would be if they came home and found we had taken them while they were out." I explained to her, and she and Tatiana laid in a large stock.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### A GLIMPSE OF POLAND

WE were very sorry to leave Darmstadt. On our way to Poland we paid a visit to Potsdam, to the German Emperor and Empress. Both of them admired my little charges, and took particular notice of their costumes, which were new from London for the occasion. They wore thick cream-coloured silk coats trimmed with beaver, and had hats to match, and they did look very dainty and sweet. Underneath they had cream-coloured guipure lace frocks over pink silk, and pink sashes.

We were taken up-stairs by the little Princess, the only daughter of the German Emperor, a very sweet and nicely-mannered child. The nurseries were all sea-green and silver, very attractive rooms. Here we had tea with the little Prince and Princess. There was no servant in the room, and the little Prince himself handed round bread-and-butter to every one. Tea over, they took little cousin Olga for a drive in their pony-cart, and the English nurse sent for a carriage and took the other two children and me for a drive through the famous Sans Souci grounds. We then returned to the train and got our little charges to bed.

In Poland we stayed in a small palace called Skernivitsi. It is situated in what I should suppose to be the dirtiest little Jewish town in the world. Almost all the inhabitants are Jews, handsome, melancholy-looking men, the children and young girls lovely, while the older women are fat, coarse, untidy-looking creatures. It seemed to me they wore wigs made of horse-hair, so coarse and unnatural did it appear.

The Poles are for the most part Roman Catholics; at every cross road is a little shrine or altar, fenced in with iron bars. Here and there, on a tree, hangs a holy

picture, very often much defaced with rain and weather. Going along the roads, every now and again, one came to a tall black cross, with a tiny figure, perhaps five or six inches long, of the Saviour of mankind hanging on it. So far as I could judge on my three visits to the country, the Poles are the most dishonest, the most untruthful, and the dirtiest people on the face of the earth. Their thefts were very extraordinary—they even pilfered the Imperial luggage when it was standing in the station; they stole a nice dressing-bag which the Empress had given me, and though rewards were offered, we never could find any trace of it.

Skernivitsi has a rather romantic history. The Emperor Paul had three sons, Alexander I., Constantine, and Nicholas I. Constantine was Viceroy of Poland; he fell in love with a Polish countess who was, from all accounts, both beautiful and amiable, and who lived with her uncle, the Archbishop of Poland, at Skernivitsi. In order to marry her, Constantine re-



THE TWO YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA  
ENJOYING THEIR MORNING DONKEY-RIDE

nounced his claim to the throne, though he was heir apparent, as his brother, Alexander I., though married, had no children. On the death of the Archbishop, it was found that he had left his niece Skernivitsi with its large estates and vast woods. Constantine had no children, and on his death he left the place to his brother, Nicholas I. Russian people will tell you

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that both Alexander I. and Constantine were childless as a direct punishment from God for the murder of their father.

The woods around Skernivitsi teemed with game. There were lovely little black deer with branching antlers, roebucks and fallow deer, also quantities of pheasants and partridges, to say nothing of foxes. Five or six thousand head of game was a common enough bag after one day's shooting. Foxes are shot in Russia. They do not trouble to shoot rabbits nor do they eat them, and the people look disgusted if you say they are nice.

When the game was brought home it was arranged on the lawn, sometimes with the interlaced monograms of the Emperor and Empress, sometimes with the double-headed eagle of Russia, or something distinctly Polish would be chosen. Torches were then lit, and the foresters played their band. The house party then came out to view the game and talk over the incidents of the day's sport. It was a very quaint and pretty sight.

### CHAPTER IX

#### THE ROUGH LIFE OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY

I HAD now been about ten months in Russia and had seen and learned much regarding the peasants. In most cases their marriages are arranged by the parents, and the ceremony usually takes place before the man is called upon for his military services. Boys and girls aged respectively sixteen and fourteen years will be married; the girl then lives with her mother-in-law and helps with the farm work, etc. House work seems to be cut down to the lowest level. The mother prepares the food and the warm water for the weekly bath, for all peasants take a bath every Saturday night.

A Russian cabin consists of about two rooms; one has a stove, a table, a wooden bench and a couple of chairs, a lamp, or not, according to their means. Failing a lamp, home-made candles are burned. The inner room is often destitute of furniture.

The father and mother sleep on the top of the stove with as many of the children as can be fitted there. The others take pillows and lie on the floor in their clothing.

The father and mother have supreme power over the sons and daughters, daughters-in-law, and grand-children, and they are all brought up together. I have

counted as many as twenty-one little children all in one cabin, and have been told that there are often more. The Russian peasant receives from his proprietor a strip of land, more or less according to the number of sons in the family. In return he and his family give so many days' work to the proprietor. Boys are therefore very much prized; girls are less thought of, though the latter do the hardest part of the work. I have seen a woman yoked to a plough in company with the family cow, and driven by a man. In Russia women mow the rye and grass, and do many things which in this country are considered man's work.

The overcrowding of the cabins is one cause of the frightful mortality amongst Russian children. In all classes taken together some thirty-five per cent. of the children die. It also often leads to many strange diseases of which the doctors know little or nothing, as their studies are carried on in St. Petersburg or Moscow, where different conditions prevail. But I must here say that as a rule Russian doctors are very kind, and do their best for the poor people, but the country is so under-populated that one doctor has to do duty for three or four villages. He lives in the largest village, and can only visit the others at intervals of a fortnight or so.

Should an epidemic break out, the doctor telegraphs to one of the universities or hospitals for some one to aid him. This help is not always forthcoming, as the "lock-outs" in the universities are frequent. The doctor then goes to the stricken village, organises a kind of hospital with such assistance as he can get, and fights the enemy, not always with success. In a village lately there was an outbreak of some infectious disease such as diphtheria. The doctor died, and ninety-nine per cent. of the children were swept away.

Children are the great want in Russia; the death-rate comes so close to the birth-rate, and the victims are usually those of the poorer classes. From this point of view the war in the East, with the losses of hundreds of thousands, is a terrible calamity for Russia.

For want of population, or perhaps I should say for the want of the proper division of the people, many of Russia's national advantages are untouched. There are great tracts of country almost untilled, mines in the south almost unworked, track-

## Six Years at the Russian Court

less forests where rove wild animals, but which contain vast possibilities of wealth. Russian peasants will not live in solitary farm-houses, and sometimes live forty miles away from their work. In summer they simply shut up the cabin and camp on the farm, driving the beasts before them. In the autumn, when rye and oats are sown, down comes the snow, and all is kept warm ; the peasant then returns to his hut for the winter.

The women do most exquisite needle-work. Should there be a railway line anywhere near the village the men are employed for a few hours each day keeping the line clear of snow. Sometimes the younger men go into the nearest town and work in the factories, or in keeping the streets clean, but they live very near starvation in many cases.

There are no shops in a Russian village, each household produces enough for its own wants, with the exception of tea, sugar, paraffin, etc. The people can make their own shoes out of strips of bark plaited together, and put on a wooden sole. Instead of stockings they wear bandages, and they are most skilful in arranging these. During war-time even the officers wear these bandages ; they say they march better, and should a hole come in the heel they have only to move the bandage a little and it is all right.

Such articles as cannot be produced at home are provided at the annual fair which is held in every village in spring and autumn. Men come round to each village twice a year to buy all the lace, drawn-thread work, etc., which the women have done in the intervals of farm work. These

are taken to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and sold at a large profit. The Empress wished to establish some time ago in London and other centres, work depôts which would give the workers a better chance of realising good prices for the products of their toil.

### CHAPTER X

#### SEARCHING FOR THE MAGIC BLOOM

**N**O life is without its compensations, and life in a Russian village has its bright side also. During the long winter evenings a professional storyteller comes round. He is kept and fed at the expense of the villagers, and in return he tells them wonderful tales about gnomes, pixies, and fairies in general. Or he will relate some historical tale, or even make and recite poetry to them. Russian poetry is in blank verse, and deals very often with heroic deeds.

The Russian fairy, like its Irish prototype, is, as a general rule, a malignant being, always ready to do some mean or

nasty trick ; but the traditions regarding them differ in many respects. The Irish peasant will tell you that after the great war in heaven, when Satan was thrown out, there fell also with him many evil spirits. The worst of these evil spirits fell at once into hell, there to remain for evermore, but those who were less guilty got another chance and fell on the earth, where they may by their good or evil deeds ultimately work out their salvation or damnation.

Sometimes unaccountable bruises appear on one's body ; these they regard with great horror, they are supposed to be the work of



CZARINA ON HORSEBACK IN THE UNIFORM OF THE  
ROYAL UHLAN BODYGUARD

## Six Years at the Russian Court



SNAPSHOT OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA AT  
THE WINDOW CASEMENT OF HER ROOM

evil spirits who wish to get you out of the house. In Ireland these bruises are called "dead men's pinches." So in both countries a mystical origin is given to them.

One class of Russian fairies inhabit the pools and streams of fresh water, and are specially to be found in wooded spots. The Russian peasant wandering near hears the sound of sweet singing; should he try to distinguish the sounds his name will be called aloud. If he is so unguarded as to answer, the wicked fairies throw themselves upon him and cry, "Thou art my beloved";

he is drawn down into the water and returns no more. In both countries should you be so unfortunate as to sneeze three times, unless some one calls out "God bless you," you are indeed in a perilous situation, for the fairies will surely have you then.

Twice a year the ferns bloom; they bear a large golden flower gifted with the power of making the fortunate finder wealthy for life. One of these nights is Midsummer night, the other the Eve of the Feast of the Assumption. All through those two nights the peasants walk in the woods searching for the magic bloom. No one has succeeded in yet finding it, for the fairies are always on the look-out, and either throw dust into the eyes of the seekers, or divert their attention to something else, and break down the flower.

As might be supposed, fire plays an important part in their superstitions. In a peasant's-house the fire is never allowed to go out. Should it by chance do so, there is great dismay, as the little old man who lives behind the chimney might be offended, or might even feel the cold and die. If the family move to another home, some of the fire is taken in a small saucepan or jar packed into a basket, and is sent on by a special messenger before the rest of the family follow. When it is placed on the hearthstone the fire genius is addressed somewhat as follows:—"There, Grandfather, rest easy and be assured that your place will always be the warmest in the cabin." Should the fire go out, it shows that the spirit is displeased, and all sorts of dire calamities may be expected. When the house is locked up for the summer the fire is carried in the cart in a saucepan and attended to most assiduously.

Dreams are very much regarded, and interpreters of them are held in great



CZAR AND CZARINA, FOLLOWED BY THEIR STAFF, ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH AT ST. PETERSBURG

## Six Years at the Russian Court

respect. Many people will not take any important step in life without consulting the cards; fortune-tellers must reap a large fortune. At Christmas many are the chances taken to see what your future will be. Some of these I had already seen practised in Ireland. On a table seven saucers are arranged in a row. Under one is placed a ring, one is left without anything, a piece of white cloth in another, an earth-red cloth in another, and so on over all the saucers is placed a cloth. These things signify marriage, no change, a parson, death, a soldier, an engagement, and a long journey.

You are sent out of the room while the saucers are being arranged, then you are blindfolded and led up to the table, told to lift the cloth and put your hand into one. According to what you find will your future be. If you go into a room just at midnight, and sitting between two mirrors gaze steadily into one, you are supposed to see gradually forming on the face of the glass a picture, significant of your fate for the coming year.

On Midsummer night all unmarried girls go into the fields and gather seven different wild-flowers. To sleep with these under the pillow is to insure a vision of her future husband.

There are many gipsies in Russia, and at Peterhoff I often witnessed their most extraordinary marriage ceremony. Sunday is usually the day chosen for it. They choose a spot where they can drive round in a circuit. The bride and bridegroom—the bride gorgeously dressed in a new print or muslin dress, a pair of white cotton gloves, and a piece of lace shaped like a three-cornered handkerchief, with the corner hanging down behind, tied over her head and crowned with a wreath of artificial flowers—take their places in a little pony-cart. After them come the groomsmen and bridesmaids, who are dressed like the bride, but without the crowning glory of the wreath, two in each cart; then the elders of the camp, the grave married people generally accompanied by a few children, and last of all the bachelors or widowers. This strange procession drives round the chosen route three times, and the marriage is accomplished. It holds good and is quite legal. I suppose the presence of so many witnesses makes it so.

There are many ceremonies of blessings observed by the Russians. I have already

spoken of blessing the food on Easter Saturday. On the first of July (old style) the apples and orchards generally are blessed, and the very worst boy in the village would not steal an apple before it had been blessed. After the blessing the

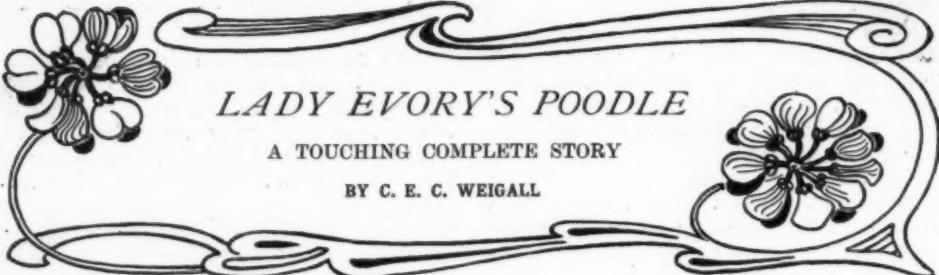


KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS UNIFORM AS  
COLONEL OF A RUSSIAN REGIMENT

fruit is offered for sale in the streets and market-places.

After the ice has melted the fishing boats are all blessed before they go to sea.

(Another delightful article in this striking series will appear in next month's *Leisure Hour*, ready May 25th. Advise your friends to order their copies at once.)



## LADY EVORY'S POODLE

A TOUCHING COMPLETE STORY

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

"MERCIFUL goodness, Céleste, 'Babiche' is ill! Look at the dear darling—why, he is quite stiff! Céleste—he is going to die, and my heart will break. I love him better than anything in the world." And Lady Evory flung herself down upon the velvet carpet of her boudoir, beside her poodle, and tried to lift the dog's head. But 'Babiche,' pampered and over-fed, was in his last struggles, and before the French maid could reach her mistress, the sleek, black head had fallen, and the heart so faithful to its mistress had ceased to beat; and 'Babiche' had succumbed to a surfeit of cream and oysters.

"It is a fit, miladi—what a misfortune!" And the girl looked at her mistress curiously, as Lady Evory, rising from the ground, sank into a chair and burst into a flood of tears.

The boudoir in the splendid house in Park Lane was furnished with every luxury, and the harmony of its blue and ivory colouring was most restful to the eye. There were flowers everywhere, although it was hardly spring as yet. Roses blossomed in the great Nankin bowls on the shelves, and lilies looked out of dark corners, nodding delicate perfumed heads to every corner, while in the window a stand of dwarf almond-trees in flower made a rosy hedge.

London outside was driving to its matinées, its afternoon parties of pleasure, but Lady Evory, who was engaged to a concert and a fashionable bazaar, had already cried herself into a condition that precluded her from any idea of attending either function.

Sorrow had always been carefully hidden from her until to-day, and if she had ever known that London held in its heart the grimdest of tragedies—the lives of the submerged tenth—she had put such knowledge away from her with both hands, and Lord Evory had helped her to do so.

Her husband loved her, and the world admired her, while she owned the finest jewels and dresses in her set; and now life seemed suddenly miserable in the loss of her pet.

"Will not miladi look at the gown from Piccolomini? The new hat from Paris, or the bracelet milord sent this morning?" suggested Céleste at last. "It is so triste, and tears will not recall 'Babiche'."

But miladi would not be comforted, and at the moment fine clothes were nothing. "Nonsense, Céleste!" she sobbed. "Go down-stairs at once and tell Jenkins that he must bring up the great silver casket from the dining-room to make 'Babiche' a coffin; and then I will get ready, and you must order the carriage and come with me, for I must arrange at once about his funeral. He shall be buried in the Bassington Cemetery, for you can see the country from there, and 'Babiche' was never so happy as when he was chasing rabbits on Blanchester Downs."

"But he is an animal, miladi—he cannot be buried as a Christian!" The French-woman's gesture of horror annoyed her mistress.

"He shall be buried where I wish, Céleste. Money can do everything, and there is sure to be a man at the cemetery one can buy over—and for five pounds my 'Babiche' shall rest in peace. He will look so pretty with his gold anklets and his enamel necklace, and he shall have my blue satin wrap for his shroud."

"Madame!"

But Lady Evory was lost in hysterical contemplation of the beauty of attiring the dead poodle for its grave, and the French maid went out of the room to find the butler, with indignation hot within her. It had been bad enough in the lifetime of 'Babiche' to have the dog treated like a child—to wash and brush it every day—to plan new fashions in which to trick it up, such as a Society woman alone can devise



LADY EVER SANK INTO A CHAIR AND BURST INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS ; 'BABICHE,' PAMPERED  
AND OVER-FED, HAD SUCCUMBED TO A SURFEIT OF CREAM AND OYSTERS

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for her pet. 'Babiche' had lead-ribbons and coats and jewellery of his own, and at the memory of his pampered existence—his chicken and his cream—the heart of Céleste burnt within her.

"Ah!" she said aloud; "and there are thousands of children who starve to-day in this great heartless London! Children who have no clothes to wear, and whose voices, hoarse with weeping, rise up every day to Heaven. If miladi had ever had a child of her own to love, she would have been different, for with a child comes all knowledge of goodness—all desire for high things."

From which it may be seen that Céleste had thought for herself, and had profited by knowledge gained perhaps in a hard school.

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"But it is absurd!" cried Lady Evory as she stood at the entrance of the Bassington Cemetery. "I am offering you five pounds—no, ten pounds if you will—for just a square yard of your ground—outside by the hedge if you like, and no one need know. Why, it is ridiculous to refuse!"

The caretaker of the cemetery, who lived alone in the little red-brick lodge at the gate, was a man from the north country, tall and grey-headed, and he wore a medal pinned on the breast of his coat, for he had served his country faithfully and well, and had won distinction in the ranks of a famous Scottish regiment.

Michael Thorndyke looked his visitor up and down. It was a strange interview that he had had with her that afternoon, and his honest, puzzled mind was still grappling with the incomprehensible problem.

"I don't follow you rightly, ma'am," he said slowly, and the sharp eyes of the Frenchwoman in the background leaped to his face with sudden satisfaction. "You seem to me to be asking a mad thing—to bury a dog among faithful Christian folk."

He studied the exquisite figure, from the folds of her pale violet gown peeping out from under its mantle of sable and velvet. She had hair of the colour of a ripe chestnut, he noticed, with no tress out of order, and the sweeping plumes of her black velvet hat seemed no darker than the shadow of the lashes on her cheeks as she lowered them over her brilliant eyes. Behind her stood the maid with the chased silver box of rare workmanship in her arms, that he understood was the coffin of a dog.

"I don't rightly understand you," he said again slowly. "Perhaps maybe it is a child—"

"No, no, my good man," cried Lady Evory impatiently. "It is my dog—my dear—"

"Then stand you aside, ma'am—you and your money," cried Thorndyke with sudden passion. "I've heard tell such tales of your sort of fine ladies as make one think 'twould be a good job if God's judgment came down upon you! There are starving babes in London, woman, to-day that yon box would keep for many weeks, God forgive you! Stand aside, for there's a funeral to come, so I am told, for a little babe as has maybe died of starvation, and it's overdue now!"

Bassington Cemetery stands upon a slight hill, that lifts it up from the slums and by-streets that surround it, and far away above the smoking chimney-tops a distant line of gleaming horizon suggests where God's country is born, and where the muddy Thames flows—a silver stream—through the woods and fields that clothe its banks.

Lady Evory looked back half-angrily, for the man was insolent—half-curiously—for she had never attended a funeral before in her short brilliant life, and as yet she had only heard vague rumours of the depths to which poverty may degrade, of the sordid horrors that lay but a stone's throw from her own magnificent home. Up the street to the cemetery gate a little boy of about eleven years was toiling, pushing a heavy, broken perambulator, and crying as he came—the sobs shaking his wasted body and thin arms and hands. He looked as though he were bowed down with the sorrows of ages, this child of the slums—this soul that God had sent into the world with a child's heart—a child's desires. His feet in their broken boots trod that way of Calvary painfully, stumbling as they came, and the ragged coat hardly covered his nakedness. The perambulator was covered with a sheet, and Michael Thorndyke stared vaguely at it as the boy passed in front of him.

"What do you want here, my lad?" he said kindly. "Can I do aught for you?"

A hand that was thin as an eagle's claw pushed a folded paper into the man's palm.

"'Tis the stifycat," he said between his sobs. "I'm the funeral, for mother is in

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THORNDYKE LIFTED THE SMALL COFFIN FROM THE PERAMBULATOR AND TURNED TO  
LADY EVOY. BEHIND HER STOOD THE FRENCH MAID WITH A SILVER BOX  
CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF THE POODLE

bed very bad, and father went away to find work and never came back again. "Tis my little sister as is dead—oh dear—oh dear."

Thorndyke lifted the sheet from the poor hearse, and there within the perambulator lay a small coffin, so minute, alas! that a child's arm could have compassed it, and composed of common deal boards roughly nailed together. But it held so much that

was tender in this child's life, that at the mere sight of it his wan face went down upon the lid with a mute caress.

"We loved her so, mother and me, and she was just beginning to talk," he sobbed; "and her hair was so pretty, like gold, but she cried so for food, and we hadn't none to give her."

Thorndyke lifted the coffin in his arms,

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## Lady Evory's Poodle

and there were tears in his eyes as he turned to Lady Evory. "God forgive you and such as you," he said as he went up the gravelled path to meet the minister, who was advancing, book in hand.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Celeste looked across at Lady Evory. The beautiful face was working strangely, and the tears were streaming from the blue eyes that had never thought to look upon a scene so tragic.

"Oh God! is it possible," she cried in a new thrilling voice that the Frenchwoman had never heard before, "that I could spend my time—my heart on an animal when children about me have suffered like this? Oh, little child, God help you and forgive me."

She sprang forward, and caught the boy in her arms, holding him against her heart for a moment, dumb with the sweet agony of motherhood waking within her; then she stood upright again and took his hand.

"Come, dear, we will go and follow your baby to the grave," she said simply; "and then we will go and comfort your mother."

And so the soul of Lady Evory awoke.

There are sorrowing women and children in London to-day who have cause to bless her name, for wherever want and distress are rife, she goes like an angel of charity, bearing gifts and comfort, and the sympathy of a loving heart that seeks to atone for a lifetime of indifference.

## The Forlorn Piano

DUMB keys—  
Why does your silent serried row  
So wistful grow?  
She will return  
And gently touch you, yearning so,  
Dumb keys.

Dumb keys—  
Why do you look reproachfully?  
It cannot be  
She will not come.  
'Twas but a lovers' tiff, you'll see,  
Poor keys!

Dumb keys—  
I cannot loose one quivering note,  
I can but dote  
On memories;  
Her songs still round the chamber float,  
Dumb keys.

Poor keys!  
Her anger lasts but for a day.  
She flies away.  
But comes again.  
Were you not stubborn? Tell me pray.  
Hard keys!

Dumb keys—  
I hear her singing on the stair,  
She means to share  
Her song with you.  
You will not long lie silent there,  
Glad keys!

DAVID MCLEAN.



## The Homes and Haunts of Charles Dickens

THERE are no characters in fiction as vividly remembered, as securely lodged in the chamber of the people's imagination, as the men and women, the youths and maidens that live and breathe in the pages of Charles Dickens. And, as a consequence, there is no decline, but rather an increase, in the interest excited by the rapid, crowded career of the man who created this motley, picturesque, undying world of romance. To the already considerable Dickens literature, there has just been added a notable volume, a volume which we earnestly recommend every lover and student of the people's novelist to possess himself of, namely,

*The Dickens Country*,

written by F. G.

Kitton and published at 6s. by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black.

Mr. Kitton, a Dickens enthusiast if ever there was one, died before his book was in type, and the introduction to this volume consists of a tender and graceful tribute from the pen of Mr. Arthur Waugh, who remarks of his friend that we sometimes felt that he knew everything there was to know about Dickens and the circle in which Dickens lived. The object of Mr. Kitton's book is to

take the reader, in order of time, to all the places that Dickens visited or dwelt in, to show how the information thus acquired by the novelist was used or transmuted in his works, and how it affected his life-history. Such a plan, carried out by a student so careful, so pertinacious, so loving as was Mr. Kitton, was bound to produce a volume of permanent interest and value.

The publishers of the book have been kind enough to accede to our request for permission to reproduce six of the fifty illustrations with which the volume is furnished. We cannot in our space ade-

quately review the contents of Mr. Kitton's book, but the illustrations

herewith and these fragmentary notes of ours will give our readers, we hope, a correct conception of the character of the volume.

Charles Dickens was born in an unpretentious little house in Commercial Road, Portsmouth, on February 7, 1812. His father was at the time employed in the Navy Pay Office. The number of the house was 387, which has recently been changed to 393, but the edifice remains unaltered. It is a plain, red-



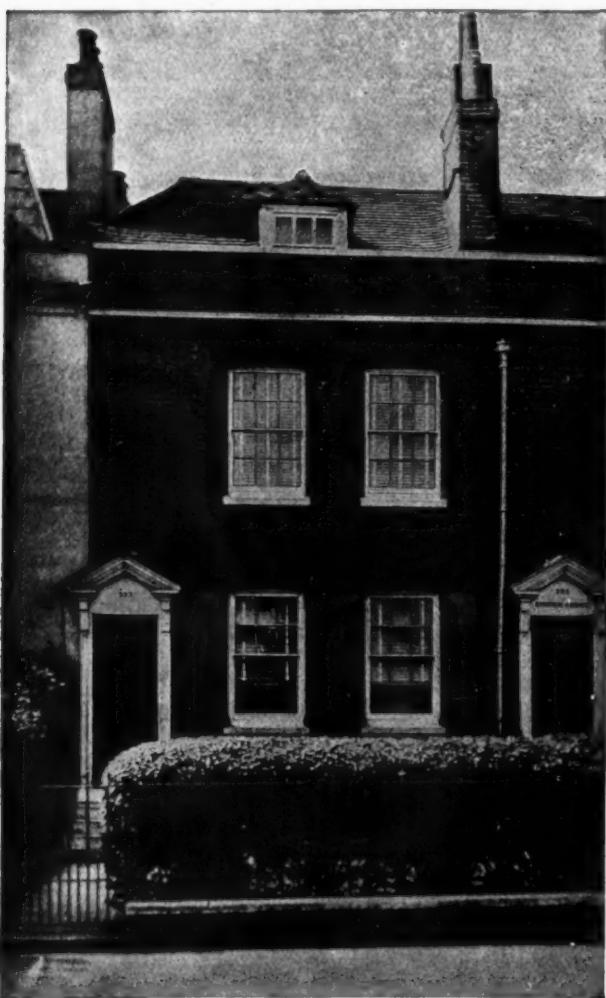
CHARLES DICKENS IN 1830

The earliest authentic portrait known

From the miniature by Mrs. Janet Barrow. Reproduced by permission of F. Sabin, Esq.

(From *The Dickens Country* by the late F. G. Kitton)

## The Homes and Haunts of Charles Dickens



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DICKENS

1 MILE END TERRACE, PORTSEA (NOW 393 COMMERCIAL ROAD,  
PORTSMOUTH)

(By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black)

brick building containing four rooms of moderate size and two attics. The front bedroom is believed to be the room in which Dickens was born. From the apartment in the rear there is still a pleasant prospect overlooking a long garden. Two years ago the house was purchased by the Portsmouth Town Council for preservation as a Dickens memorial, with the intention of making a Dickens Museum of it. The price paid was £1125, exceeding by £500 the amount realised on the same

occasion by the adjoining house, which is identical in character.

The happiest days of Dickens's childhood were spent at Chatham, where he went to live when he was four. The principal productions of this town and its vicinity, according to *Pickwick*, were "soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dockyard men," a description which still holds good. The vivid impressions of Chatham that were received by the timid and susceptible little boy are reproduced in the immortal *Pickwick Papers*.

We give a picture of the field adjacent to Fort Pitt, the scene of the duel (which did not take place!) between the bellicose Dr. Slammer and Mr. Winkle, who was on this occasion, as not infrequently, in a tremendous "funk." Our readers will remember that on the previous evening a gentleman wearing the Pickwickian uniform had insulted Dr. Slammer—or so Dr. Slammer had chosen to consider. Dr. Slammer had no means of identifying the miscreant except by the clothes, and the clothes were those of Mr. Winkle! Mr. Winkle had no recollection of the incident, for reasons which it would be easy to explain, but when challenged did not like to show himself craven, and proceeded to the field of

conflict trying to assume a ferocious air, but with his courage nevertheless oozing out of his finger-tips all the way. The combatants were just about to exchange shots, when Dr. Slammer discovered the mistake in identity. The fact was that a certain insolent rascal had abstracted Mr. Winkle's clothes, and, arrayed in that majestic garb, had insulted the furious Doctor.

The Chatham days were full of delight for Dickens. He enjoyed many a ramble

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with his sister and nurse in the fields about Fort Pitt; "the sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies that everything was beautiful." It was a great mercy that the young child was granted these six happy years at Chatham, for from the time that he left it at the age of ten until he had entered on manhood, he endured much misery, privation, and suffering.

The father of Dickens was not a man of much practical sagacity and was early involved in financial difficulty. His salary was sufficient, if he had known how to manage his resources, but he did not know. Mrs. Dickens tried to straighten out things by establishing a boarding establishment for young ladies in Gower Street, London, and young Charles was sent out to distribute circulars from house to house calling attention to the superior advantages of the new seminary. But no young lady ever came and not the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady.

Then followed the most bitter experience in the life of Charles Dickens. He was sent to work at a blacking factory in a street near Charing Cross leading from the Strand to the Thames. The work was menial in the extreme and the pay was only a few shillings a week, but exercising strict economy he made his wages support himself. The blacking factory was a crazy, tumble-down old house, overrun with rats. In later life Dickens recalled with painful emotion its wainscoted rooms, with its rotten floors and staircase, and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times. The poor boy was very sensible of the humiliation of his work—the tying up and labelling of innumerable pots of paste-blacking—and for the remainder of his life he never recalled the episode without a pang.

During most of the time that Charles was engaged in the blacking factory his father lay under arrest for debt in the Marshalsea Prison. A happy stroke of good fortune released the parent from confinement, and



FORT PITT, CHATHAM

The playground of Dickens in his childhood, and the scene of the duel (which never took place!) in *Pickwick*

(By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black)

## The Homes and Haunts of Charles Dickens

the son from the worse degradations of his work. The blacking factory was transferred to Chandos Street, Covent Garden, where little Charles continued to manipulate the pots, but in a more public manner; for here the work was done, not in a cellar, but in a window facing the street, and generally in the presence of an admiring crowd outside.

This painful episode was short-lived, and when Dickens was about twelve years old he and the blacking-pots parted company for ever. Until the site on which the blacking factory stood had been entirely transformed, Dickens never had the courage to go back to the place where his servitude

began. In order that a certain smell of the cement used for putting on the blacking-corks should not revive unpleasant associations, he would invariably, when passing the later establishment in Covent Garden, cross over to the opposite side of the road.

Our readers will be deeply interested, we are sure, in the striking and pathetic picture of Dickens engaged at the blacking factory, and showing him in an attitude so suggestive of the grinding, painful toil and the deadly oppression of spirit in which the boy's days were spent. On the page opposite to that which contains this touching picture we have placed a remarkably hand-

some photograph of the great novelist as he was in the height of his fame. What a striking contrast! What a world of life-emotion and life-history there lies between the one picture and the other! These illustrations are both in Mr. Kitton's volume, and are reproduced here-with by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

It is a far cry from the cellar of the blacking factory at Charing Cross to Gad's Hill Place, among the Kentish hills, which was the residence of Dickens during the last fourteen years of his life. But the volume before us ably fills up the gap, and Mr. Kitton will be found a safe guide to the bewildering variety of houses in which Dickens dwelt during his life in London.

Gad's Hill is about midway between Gravesend and Rochester, on the old Dover Road, not far from the scenes in which Dickens spent the happiest days of his childhood. A "gad"



DICKENS AT THE BLACKING WAREHOUSE

From a drawing by Fred Barnard. Reproduced in "The Dickens Country" by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall

## The Homes and Haunts of Charles Dickens

is a rogue, and the name is believed to be derived from the undoubted fact that in the olden times the locality was noted as the scene of many audacious highway robberies. Pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses became apprehensive as they approached the neighbourhood of Gad's Hill.

Gad's Hill Place, the home of Charles Dickens, stands upon the brow of the hill, reposing in delightful grounds, and commanding magnificent views of the surrounding landscape. It is the very house which he so often admired when during his early years at Chatham he accompanied his father on walking tours to Strood and beyond. The elder Dickens used to tell the eager little boy that if he worked hard and were very persevering the house might one day be his. The desire to have the property never left him, and at last in 1856 he purchased it for £1790 from the executors of the Rev. James Lynn, father of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, the well-known authoress.

Dickens was very proud of his "little Kentish freehold," and used to declare that the view from his study window was as pretty as could be found in a long day's English ride. In the shrubbery he erected a Swiss chalet, and used to work in an upper compartment of this, remote from disturbing sounds. In the summer time the birds sang all day and the nightingales all night. Mirrors reflected the leaves quivering at the windows, the green fields



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1868

*From a photograph by Mason. Reproduced in "The Dickens Country" by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall*

of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. The working-room of the novelist was among the branches of the trees, the birds and the butterflies flew in and out, and the green branches shot in at the open windows. The scent of the flowers was delicious.

Gad's Hill Place presented during Dickens' occupation of it much the same appearance as in the days of his childhood, the back of the building becoming gradually hidden from view by clustering masses of ivy and Virginia creeper. One of the bedrooms was transformed into a study, which he lined with books and occasionally wrote

## The Homes and Haunts of Charles Dickens

in; but the study proper (called by him the library) was the front room on the ground floor, on the right of the entrance hall, rendered familiar by the large engraving published in the *Graphic* at the time of the novelist's death.

With regard to this study or library, it may be mentioned that it was the delight of Dickens to be surrounded by a variety of objects for his eye to rest upon in the intervals of actual writing, prominent among them being a bronze group representing a couple of frogs in the act of

Dickens's happiest hours in his Gad's Hill home were those when it was filled with cherished friends, English and American, to whom he played the part of an ideal host, devoting the greater part of each day to their comfort and amusement.

The sudden death of the great novelist took place at Gad's Hill on June 9, 1870. Not many weeks later the house and its contents, exposed for sale by public auction, were bought in by Charles Dickens the younger. For a time the novelist's eldest son made it his home; but the increasing



GAD'S HILL PLACE, NEAR ROCHESTER

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The home of Charles Dickens from 1857 to 1870

(By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black)

fighting a duel with swords, and a statuette of a French dog-fancier, with his living stock-in-trade tucked under his arms and in his pockets, while a vase of flowers invariably graced the writing-table.

A noteworthy feature of this sanctum was the door, the inner side of which the novelist disguised by means of imitation book-backs; these are still preserved as a "fixture." The humorous titles on the book-backs used to create great amusement among his friends.

needs of his large and growing young family could not be sufficiently accommodated, and this determined him to sell the place. In 1889 it narrowly escaped destruction by fire and an explosion caused by a leakage of gas. The present owner is the Hon. Francis Law Latham, formerly Advocate-General at Bombay. Mr. Latham thoroughly appreciates the unique associations of his attractive home, where he hopes to spend in quiet and secluded retirement the remaining years of a busy life.



#### A CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOM

Twenty-one poor old widows, selected by the churchwardens of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, repair to the churchyard and each picks up a sixpence thrown on one of the old tombs, and then receives a ticket entitling her to a Good Friday bun. The origin of the custom is lost in obscurity.

# JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

"Feb. 20, 1739.

## CHAPTER VII—THE FOUNDATIONS OF METHODISM 1739.

THE new year was ushered in by a very extraordinary service held on the evening of New Year's Day, 1739. Messrs. Hall, Kinchin, Ingham, Whitefield, Hutchins, and the two brothers Wesley were present at a love-feast<sup>1</sup> at Fetter Lane with about sixty others, the number of the Fetter Lane Society at that time. "About three o'clock in the morning," Wesley says, "as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of his Majesty, we broke out with one voice, 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'" Whitefield, writing of this day, says that he received the Holy Sacrament, preached twice and expounded twice, and found this to be the happiest New Year's Day that he ever saw; and afterwards adds that he spent the whole night in close prayer, psalms and thanksgivings with the Fetter Lane Society.<sup>2</sup>

In this Watch-night service began a year of supreme importance in the history of the great spiritual revival in these islands, as the incidents to be recorded will show. Wesley continued the same round of earnest labour that he had pursued since his return to England. He visited Oxford, Dummer and Reading; and in London found full employment amongst the many Societies, where he was continually urged to expound. He was excluded, however, from all the churches, except Basingshaw, Islington, St. Giles's, and St. Katherine's; so that in the earlier part of the year, previous to his going to Bristol, he did not preach more than half-a-dozen sermons in the churches.

The character of Wesley's work at this time may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by him to Whitefield:

<sup>1</sup> A service instituted by the Moravians in imitation of the Agapae, or love-feasts, of the Early Church; a simple meal taken in common, in token of brotherly love.

<sup>2</sup> Whitefield's *Journals*.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Our Lord's hand is not shortened amongst us. Yesterday I preached at St. Katherine's, and at Islington, where the church was almost as hot as some of the Society Rooms used to be. I think I never was so much strengthened before. The Fields, after service, were white with people praising God. About three hundred were present at Mr. S——'s; thence I went to Mr. Bray's, then to Fetter Lane, and at nine to Mr. B——'s; where also we only wanted room. To-day I expound in the Minories at four, at Mr. W——'s at six, and to a large company of poor sinners in Gravel Lane (Bishopsgate) at eight. The Society at Mr. Crouch's does not meet till eight, so that I expound before I go to him near St. James's Square, where one young woman has been lately filled with the Holy Ghost, and overflows with joy and love. On Wednesday at six, we have a noble company of women, not adorned with gold or costly apparel, but with a meek and quiet spirit, and good works. At the Savoy on Thursday evening we have usually two or three hundred, most of them, at least, thoroughly awakened. Mr. A——'s parlour is more than filled on Friday, as is Mr. P——'s room twice over; where, I think, I have commonly had more power given me than at any other place. A week or two ago, a note was given me there, as near as I can remember, in these words, 'Your prayers are desired for a sick child that is lunatic, and sore vexed day and night, that our Lord would heal him, as He did those in the days of His flesh; and that He would give his parents faith and patience till his time is come.'

"On Saturday se'n-night a middle-aged, well-dressed woman at Beech Lane (where I expound usually to five or six hundred before I go to Mr. E——'s Society) was seized, as it appeared to several about her, with little less than the agonies of death. Prayer was made for her, and after five days of diligent seeking she was filled with love and joy, which she openly declared at the next meeting, so that thanksgivings also were given to God by many on her account. It is to be observed, her friends have accounted her mad for these three years; and accordingly bled, blistered her, and what not. Come and let us praise the Lord, and magnify His name together."<sup>1</sup>

## A MOMENTOUS JOURNEY

A month afterwards Wesley was led to take a journey whose issues were momentous in the extreme in the history of the great religious awakening. On March 22nd, Whitefield wrote to Wesley entreating him in the most pressing manner to come to Bristol without delay. From this Wesley shrank, chiefly under the influence of the

<sup>1</sup> See *Continuation of Whitefield's Journal*, pp. 42, 43, 2nd ed.

## John Wesley, Evangelist

Scriptures<sup>1</sup> which, according to his method of consulting them in emergencies, presented themselves to him. The journey was proposed to the Society at Fetter Lane. Charles opposed, till, appealing in the same fashion to the Word, he received the message, as spoken to himself, "Son of man, behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke; yet shalt thou not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down."

### DECIDING BY LOT

The question was referred to the Society, but, being unable to come to one mind, it was agreed to decide it by lot; by which it was determined he should go. Several afterwards desiring they might "open the Bible" concerning the issue of this, they did so on the following passages, "which," says Wesley, "I shall set down without any reflection upon them—'2 Sam. iii. 1: Now there was long war between the house of Saul and the house of David: but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker. '2 Sam. iv. 11: When wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed: shall I not now require his blood at your hands, and take you away from the earth?' '2 Chron. xxviii. 27: And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem.'"

It is not easy to see what instruction could be gained from this haphazard appeal to the Sacred Word; or what impression such passages as the above could make on the minds of the inquirers, other than a sad and gloomy one. Their

relevance is not in any way indicated in the subsequent history.<sup>1</sup>

### PREACHING IN THE FIELDS

Wesley left London on Thursday, March 29, expounded to a small company in the evening at Basingstoke, and reached Bristol on Saturday evening. Whitefield writes:—"Sat., Mar. 31.—I was much refreshed with the sight of my honoured friend, Mr. John Wesley, whom I had desired to come hither, and whom I had now the pleasure of introducing to my friends; he having never before been at Bristol." (Whitefield's *Journal*, Mar. 31, 1739.) On Sunday Whitefield preached in the open air, and Wesley remarks, "I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields,



SUSANNAH WESLEY

The wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the mother of nineteen children, of whom John and Charles Wesley became famous. Her motherly discipline would be accounted rather harsh in these days.

more the character of a game of chance than of a reverent trembling at the divine Word. It is right to say that Wesley afterwards abandoned it. Small cards, on one side of which a passage of Scripture was written or printed, and on the other side a verse of a hymn, were much used at one time amongst the Methodists and other religious bodies, as furnishing topics for religious conversation in their social gatherings. They came to be used by some persons in the way described above, which led to their emphatic denunciation.—See *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, vol. i. pp. 15-25.

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxii. 49; xxxiv. 8; Acts ix. 16; xiii. 2.

## John Wesley, Evangelist

having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church."

In the evening, however, he began to expound our Lord's Sermon on the Mount to a little Society that met once or twice a week in Nicholas Street. He thought his subject was a "pretty remarkable precedent of *field preaching*." And on the following day, Monday, April 2, at four in the afternoon, he "submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation to about three thousand people."<sup>1</sup> During his missionary labours in Georgia in 1735 he had already held services and preached in the open air, but the circumstances were peculiar.<sup>2</sup>

### THE OPENING OF A NEW ERA

This must be regarded as the supremely momentous step in his evangelistic career, and in the progress of that spiritual revival which was destined to change the entire moral and religious aspect of these islands, to alter the condition of Church life, and to inaugurate an era of religious enthusiasm, of benevolence and of Christian activity, which found its highest exemplification in the re-awakened vitality of the churches of this land, in the establishment and spread of churches in the newly rising trans-Atlantic world, and in that outburst of zeal for Foreign Missions which distinguished the last century.

This opening of the new way was not only followed by an immediate and wide-spread activity in the preaching of the Gospel, but also by very extraordinary phenomena in the conduct of many of those who heard.

In the evening after the open-air service just referred to, Wesley began expounding the Acts of the Apostles to a Society meeting in Baldwin Street; and the next day the Gospel of St. John in the Chapel at Newgate, where he also daily read the morning service of the Church; the day following at Baptist Mills he "offered the grace of God to about fifteen hundred persons." In the evening of which day three women agreed to meet together weekly to confess

<sup>1</sup> See two interesting papers on the Brickfields, near St. Philip's Plain, where this memorable sermon was preached, by Rev. H. J. Foster, in *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, vol. ii. pp. 3-8; and especially iii. 25-41.

<sup>2</sup> See *Works*, x., 447.

their faults one to another, and to pray for one another, that they might be healed: and four young men also agreed to meet for the same purpose. It is interesting to notice how closely this quite independent Society was modelled on the Böhler rules, even to the beginning and meeting on a Wednesday. This proved to be the germ of an institution which was afterwards to become of so great value in the conservation and extension of the spiritual life amongst the Methodists—the class-meeting. He inquires, "How dare any man deny this to be, as to the substance of it, a means of grace, ordained by God? Unless he will affirm with Luther in the fury of his solifidianism, that St. James's epistle is an epistle of straw?"

In the next three days he began to expound the Scriptures in three other Societies. On the following Sunday, he preached at seven o'clock to about a thousand people at Bristol, afterwards to about fifteen hundred on the top of Hanham Mount in Kingswood, and to about five thousand more in the afternoon at Rose Green. Being desired to go to Bath, he preached there on the Tuesday to about a thousand souls, and the next morning to twice the number; and to an equally large crowd at Baptist Mills in the afternoon. On the following Saturday (April 14) he preached at the Lawford's-Gate poor-house, three or four hundred being within, and more than twice that number without. On Sunday morning, at seven, he proclaimed the truth to five or six thousand persons; afterwards to three thousand at Hanham Mount; to a crowded congregation at Newgate, after dinner; between five and six to about five thousand at Rose Green; and concluded the day with an address to one of the Societies.

### "OUT OF THE BELLY OF HELL"

On the following Tuesday, at a little Society, the weight of the people caused the floor to give way; but soon all were quietly attending to the things that were spoken: later he expounded at another Society. It was now that the strange phenomena began to appear that for a time characterised the services. Wesley writes the following account:—

"We then called upon God to confirm His word. Immediately one that stood by, to our no small surprise, cried out aloud with the utmost vehemence, even as in the agonies of death. But we continued in prayer, till a new song was put in her mouth, a-

## John Wesley, Evangelist

thanksgiving unto our God. Soon after, two other persons were seized with strong pain, and constrained to roar for the disquietude of their heart. But it was not long before they likewise burst forth into praise to God their Saviour. Another called upon God as out of the belly of hell; and in a short space he also was overwhelmed with joy and love, knowing that God had healed his backslidings. So many living witnesses hath God given, that His hand is still stretched out to heal, and that signs and wonders are even now wrought by His holy Child Jesus."

Further instances occurred on the following days. In one case, "a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over, and in a few minutes, the sorrows of his heart being enlarged, sank to the ground. But we ceased not calling upon God, until He raised him up full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." On Easter Day, it being a thorough rain, he could only preach at Newgate at eight in the morning and two in the afternoon; at a house near Hanham Mount at eleven, and in one near Rose Green at five; concluding the day at a Society in the evening, when "many were cut to the heart, and many comforted."

On the next day he went, after repeated invitations, to Pensford, about five miles from Bristol, and asked of the minister leave to preach in the church; but after waiting some time, and no reply being given, he preached "in an open place; and in the afternoon, in a convenient place near Bristol, to above 3000." Again on Tuesday at Bath to about 1000; at four in the afternoon to the poor colliers at Two Mile Hill in Kingswood; and in the evening at Baldwin Street, when "a young man, after a sharp, though short, agony, both of body and mind, found his soul filled with peace, knowing in whom he had believed." Later in the week, while preaching at Newgate, he "was insensibly led," he tells us, "without any previous design, to declare strongly and explicitly that *God willeth all men to be thus saved*; and to pray that, if this were not the truth of God, He would not suffer the blind to go out of the way; but, if it were, He would bear witness to His Word.

### HEAVINESS TURNED INTO JOY

"Immediately one, and another, and another, sunk to the earth: they dropped on every side as thunderstruck. One of them cried aloud. We besought God in her behalf, and He turned her heaviness into joy. A second being in the same agony, we called upon God for her also;

and He spoke peace unto her soul." "In the evening," he says, "I was again pressed in the spirit to declare that Christ gave Himself a ransom for all. And almost before we called upon Him to set to His seal, He answered. One was so wounded by the sword of the Spirit that you would have imagined she could not live a moment. But immediately His abundant kindness was showed, and she loudly sang of His righteousness. The next day all Newgate rang with the cries of those whom the Word of God cut to the heart, two of whom were in a moment filled with joy."

On the following Sunday he first declared the *free Grace* of God to about 4000 people in Bristol; then at Clifton, at the desire of the minister [Rev. John Hodges], who was ill; thence he returned to a little plain near Hanham Mount, where about 3000 were present. At Clifton, in the afternoon, the church was quite full at prayers and sermon; and the churchyard at a burial which followed. At Rose Green, afterwards, it was computed that near 7000 were gathered; thence he repaired to Gloucester Lane Society, and afterwards to the first love-feast in Baldwin Street. He might well exclaim, "O how has God renewed my strength! who used ten years ago to be so faint and weary with preaching twice in one day."

### THE FINGER OF GOD

It would not have excited surprise if these extraordinarily zealous labours had speedily abated; but, although the number of services actually conducted by him may not have been generally quite so numerous (for he often attended the ordinary Church service morning and evening, wherever he might be, preaching in the open air and to the Societies out of church hours), yet in other respects these are but samples of his efforts, continued with unwearied devotion, to the extremest limit of his physical strength, even to the end of his days.

It is not to be wondered at that many persons were offended at the strange physical phenomena which they witnessed. Amongst them was a physician, who was much afraid there might be fraud or imposture in the case. "To-day," Wesley says, "one whom he [the physician] had known many years was the first while I was preaching in Newgate who broke out into strong cries and tears. He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears. He went

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and stood close to her, and observed every symptom, until great drops of sweat ran down her face, and all her bones shook. He then knew not what to think, being clearly convinced it was not fraud, nor yet any natural disorder. But when both her soul and body were healed in a moment, he acknowledged the finger of God." This was probably Dr. Middleton, a very early friend of the Wesleys in Bristol, whose death Charles Wesley mourned in an elegy of twenty-one verses, the reading of which moved the loving soul of Fletcher to tears.<sup>1</sup> It was probably for him also that "The Physician's Hymn" was written.<sup>2</sup>

### THE DAWN OF A GREAT LIGHT

On Tuesday, May 1, he writes: "Many were offended again, and indeed much more than before. For at Baldwin Street my voice could scarce be heard, amidst the groanings of some and the cries of others, calling aloud to Him that is mighty to save. I desired all that were sincere of heart to beseech with me the Prince exalted for us, that He would proclaim deliverance to the captives. And He soon showed that He heard our voice. Many of those who had been long in darkness saw the dawn of a great light, and ten persons, I afterwards found, then began to say in faith, 'My Lord and my God.' A Quaker, who stood by, was not a little displeased 'at the dissimulation of those creatures,' and was biting his lips and knitting his brows, when he dropped down as thunderstruck. The agony he was in was even terrible to behold. We besought God not to lay folly to his charge. And he soon lifted up his head and cried aloud, 'Now I know thou art a prophet of the Lord.'"

At Newgate, while they were at prayer, another mourner was comforted; also another, who had been thrown into perplexity by an opposer. As they rose from giving thanks for this one, another "reeled four or five steps, and then dropped down." They prayed with her, and left her "strongly convinced of sin and earnestly groaning for deliverance." One, who was zealous for the Church and opposed to all Dissent, being informed that people "fell into strange fits at the Societies," came to see for himself, and laboured to convince his acquaintance "it was a delusion of the devil." But while

<sup>1</sup> See *The Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley*, vi., 300.

<sup>2</sup> See *Life of Charles Wesley*, i., 233.

reading the sermon on Salvation by Faith, "he changed colour, fell off his chair, and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground, his breast heaving at the same time as in the pangs of death, and great drops of sweat trickling down his face." Wesley says, "We all betook ourselves to prayer. His pangs ceased, and both his body and soul were set at liberty."

Let Wesley give his own judgment upon these singular occurrences. He writes:—

"During this whole time I was almost continually asked, *How can these things be?* To one who had many times wrote to me on this head, the sum of my answer was as follows: The question between us turns on matter of fact. You deny that God does now work these effects; at least that He works them in this manner. I affirm both, because I have heard these things with my own ears, and seen them with my eyes. I have seen, as far as a thing of this kind can be seen, very many persons changed, in a moment, from the spirit of fear, horror, despair, to the spirit of love, joy and peace; and from sinful desire, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact whereof I have been, and almost daily am, an eye or ear witness. What I have to say touching visions or dreams is this: I know several persons in whom this great change was wrought in a dream, or during a strong representation to the eye of their mind, of Christ either on the cross or in glory. This is the fact; let any judge of it as they please. And that such a change was then wrought appears, not from their shedding tears only, or falling into fits, or crying out: These are not the fruits, as you seem to suppose, whereby I judge, but from the whole tenor of their life, *till then* many ways wicked, *from that time* holy, just and good. I will show you him that was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard, and is now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who now abhors the very garment spotted by the flesh. These are my living arguments for what I assert, viz. That God does now, as aforetime, give remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, even to us and to our children: yes, and that always suddenly, as far as I have known, and often in dreams or in the visions of God. If it be not so, I am found a false witness before God. For these things I do, and by His grace will, testify."

### WESLEY'S OWN EXPLANATION

Of the strange physical conditions he says:—

"Perhaps it might be because of the hardness of our hearts, unready to receive anything, unless we see it with our eyes and hear it with our ears, that God, in tender condescension to our weakness, suffered so many outward signs, at the very time when He wrought this inward change, to be continually seen and heard among us. But, although they saw signs and wonders (for so I must term them), yet many would not believe. They could not indeed deny the facts, but they could explain

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JOHN WESLEY ADDRESSING THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS "HOLY CLUB" AT OXFORD. IT WAS TO THESE DEVOUT YOUNG MEN THAT THE WORD "METHODIST" WAS FIRST APPLIED—AS A SCORNFUL NICKNAME



Charles Wealey

James Hervey  
Author of *Meditations among the Tombs*

George Whitefield  
John Wesley

Various opinions were then, and have ever since been entertained, not as to Wesley's *bona fides* in his accounts of these singular phenomena—this has never been questioned—nor as to the reality of their occurrence, nor as to the changes wrought in the character and lives of many of the victims of these strange experiences. But opinions have differed as to their exact

them away. Some said, 'These were purely natural effects; the people fainted away only because of the heat and closeness of the rooms.' And others were sure 'It was all a cheat; they might help it if they would. Else, why were these things only in their private societies? Why were they not done in the face of the sun?' To-day (Monday, May 21, 1739) our Lord answered for Himself; for while I was enforcing these words, *Be still, and know that I am God*, He began to make bare His arm, not in a close room, neither in private, but in the

nature and chief cause. Southey assails them with severity. He is answered by Watson, and by the editor of one edition of his own work. Charles Wesley was annoyed by them, though they occurred sometimes under his own preaching; and he even strove to prevent them, giving instructions at one service that if any were so affected they were to be carried out of

open air, and before more than 2000 witnesses. One and another and another was struck to the earth, exceedingly trembling at the presence of His power. Others cried with a loud and bitter cry, 'What must we do to be saved?' And in less than an hour seven persons, wholly unknown to me till that time, were rejoicing and singing, and with all their might giving thanks to the God of their salvation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, i., 195-6.

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the building, and he reports that on that occasion the bearers were not troubled!

It is not altogether surprising that these effects should follow, even if we put aside any reference to superhuman agency. As was shown above, Wesley himself gave full recognition to the working of the ordinary laws of human nature, physical and mental. It may be reasonably asked whether there were not sufficient natural causes to account for them to a very large extent. Let it be remembered that there had been a general religious apathy, and even a deep and abounding sinfulness in almost all parts of the land; and that Wesley's preaching was of a peculiarly effective character. If he lacked Whitefield's dramatic picturesqueness, his style was singularly clear, vivid and incisive. None could misunderstand him.

### A FAITHFUL PREACHER

Wesley denounced sin in terms entirely free from equivocation. He appealed with penetrating closeness to the consciences of his hearers, in a large proportion of whom there was the inevitable response of self-condemnation; so that under his preaching men and women were deeply convinced of personal sinfulness. Nor did he hide the terrible consequences of wrong-doing, which to him were a dreadful certainty. If he did not portray a hell of torments, he proclaimed one. There was no hiding of this awful subject in a maze of indefinite language, but an unhesitating affirmation of it in calm, clear, measured, scriptural terms. For the self-convicted ones there was no hope of exemption. The punishments of sin stood out before them clearly revealed. They could look for nothing but "judgment, and a fiery indignation which should devour the adversaries." In a guilty, self-condemning conscience the fear of an inevitable retribution could not but produce overwhelming dread and terror.

But another class of emotions was called into play. With equal clearness, with equally assured confidence, and with an appealing tenderness he preached to the terror-stricken the Divine love for mankind,

and the sufficiency of a Divinely provided atonement for all. Men could not hear Wesley preach, and yet doubt that God loved them and desired their salvation; or that He had opened a way to Himself for all. In pitying tones he cried—

Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou,  
All things in Christ are ready now.

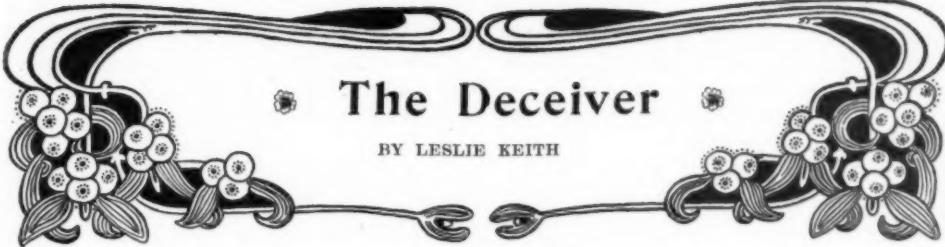
### DIVINE OR DIABOLIC?

By the vilest and worst, who were in the throes of the keenest anguish, the same message was heard. Amid such revulsions of feeling even a strong self-control could hardly preserve a mental equilibrium. Joyous hope succeeding to overwhelming fear; the first throbings of a faith that with any degree of assurance looked to the possibility of a certain salvation—all this was sufficient to disturb the balance of otherwise calm and self-controlled people.

It cannot be questioned that some instances of these phenomena partook of the nature of hysteria, or hypochondriasis, conditions of physical prostration and mental exaltation, with lack of both mental and physical control, produced by severe and often prolonged nervous tension, or by strong, emotional excitement. To this cause may be attributed the uncontrollable laughter, which Wesley afterwards records, and of which both himself and his brother Charles on one earlier occasion at least had become unwilling victims. These conditions are of a most contagious character; the very act of one person being a suggestion to another. That they were not produced directly by supernatural agency is quite as clear. Wesley thought that they might arise either from divine or from diabolical causes; as signs from the one source, or as hindrances, designed to throw discredit upon the whole work, from the other. His brother Samuel ascribed them wholly to the devil. But it may certainly be said that if such mental and physical disturbances are not sufficient wholly to account for these phenomena, they certainly afford suitable conditions for their occurrence.

(To be continued.)





# The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

THE central character of this charming story is Maisie Kingdon, a woman of impressive beauty, but rather cold demeanour. She was the second wife of Harry Kingdon who had died on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, Mexico. His first wife, Maimie Moore, had run away from home to marry him, much to the anger of her mother, Mrs. Moore, and had died abroad, leaving one child, a sweet, beautiful girl, unfortunately born blind. Mrs. Moore is now dead also, and by her will has directed that her fortune, £150,000, shall go to her daughter Maimie. If, however, Maimie is dead, or cannot be found, the money is to pass to Peggy Brandon, Mrs. Moore's niece, a tall, handsome, noble-hearted girl. At the time of Mrs. Moore's death, no news had reached the home country concerning the fate of her daughter, and nothing whatever is known about Harry Kingdon's second marriage.

An advertisement is inserted in the newspapers relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, and the immense fortune to which she has become entitled. Maisie Kingdon, who is now living in New Orleans, in circumstances of distress, resolves to personate her dead husband's first wife, and claim the money. Captain Larry Fogo, the skipper of the *Aaaa*, and an old friend of Harry Kingdon, pays for her passage, and so with her little blind step-daughter, whom she loves devotedly, she proceeds to England. She justifies her conduct to herself by saying that it is in the interest of little Maisie, who should be the rightful heir, that she is acting. Further, she proposes to hand over a considerable portion of the fortune to Peggy Brandon, to reserve the bulk of it for the little girl, and only to employ on herself what is absolutely necessary for her comfort.

Mrs. Kingdon is very kindly received, on her arrival in England, by Miss Brandon and her mother. The family solicitor, Mr. Sim, is at first rather sharp and suspicious in his manner towards her, but by the production of various papers she convinces him that she is the rightful heir.

Among the people with whom she is thrown into contact is Verney Drake, a fine young fellow who lodges with Mrs. Brandon, and is trying to earn a living by literature. He has just sacrificed his inheritance of £40,000 in order that his worthless brother Oliver, who is a banker, and has been guilty of embezzling trust funds, may not be brought to shame and ruin. No one but Oliver and Verney knows anything of this act of splendid renunciation on the part of the latter. Verney and Mrs. Kingdon regard each other with a friendly spirit.

We are also introduced to George Harrison, a famous war correspondent, a clever but rather cynical man, a cousin of Mrs. Oliver Drake. He has been in New Orleans, and for some reason or other entertains feelings of suspicion towards Mrs. Kingdon, and they conceive a mutual aversion. Harrison by stratagem finds out the address of Captain Fogo, with a view of purusing inquiries about her. Harrison is a devoted admirer of Peggy Brandon, and has resolved to win her for his wife. Peggy, however, does not exhibit any fondness for him, and it almost seems more likely that Verney and she will become lovers.

## CHAPTER XIX

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN DEVICES

O LIVER DRAKE was a miserable man on the day his wife and child went to London.

He saw them off at the station—an unusual attention which touched and pleased Grania, and sent her forth happy at heart—but when the train steamed away he would have given much to recall it and bid her stay at home. Was he so devoted that the separation for a single night seemed an intolerable pain? Or was it rather that there lay at the bottom of his mind a dread of what might befall in her absence, of an evil that her presence might avert?

Yet in the next moment his mood swung round. He rated himself for a fool, a coward to stand in fear of the opportunity fate so cunningly offered him.

"It was her wish to go," he argued as he walked back to the Bank; "it was no suggestion of mine—no thought of her leaving home again so soon entered my mind. If I use the chance she has given me, can she blame me? Will she not have contributed to the catastrophe by going on her own selfish pleasure, when by staying beside me,

as a dutiful wife who puts her husband's comfort first, she would have made this project impossible?"

The human mind is capable of any sort of argument when it wishes to justify its own conclusions, but it is not always capable of taking comfort from its reflections. Oliver Drake was too weak-kneed a sinner to talk himself into a comfortable boldness; had he been a worse man he would not have argued at all.

He shut himself into his spacious private room at the Bank, but its affairs had no place in his thoughts. The losses he had hinted at to Grania as the groundwork of her message to Verney were not serious, they were the mere fluctuations from which every business suffers, they were already on the way to be made good. The credit of the Bank stood unblemished, and Oliver, very far from an honourable man in other ways, had a curious pride in keeping it so.

It was the pressure of his own private worries that made him moody and irritable at home, and that set him, in hours that should have been devoted to the business of his clients, revolving many possible and impossible schemes of relief.

## The Deceiver

Verney's timely generosity had saved him from open dishonour and disgrace, but in making his confession he had not told the whole—and he was still in debt, still embarrassed with past borrowings and the necessity to find funds when interest fell due. To keep up appearances, and to turn towards his wife a face which should lull any possible suspicion on her part, created a burden that was growing intolerable.

One day he read in the local paper a highly-coloured account of a fire which had totally destroyed an old manor house on the other side of the county. He knew the owner of the place, a man who hated his inheritance and the binding obligations it entailed: a man who had often openly bemoaned the conditions that compelled him to cling to it on a yearly diminishing income. And now, at one stroke, by some trivial carelessness on a servant's part, he was set free; the dark old house with its musty furniture, its blackened family portraits, for which he had no veneration, was reduced to a smoking heap of embers, while his empty pockets were handsomely lined with insurance money.

If the Leas would but burn!

A mere passing thought to begin with, an idle exclamation, it dwelt in his mind. Business at first banished it in the day, but in the night when his own worries trooped out to front him it came with them, subtly suggesting relief. If accident would but befriend him as it had befriended Sir James Thorpe! So little a thing would do it; the careless striking of a match, a flash of lightning—Heaven's own fire—a hearth left unprotected; so little a thing, and yet the open gate for him to a new care-free world.

The Leas was heavily insured, too heavily, as he had often thought, but his grandfather's pride in it had made the place precious in his father's eyes, and the large premium had become a kind of family tradition to be paid cheerfully for the honour of the thing.

To either of his predecessors the destruction of the home they had built and adorned would have seemed a crushing calamity. Oliver could remember a day when he, too, would have thought all lost in losing his home, but debt is the death of sentiment. The home which in his turn he had helped to beautify represented nothing but a sum of money locked up safely by the terms of his grandfather's

will from the clutch of his greedy fingers. He could not sell that which was his only as a trust to pass on to his son, so he began to hate it.

From the hate of it sprang the fierce desire to be rid of it. The thought became almost an obsession. Late one summer's evening, when Grania was busy among her roses, he stole round it, examining its defences, spying out its weak places. The west wing occupied by his wife and himself, and having the boy's nurseries overhead, was the oldest part of the house. It was all that remained of the original fabric his grandfather had bought. His mother, a simple woman, had preferred the old-fashioned, low-ceiled rooms to the statelier chambers spreading out from the other side of the large new hall, and when Grania came to be mistress of the Leas they had been her choice too. It pleased her that Boy should first have seen the light in the room where his father was born, that he should play in the nursery where Oliver and Verney had played before him. This part of the house represented home to her, the rest of the mansion was devoted to the now too rare use of visitors, and was regarded by her something in the light of a hotel.

The different floors in the west wing were connected by a separate staircase of oak, old even when it was fashioned into the broad shallow steps, and carved as banisters; the flooring, of oak too, was worm-eaten and black with time; should chance set it alight nothing could save it. The furniture would but contribute to the blaze, for it was ancient too, and had seen generations come and go.

Oliver had the air of a thief as he went stealthily exploring, and it was with the start of a thief who is caught that he saw a light suddenly blaze like a red star from an upper window. It was only a tired housemaid going early to bed, but an uneasy conscience saw in it the answer to his secret desire.

Then Grania called him to come and admire a new rose, born that day of heat and light—Grania, his tranquil, happy wife, in her white dress cutting roses to sweeten the house, which, in spite of his black desire, still stood untouched by tragedy under the faintly visible stars.

"Where is Verney?" he asked, as he went to her.

"In bed an hour ago, and fast asleep, I

## The Deceiver

hope. Didn't he say good-night to you, dear? I sent him to find you."

He did not answer. His knees trembled. Up yonder where the red star had flashed, his only child was sleeping, unguessing the blackness in his father's heart.

"Look, dearest," Grania said, "it's a Maman Cochet, the first to come out. You can't see the lovely coppery colour in this light, but put your head down and draw a breath of its scent. Isn't it delicious? I'll save this bud for your coat to-morrow."

She had still spells to exorcise his ugly

chance that may never come again, a chance to rid yourself once for all of your fettering debts, and by a way that is absolutely safe. For who, in all the world, would suspect you of destroying an inheritance of which you have often boasted to your townsmen as a sacred trust, to be handed down, enlarged and improved, to your son?"

His mind thus tormented, could keep no grasp of business; continuity of thought, except on one subject, was impossible. A confidential clerk, noticing his air of pre-



THE HORSES FLEW, THE CARRIAGE ROCKED, AND OLIVER DRAKE STEADIED HIMSELF BY CLINGING WITH HIS HAND TO THE DOOR

demon. Why did she go away and leave him defenceless?

That was what he asked himself constantly, continuously, on the day when she was speeding to the Zoo, as full of happy anticipation as Boy himself. For it was borne in on him that that afternoon, when he went back to the empty house, untenanted by wife or child, that desire would become deed. It was as if some power outside himself were working for that evil thing, urging him, forcing him forward.

"Here is your opportunity," it said; "to-night danger can touch none whom you love. To-night you are offered a

occupation, his anxious, harassed look, ventured to ask if he were ill.

He answered roughly, that he was quite well, but panic seized him. Was his purpose written on his face? He broke into a cold sweat as he thought that his imaginings might be so plainly visible there that all men could see them.

At three o'clock he was told that his carriage awaited him. His exits and his entrances had still power to stir a little flutter of interest in the dull town where, except upon a market day, so little happened. Careful housekeepers in the dwellings above the shops set their clocks to the

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sound of his wheels, for a rigid punctuality was one of his petty virtues; idle tradesmen came to their doors expectant of his nod. But this day was Thursday, as he thankfully remembered, and the streets would be shuttered and silent. It was his regular practice to go home early on the half-holiday, so that no comment could be raised on that point in any after discussion of the tragedy. For some years after their marriage Grania and he had devoted the day to some little special pleasure, some excursion by road or rail, but all that had long ceased. He was going home now to do that which must be done alone, he was passing down into deeps where his sweet wife could never follow him. And yet again he blamed her desertion, and yet again was thankful for it.

About a mile outside Monnowbridge the road rises steeply; when the top of the long ascent is reached you look down on a widening valley, the river crossing it in sinuous, silver bends, and in the middle of the valley, the small village behind it, stands the Leas. The man took his horses at a walk up the hill, his hand upon the drag, ready for the downward plunge, his eye carelessly scanning the familiar landscape in front of him, when suddenly he gave a start, and pulled the pair up on their haunches on the very summit of the slope.

"What is it? Why the—— What makes you stop?" cried his master, now in a fever to be home, to be at last face to face with opportunity.

The young groom's eyes stared dazedly. Down yonder where the grey pleasant home lay circled with woods there was a curious haze shot with red that fitfully dulled and grew brighter and dulled again.

"There's a light, sir," he began, feeling for an explanation in his slow country way.

"A light? Have you never seen the sunset, fool?"

Sunset, on a June day at three o'clock! Was the master mad?

"Please, sir," he turned a scared face towards the open carriage behind him, "there do be summat queerish down to home. It do look most like a fire."

"Fire!" gasped Oliver, with an indrawn breath, and a face still paler than before. The man's voice was the voice of an accusing conscience crying aloud.

"Nonsense," he said, recovering a grasp of his nerves. "Get home at once."

But the man did not stir. His fascinated

eyes were fixed on the valley where the glow was now increasing in brightness.

"Down home, sir, it do be for certain sure," he repeated. "Better turn the horses and go back to Monnowbridge an' warn the brigade," he advised, dread overcoming his habitual awe of the master. "They haven't sent for the h'engines yet, sir, we haven't passed no one from the 'ouse on the road. Bess and Billy would do it quicker if I lay the whip on them, an' the first to get there."

"Home!" thundered Oliver. "How dare you disobey me? If there is anything amiss my place is at the Leas."

But how could anything be amiss? He told himself he must be mad—mad to dream that the man possessed some secret knowledge of his plan, and was bent on mocking him. He was a country fool, and foolish even at that. He mistook some effect of sunlight for fire. But it was strange that he should choose that word—strange that he should persist.

His nerves were all a-quiver. He had not risen in the carriage, and as the horses picked their way down the slope he pressed his hands before his eyes in dread that his own much dwelling on the imagined scene should visualise it for him, and he, too, should see flames where there was only the rose of sun-shafts.

The level reached, the groom waited for no orders. The horses flew, urged to frantic speed in part by some subtly communicated fear, in part by an unsparing use of the whip.

The carriage rocked, and Oliver clung with a hand upon the door; he was beginning to understand; he still fought with the thing as a fancy of his disturbed brain, but he was beginning to believe that the impossible had really happened. Appeal was made to all his senses. The house was hidden by the thick fringe of trees in full June foliage, but an acrid smell filled the sweet summer day; stifling smoke-clouds enveloped the carriage as it neared the white gate, and across their murky folds there suddenly shot a shaft of crimson light.

Oliver gave a strange cry, the cry of a man in sudden awe and great fear. It was true, then, it was true. The thing that he had prayed for, that he had plotted and planned for, had come about, and by no agency of his own. God had defeated his purpose, that he might be hurled to the

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dust in shame and contrition. In leaping lines of light his guilty intention was written before him, yet he knew even then that it would remain unfulfilled. A careless hand had done the work in innocence, but never that he might profit by it. For it would be his punishment to stand aside, doing nothing, and see his home saved.

With an effort that nearly wrenched his arms from the sockets the groom succeeded in pulling the terrified horses up at the gate. He was shaking like a leaf as he jerked out, "It's no use going further. I couldn't get them past the house, sir, not to the stables."

Oliver got out of the rocking carriage as one in a dream. He was dazed, stunned into calmness. He got hold of the reins and tried by voice and touch to soothe the frightened brutes.

"Go round by the back lane," he said, "you can get quite safely to the farm. But don't unharness. If they haven't been able to telephone to the town you must go back as fast as you can and call the firemen. I'll send you a message."

He watched the man out of sight, and then he opened the gate. Yonder, at the end of the long double row of pines was the house he had doomed, which others were to save. He scarcely knew how his feet took him over the familiar way, it seemed as if he went by no volition of his own.

"Fire," he kept repeating, "fire!" All day he had been playing with the ugly word, staggering back from it, approaching it again, clinging to it; and to his wearied brain, his exhausted mind, it was but a word still.

### CHAPTER XX

#### A SOUL AWAKENED

IT was remembered afterwards, in the much discussion of the great event, that the master who had the greatest stake in the business was the calmest person at the scene of the fire, unless it was the Scotch gardener, who had taken command of the frightened household, and with characteristic good sense had kept a cool head upon his shoulders.

This worthy had thought of everything. He had been busy on the front lawn planning a bed which he and his mistress designed should blaze in autumn with chrysanthemums, when the first shriek of

a woman's voice made him glance up at the nursery window.

"Thae lassies," he muttered with contempt. "Aye skirling an' scartin' like wull-cats." But at a second and a third shriek, accompanied by a little puff of grey smoke stealing from an upper window, he flung down his spade and walked into the hall. The servants, drawn by the screams, were rushing into it from all parts of the house; the cook, brandishing a wooden spoon, her already ruddy countenance scarlet with excitement, a little under-servant clinging to her skirt, frightened to tears. Housemaid, parlourmaid, boy, all were there, demanding to know who was being murdered, and to them, flying down the shallow staircase, her cap-streamers agitated by the haste of her descent, her face white as they, came little Verney's nursemaid, she whose shriek had summoned all the rest.

"Master Verney's nursery's alright!" she gasped, "and we'll all be done to our deaths."

Instantly there arose a clamour of question, exclamation, wailing, at which the Scotchman twisted a sour, contemptuous mouth.

"Out by wi' ye, eediots," he said, pointing to the open door, "and a good riddance. Save your skins and hold your gab." The boy he took by the loutish shoulders and almost hurled him after the panic-struck women.

"Go, give a cry to the stable lads," he said, "and see that ye dinna let the grass grow under your muckle feet."

Then he tramped with ponderous haste up-stairs, was met by the descending smoke, struggled through it, entered the nursery, tore down a pair of blazing curtains, flinging the contents of the water jug over them, and tried to tread out the sparks; but the flames had already caught the woodwork, and he saw that the task was beyond his single strength. Hurrying down again, muttering "This is a job for the brigade," he burst into the library and hurled himself upon the telephone.

"Are ye there?" he shouted in his stentorian tones, and could have danced with rage at the delay to reply. When he was finally put into communication with the brigade the farm hands and stablemen had mustered in the hall. Them he instantly organised into a rescue party, galvanising them into obedience by sheer

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force of will-power, and they saved more than half the contents of Grania's room before the smoke drove them back. Now and again a light article would be flung from the window, scattering the crowd that had gathered, as crowds will gather from seemingly nowhere, and were treading to death Grania's gay beds and borders. By the time Oliver arrived the intrepid Mackie had arranged his men with other volunteers in a line which began at the well in the courtyard, and ended as near the scene of the outbreak as the prudent commander thought it safe to go, and buckets full and empty were passed from hand to hand. It was a task as great as to empty a stream with a teacup, but the astute Mackie well knew the value of work to keep down panic.

"There's the master," some one on the outer fringe whispered, seeing the red light play on Oliver's white waistcoat and pick out the gold of his watch-chain. The word spread; the man next Mackie passed it to him.

"Mr. Drake will be wanting to see you, Mackie."

"'Deed then and he maun want, his hoose is ma concern the noo, he's safe enough himsel'; time enough tae haver when the lowe's oot." He wiped a perspiring brow with the back of his hand, and thundered forth a word that stiffened all the aching spines as far as he could see. Where his line of vision ceased a man fell out furtively, and approached Oliver.

"An awful day's work this, sir," he said, a finger to his hat. "I'm sure nobody ever thought to see the old house blaze."

"Nobody but one man," said Oliver, so quietly that his companion doubted if he had heard aright.

"You've been apprehensive, sir?" he was a corn-dealer with some small education, and spoke pedantically. "You've very naturally been apprehensive, seeing how old them timbers is, a matter of three hundred years, I should say."

"I've imagined them blazing," said Oliver with a strange smile.

He stood staring stupidly, as if at some spectacle which had neither interest nor concern for him, and something in his white face struck even the sluggish intellect of his companion as unusual.

"It's past saving," said the corn-dealer, with a kind of relish in his own pessimism;

"the place'll be gutted before the engine can get from Monnowbridge."

"It will be saved," replied Oliver in his dull monotone.

The man backed away from him a step; there was something uncanny in this curious apathy. Had the blow crazed the master? All Monnowbridge knew of his pride in the family house, yet there he stood inert, a mere spectator, his very gloves unremoved, as if he planned to lift no finger for the salvation of his home. The lurid light shining through the smoke veil, broken with sudden wicked flashes of flame, the dull roar of the fire, the confused sound of voices and tramp of feet, made up for him a mere stage effect, a drama of red and yellow. His brain, numb and cramped, could only grasp one idea. He had planned a black wickedness and this—this was his punishment.

The corn-dealer strayed towards a group of village women, all bunched together, and talking shrilly with gasps and cries of excitement as a beam fell in, and far into the summer sky shot a pillar of flame. Familiar faces were oddly distorted in that crimson light, but the corn-dealer recognised the pretty parlourmaid of the Leas, a London girl, taking shelter among her kind, and edged up to her.

"Reckon this here devouring blow have turned your master queer," he said, with a significant purse of the lips.

The girl followed his glance with eyes all blurred with tears of fright and nervousness; she served her mistress more willingly than her master, but his detached attitude struck her with pity. There was something enduring in the pose of the stout, commonplace figure, that she had the sympathy to understand.

"He ain't lifting a finger to save his paterimony, as you may say," observed the corn-dealer. "'It'll be saved,' says he, as cool as you like, most as if he enjied the spectacle. It'll be no thanks to him if a single timber's left. Insured for a pretty penny, I'll be bound."

"You ain't doing much yourself," said the pretty girl, indignation shining through her swollen lids; "you're the only man as I see among the women, Mr. Pettigrew."

"I'm the only man as knows when to stop," Pettigrew retorted with pique. "While there was hope there was no one forrader than me, or a better man at the work; but that Scotch ass may shout hisself

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hoarse, he'll never save stick or stone of th' old house. It's doomed, that's what you may call it, Miss; it's doomed."

The girl began to sob again in her nervous tension. "It's God's mercy the mistress isn't here," she said, "and Master Verney—poor lamb. They would never have saved him, up all them cruel stairs, that's my belief, and him certain sure to be playing in his nursery."

"He'll never climb *them* stairs no more," said the corn-dealer, with the air of an oracle imparting mystery.

Perhaps Oliver knew it too, knew that little feet would never more reach that attic under the stars, though his brain kept repeating the old formula. The top-floor where he had played and shouted, as but a day or two before his boy had played, was a mere shell, the roof threatening every moment to fall in, and in the rooms below, where two generations had first seen the light, those quick flickering flashes which so magnetised him were already darting from window to window, until all three narrow, old-fashioned casements shared the illumination.

Mackie, to whom the occasion offered opportunity for wide authority, was still holding his little band of volunteers together, and shouting orders in a stentorian voice that rose above the confused clamour, but he was beaten to the lowest rounds of the old oak stairs, and there his defence was of the poorest.

A whisper ran through the crowd that the water in the well was giving out; in summer the supply was often near exhaustion, and it could not now long stand the strain put upon it. The groups were still thrilling with this new development when, rising clear out of the babel, came the thud of tearing hoofs, the bounding of wheels leaping over the ground, and the cry arose—

"The engines have come!"

There was instant movement, a flattening and backing inspired by fear, before the hot onrush of the panting horses, men and women crushing all the glory out of Grania's broad border, with their desecrating feet, and stumbling over the scattered articles carried from the burning wing. The master alone held his ground, seemingly unmoved. Mackie's helpers slunk willingly out of the heat, flinging themselves exhausted upon the grass and hiding their aching eyes from the glare,

and their valiant leader himself, face and hands begrimed, clothes sodden with misdirected water, bosom inflated with pride, was compelled to give way to recognised authority.

"He'll have to play small now," said the corn-dealer, with the spite of a petty mind, "the Brigade heven't no notion of h'amateurs, a-meddling and a-muddling, as you may say, with no call to be taking the lead; but Scotchmen is all alike, mountains of vanity *I* calls 'em."

But the corn-dealer, who came from "foreign" parts in that he had had his origin in a distant county, did not rightly gauge the generous spirit of the Celt, always ready to kindle into enthusiasm for any deed well done, and the murmur of applause from the spectators would doubtless have swelled into heartiest greeting, as the big, lank, red-bearded Scotchman advanced, had it not been subdued by respect for Oliver, at whose side the gardener stopped.

"We did our best, sir," he said, "but it was past the power o' man to save yon wing."

Oliver roused himself momentarily from the apathy that still held him.

"I saw you," he said; "you helped to save the west wing."

The words ministered to the gardener's vanity, though he stared open-mouthed at the blackened ruin which the very fire had forsaken—finding no further sustenance there, and wondered wherein it could be called "saved."

"A'm dootin' they'll no dae muckle wi' the engines," he said, "they're ower late, but maybe gin they've the gumption, they'll save the main body o' the hoose. A'the bonny furniture's yonder"—he tried a clumsy hand at consolation, little dreaming that to his master he was an instrument ignorantly dealing out punishment. "I hae seen the way the mistress keeps it happed in clouts frae the stoor. Aye, if they've ony gumption, an' the river disna rin dry, they canna miss saving that."

Dimly Oliver understood, and his white face took on a strange passing mirth.

"I was born there,"—he gave a jerk of his hand towards the smouldering walls,— "and my son was born there—and I stand and see it fall to ruins—as I saw it in my dream."

"Hoots!" said the gardener, respect lost in sympathy, "it's sma' fash where a man's

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born, but it's an uncanny thing to meet ye're death by fire. The flesh shrinks frae sic an ordeal, and gin the wee laddie had been yonder—and it night time——”

The grey veil clouding Oliver's mind was pierced at last.

“Thank God, he's safe, Mackie,” he said brokenly, “he and your mistress.”

“Aye,” said the man, dealing unwittingly yet another wound, “it was the guiding hand o' Providence that set them on their way.”

“And but for Providence this hand would have lit the blaze,” groaned Oliver inwardly.

The Brigade had a comparatively easy task. With their length of hose a bend of the river could be reached and tapped, and a continuous stream poured upon the smouldering pile. The fire was arrested after it had taken all that was worth preserving, for the west wing was burnt to its lowest floor, only a fragment of the shallow staircase with its quaintly-twisted balustrade left for remembrance. And what the fire had spared the water had claimed. It ran in a dirty stream across the hall, forced its way beneath doors, penetrating the comfortable family rooms, bringing wretchedness and disorder into the seemly, orderly, familiar home.

Oliver roused himself as the firemen's task came to an end. One or two country neighbours, attracted by news of the disaster, appeared, and he forced himself to listen and reply to their condolences and conjectures as to the origin of the fire. It was generally supposed that the electric wires, not long introduced into the west wing, had fused. Oliver accepted this solution as he would have accepted any other; none but he knew what hand had planned the deed he now saw in part accomplished before him. How easy it would have been! He shuddered before the simplicity of it all. The charred wreck told no tales, theory could never be substantiated. They talked of the electric light, and so doubtless they would have talked had he been permitted to carry out his design, the silent walls holding his secret too.

The thought stirred him as nothing else had stirred him, the nearness of his escape left him breathless.

His first act was to send a mounted messenger to the village to telegraph for Grania. His need of her began to awake.

The servants had now permission to

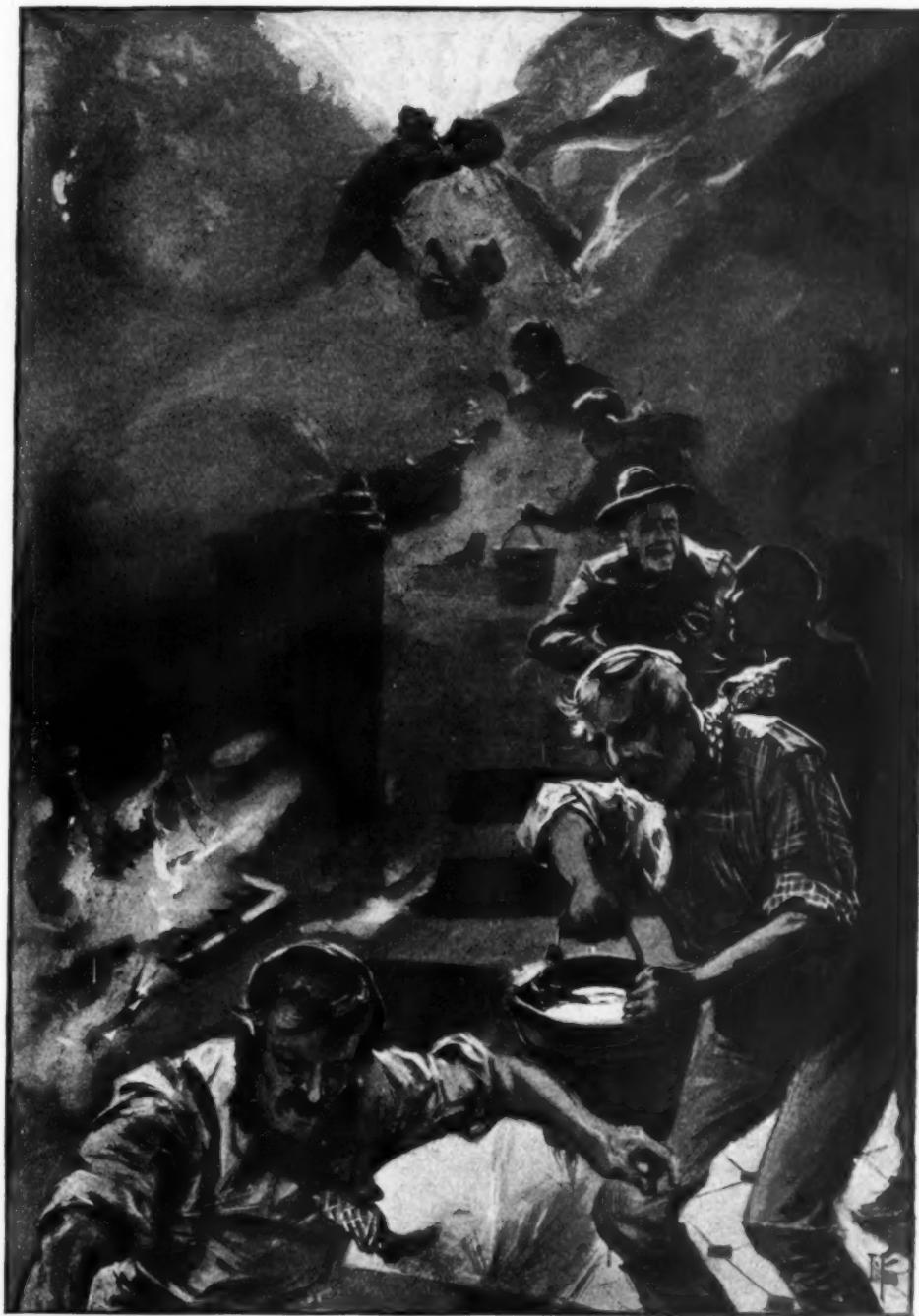
enter the back premises, which had not suffered, and were scuttling about with much excited talk; a stableman was sweeping the water from the hall as he picked his way across it to reach his own room. A flurried housemaid ran up to him to ask which bedroom of those many, draped in dust-sheets waiting for visitors, she should prepare for her mistress, for news had spread that Mrs. Drake would return that night.

His own room had escaped. Its very familiarity—the Turkey carpet, the books in glazed cases, the solid table in the centre with the papers and magazines of yesterday scattered upon it—set his nerves jangling. At that table with bent head he had made his confession to Verney. Was his life all shameful secrets, all bitter confessions?

But he had no time to think. The Captain of the Brigade came to make his report, and Oliver ordered refreshments for him and his men. The indefatigable gardener was helping to carry into shelter the furniture he had helped to carry out from the doomed wing. Some of the village folk, still lingering, loth to lose this rare taste of tragedy, volunteered their aid, glad of the chance to peep curiously and see for themselves what had been spared or damaged or destroyed. There was the heavy tread of heavy boots, much talk, a great banging of doors, scurrying of women's feet, swish of their garments. To Oliver's ear the never-ending bustle was a torture. It seemed to him the very longest day of all his life before silence at last fell, and June spread her lovely evening dusk over the blackened home.

It was hours yet before Grania could come. Grania, his sweet wife, who only in the morning had left him, light-hearted and gay, flying back to bear this trouble with him. He could scarcely control his restlessness until they had met. He was afraid, deserted, utterly adrift, and longed with the terror of a frightened child for human companionship. When he made sure the servants were at supper he stole out of his room, and picking his way across the mud-stained hall went softly up that other staircase, so seldom used, and into the rooms he had scarcely entered since his marriage. An open door guided him to the one they had hastily prepared for Grania's return. It looked to the side of the house, away from all the trodden ruin

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MACKIE, THE INTREPID SCOTCH GARDENER, HAD ARRANGED HIS FARM-HANDS AND STABLEMEN IN A LINE, AND BUCKETS, FULL AND EMPTY, WERE PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND

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of her garden, across meadows to a gleam of river red with sunset. The strangeness of it all gave him a new pang—the coldly-clad walls, the unfamiliar draperies and furniture, nothing that was old and familiar and long-established, so that even in the dark he could put an unerring hand upon it—struck him as a symbol of his life, rent and dislocated, never again to be what it had been. Oh, for the time when his soul was clean, when he had not intrigued and plotted and gone in fear of being found out! Every nerve was alive, the pain was almost physical. How was he to endure the crawling hours till midnight—midnight which would bring Grania? And when she came how was he to look in her clear, candid eyes, and hide his secret?

It was while he was staring out of that upper window seeing nothing of the gradually changing landscape that there began in him the first slow, reluctant work of penitence.

"I will tell her all," he said.

For a moment he shrank shuddering from the thought, then when he realised the immense relief to his tortured brain confession would bring, he welcomed it with a quick awakening cry. Why had he not seen that plain and simple way before? How was it he had doubted her loyalty and her love? In the moment of sudden exaltation everything was easy, his burden already rolled off, the past forgotten, the future made plain.

He did not reckon that the crucial hour was yet to come, the grey days after repentance when he would meanly read mean suspicions in his wife's tenderest looks, and unavailingly wish that he had sealed his lips; the long, bitter, upward climb to those old heights of self-respect that seem so far off and unattainable.

### CHAPTER XXI

#### THE OPENING BUDS OF A NEW LOVE

VERNEY DRAKE did not see his sister-in-law till late in the morning following the excited arrival of the evening before.

He was standing with all the weariness of reaction after stirred emotion, looking at the blackened shell which was all that remained of the place he had called home. The morning was heavily warm and windless, and the smell of dead fire hung unlifted over lawn and garden. By a curious

freak of the flames, the corner of the nursery—now exposed like an empty cage—where Boy's bed stood, had escaped complete destruction. The skeleton of the little bed, its ribs twisted fantastically, still clung to the wall, and above it, clearly defined, was the outline of a picture, once a gay print in a Christmas Number, which the child had prized. It came to him, whimsically, that the fire in its mockery had mirthfully spared this one corner where two generations had slept the sound, sweet sleep of childhood, as if to say: "See here, I leave you this as a peg on which to hang sentiment—a text to weave tender memories."

He smiled grimly as he thought what fine "copy" the reporter of the Monnowbridge *Argus*—whom he had met, as he left the house, note-book in hand, retiring from the lawn—would make of the incident, a chance for pathos not to be resisted, and what distasteful reading it would prove to one old inhabitant of that wrecked nursery. He wished the ghastly skeleton might fall before Grania could see it; for women are fanciful, and she might read some evil intention in the freakish survival. Then he heard the rustle of her dress, and turning saw her coming slowly over the blackened débris towards him.

The moment he saw her he was conscious of some change in her, something more powerful than the fire that had set a torch to her nature. He saw by the weariness of her eyes that she had kept vigils, and by the redness of their rims that she had wept sorely; but behind the fatigue and the sadness there was a moving energy, a tide of running blood, strong as the sea, sweet as flowing waters—she was for the moment all courage, all ardour.

He looked at her strangely, and guessed that though she had evidently come out with the intention of joining him, she had for the moment forgotten him. Her mind was brimming with some tide of emotion to which he had no clue. She did not cast a single glance at the desolation of the west wing which she had bewailed so pathetically in the moonlight of last night; in the broad day it showed all its hideous deformity nakedly, yet she never turned her head to spare one mournful look.

Presently she remembered Verney, and at the sight of him her mood swung round; her expressive face was charged with tenderness; her eyes, misty again, seemed to

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plead for pardon. The hands she held out to him trembled.

He took them, much wondering.

"You haven't slept, I'm afraid?"

"No—"

"It was too much—the journey, and this—and the strange room, perhaps."

"Verney, Oliver has told me everything."

"Everything?" he repeated stupidly, still not understanding.

She hung her head.

"All that you've been—that you've done—all that you've saved us from." She struggled for words; the shame of Oliver's confession bowed her soul; it had left an indelible writing there that again and again she must read in secret even while her courage remained unfaltering.

Verney could not know all, but his instinctive sympathy helped him to comprehend something of what had happened. He could not know that Oliver's jangled nerves, translated into living fears, had impelled him to reveal a side of his character in which Grania had never allowed herself to believe, or how—after the first revulsion—her great pity and her great love had prevailed and they had clung and wept together, her strength thenceforward vowed to his weakness; but he saw that there had been some kind of explanation, and that she was feeling the relief of perfect openness.

He did not know whether to be sorry or glad that Oliver had broken his promise of silence, but he said with a great assumption of careless lightness—

"Why, Grania, last night's scene has upset you, or you wouldn't take such an exaggerated view of a mere business transaction between brothers."

"Don't, don't," she murmured. "You can't think I could take it so lightly!"

"Then I'm afraid you're not cut out for a woman of affairs! A mere change of investment—"

"Ah," she said, "it is like you to try and spare me! but I know everything." How much she knew indeed, that she could never tell! "You have given us your all."

"Lent it," he corrected cheerfully. "Don't make me into a hero, Grania: I'm quite incapable of the rôle, and should feel it a horrid misfit."

"I shall think what I like of you!" she said, with a flash of spirit. "You can't prevent that—and I pray that my boy may grow up like you."

"Find him a better model, poor little chap!"

She shook her head.

"You won't let me talk—"

"Immoderate woman! You're doing all the talking! My gentle efforts at repression go for nothing."

"Ah, Verney! if you knew how full my heart is, you would let me ease it a little."

"I know what a kind heart it is, Grania; let that suffice. Oliver has felt the strain of the fire—it must have tried him awfully, seeing the old place burn; and instead of being sensible and resting and letting you rest, he's been talking and exaggerating. Surely it was natural he should come to his own brother when he was in—difficulties?"

"He has told me all," she repeated, and again her head dropped. "We have talked of everything. If you will not let me thank you, let me tell you of our plans."

"Now, that's a sensible girl—I've to go back to town in an hour, so let's waste no more time in foolishness. I suppose you can manage in the new building all right till the poor old west wing is restored? Or wouldn't you go away for a bit? Oliver looks seedy. A change would do him good—and you too."

"The west wing won't be rebuilt—not yet. Perhaps Verney, when he grows up, will restore it."

He waited, incredulous.

"You know the cottage—the Yew-tree—on the edge of the wood above the river?"

"Old Smithson's?"

"No, he's dead; it's mine: we bought it with Aunt Lucy's little legacy. We're going to move in there."

"But—"

"Now, it's I who am not going to listen! But me no buts! It's a dear little house—six bedrooms—one for you whenever you can fill it—and a den where you can smoke. Two maids will work it, and a boy for the garden—"

"The garden—" he looked round, beyond the immediate fringe of ruin where ruthless feet had strayed to the fair acres spreading in the still, hot air. "You've the heart to leave this that you've made—"

"There's a little garden at the Yew-tree that I've always longed to lay hands on;" she tried to keep the huskiness out of her voice; "the cottage has been let, and no tenant has ever cared for it. I'll have a fine opportunity to display my powers."

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"Grania, are you sure this is right? Don't be led by impulse; take another night's sleep over the thing before deciding. There's no reason that I can see why you should forsake the Leas. The place will go to complete ruin."

"We shall be near enough to look after it. The furniture can be stored. When Boy grows up—"

"Yes?" he said gently, seeing how long she paused.

She looked up with the old candour and the new courage in her sad eyes. "I want him to enter on a fair heritage. We owe it to him, and we owe it to you—most of all to you—that there should be no stain. Let us work out our redemption, Verney."

She left him wordless. What could he oppose to a purpose so sincere? That she had yet to learn the last word in the long and difficult lesson of patience he knew perhaps better than she, but her steadfastness, for the moment at least, was equal to any strain upon it.

Only once as they turned back to the house for breakfast did she allude to the night's catastrophe.

"A little while ago I should have broken my heart to lose that," she said, with her first look at the gaunt and blackened walls; "but fire may have its divine uses—fire that cleanses"—she was thinking of the sweetened places in her wedded life, the chambers swept and garnished by the flame of penitence where dark secrets had dwelt, and he could only give her silent sympathy. If he were without her confident hopes for the future, assuredly he did not let her know it. He was prepared to meet Oliver—whom he had seen distracted and distraught the night before—in a spirit of brotherly good-will, but he did not appear at the meal, and Grania coming back from his room excused him by saying that he was asleep. It seemed to make her happy that she had him to wait on, and Verney felt inwardly relieved that there was to be no meeting until emotions had cooled.

"You'll leave Boy in town for a day or two?" he asked as he was saying good-bye. "We'll look after him."

"If you're sure Mrs. Brandon won't think it a trouble?"

"Quite sure. She'll like it."

"Then I'll send him some clothes to-day. I think I must have Miss Moore back to help with the removal. We must shelter the best of the furniture."

He left her finding some cheer in a mental readjustment of her goods and chattels and glad that she could so absorb herself.

It was afternoon when he arrived at Paddington, and having no luggage he chose to walk home across the Park. The hot morning had developed into a sultry, brooding day, oppressive in the airless streets. Horses wore for the first time that season their grotesque bonnets, and coachmen and footmen appeared in demure straw hats. White waistcoats and even a linen coat were not infrequently to be met; girls in their thinnest frocks walked languidly, seeming to feel their little shopping parcels a burden, and the pavement sellers of palm-leaf fans drove a brisk trade.

The Park even at the unfashionable end was rather full, many groups seeking the shade of the trees, and the sense of coolness afforded by the sight even of still waters drew a throng to the Round Pond.

Verney went a little out of his way to pass it and stand a moment to see small adventurers send their galleys across that mimic sea: children always drew him. Then his quick eye caught sight of one small face which was very familiar, and in the same instant Boy looked up and gave a shout of recognition.

"This little girl an' me's sailing our boat," he explained importantly, and Verney noticed that one fat red hand of his grasped the tiny fingers of the blind child. "It's the Anna, an' it's goin' to—to—I can't member."

"New Orleans," said a voice behind him, and Verney turned quickly with a smile to shake hands with Mrs. Kingdon. "It's the only place Maisie and I know to send boats to," she smiled back, "and we've freighted this one with good messages."

"It's good of you to bring my youngster out—I hope he hasn't plagued you."

"Oh, not at all; he amuses Maisie." He smiled inwardly to notice that she could find no other use even for Boy than that. "Since you are back so soon, I hope you found the telegram a false alarm?"

He told her what had occurred, and she listened politely and with the proper conventional expressions of regret, but he easily saw that she was not interested.

He noticed how well she was looking; much younger, almost pretty, and even the pale little child had a faint rose tinge. They alone of all the listless crowd seemed

## The Deceiver

to revel in the heat and grow strong under it.

"It's the first possible day in your detestable climate," she said. "I didn't know you could produce such a fair imitation of sunshine."

"I haven't been responsible for the English climate for ten years," he laughed, "but Eastern suns have taught me to love heat too. Were you wishing yourself back in New Orleans, that you sent the children's boat there?"

nothing more absurd than to insist that the mere tie of kinship makes a claim on your affections. Why should you love a person just because he or she happens to be your cousin?"

"Sometimes the love doesn't need to be forced—"

"Oh, yes! I know what you mean. I was speaking in the abstract, but it's true enough that one couldn't quarrel with the Brandons as relations."

"I should be glad if I could claim them!"



GRANIA'S FACE WAS FULL OF TENDERNESS, AND HER EYES SEEMED TO PLEAD FOR PARDON.  
THE HANDS SHE HELD OUT TO VERNEY TREMBLED

Her eyes followed Boy as he ran excitedly round the pond to meet his ship coming into harbour on the opposite coast, and they grew suddenly wistful. "I'm always wishing myself back there; I believe we bought the toy in Barker's that we might fancy ourselves setting out—"

"Then you haven't picked up the English threads—"

"There are none to pick up," she said rather curtly. "One doesn't spin for life when one is a child, and I think there's

She gave him a quick sidelong glance. He was bending forward, good-humouredly trying to catch some shout of Boy's from the other side of the sea, and only seeing the gesticulating hands and face of the child.

"But you see I didn't return for sentimental reasons. I came to make sure Maisie got her rights."

He turned to her with his ready sympathy.

"I hope you are on the sure path to success?"

## The Deceiver

She gave a little shrug.

"I suppose we shall get the money some day. They give it us in driplets now."

"And when the full stream flows in you'll set sail in the *Anna* and leave the English climate to us poor wretches who have no fairy ship to carry us into sunshine."

"No, there's no escape yet." Boy had sent the *Anna* on its return voyage, and was running back with anxious pauses as the little ship showed signs of wavering and narrowly escaped collision with a lordlier vessel. "Maisie must have everything; her right, among other things, to live and grow up in the land from which her father was banished. It is not too late for her."

"I hope it isn't too late for you," he said kindly. "Give yourself a little time; we're terrible creatures of habit; but new habits can be acquired too."

"Time is my only enemy," she said bitterly. "I've no use for it since my husband died."

He looked down at little Maisie, who was leaning against her mother, her small, pale face full of quickening intelligence as she listened to Boy's hurried chatter. Her sightless eyes were full of wonder. It was new to her to have a playmate so near her own level, not a voice coming from some height and weighted with authority.

Mrs. Kingdon saw his look and flushed with contrition.

"Yes, she's left," she said, "and as long as she needs me—"

For the second time that day he saw tears on a woman's face—tears of passionate devotion, strong, protective, maternal; he had seen that same flame behind the mist in Grania's eyes—the divine love, the divine pity that gave her the power to free another soul in bondage. There could not be a greater contrast than there was between the two women, the one whom he had once loved and the one he had learned to compassionate; but the same spirit animated both—the desire to spend and be spent for some one dearer than self.

She said little more until they had persuaded reluctant Boy, with promises of an early return, to leave the pond, and were walking home. Then she turned to him impulsively—

"I think you would help me if you could?"

"Yes." Verney's promises were never effusive, but they were sincere.

"I have been thinking about a specialist—an oculist—Mr. Sim said there were many good ones here—or in Germany."

"There are several with a great reputation—here—in London."

"I don't know that it would be a boon to give my child back her sight, if it could be done. There was a day when I was glad she was blind. There are so many ugly things in life that the unseeing miss"—her eyes wistfully followed Maisie, walking hand in hand with Boy.

"One would put up with a good deal that is sad and painful to see one's mother's face."

She shrank suddenly. "Perhaps I don't want her to see mine!" Then she laughed her rather hard, mirthless little laugh. "How silly you must think me! and I set out meaning to ask your help—"

"You would like some advice?"

"If it could be arranged."

"Quite easily, no doubt. Shall I find out who is the best man to see, and make an appointment with him?"

"If you would be so kind."

He had the happy thought to invite them to tea on the homeward way, and they had quite a merry meal, Boy contributing the humour between large bites of cake. When they emerged from the shop and were again in the quiet street that took them to the little house, they saw Peggy at some distance in front of them and Herrison with her.

They came to a simultaneous recognition of her companion and both felt an unreasoning dislike to his presence. Verney experienced a sudden sense of depression to see him walking in intimate talk; his animation was apparent even a block's length off, and how was it he knew the hour of Peggy's return, and how long had he enjoyed her company?

These thoughts troubled him, and made him silent, but Maisie Kingdon never noticed it. Herrison filled her with a growing repulsion; she feared and she disliked him; she slackened her step that she might if possible avoid meeting him at the gate. Her little spurt of brightness, of naturalness, died out suddenly. It was the cold, suspicious, moody woman who came back with the evening shadows.

(To be continued.)

## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

BY DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

*Illustrated by Harry Furniss*

### IV.—GLIMPSES OF THE LEADERS



A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF MR.  
BALFOUR WHEN ADDRESSING  
THE HOUSE

His, in my opinion, is easily the most intellectual head in the whole Assembly. And the distinction which his acute powers as a dialectician and thinker lend to his utterances is enhanced by a voice of singular charm and beauty. The popular view is that Mr. Balfour is a lounger who would vote it horribly bad form to be keen about anything. And no doubt he is shockingly sloppy as to details. But behind that studied assumption of disregard and that scrupulously cultivated air of unspeakable weariness and indifference there is, unless I am hopelessly out of my reckoning, an alertness and a passion for power that would astonish most people. As a debater Mr. Balfour cannot compare with either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Asquith in power of direct and convincing argument. But he can mystify and captivate with coruscating

O far I have not spoken at all of the most fascinating figure now upon the stage at Westminster. I mean the Prime Minister. Nature has been very kind to the Prime Minister. She has endowed him with many gifts, and he secounds Nature with arts that are artfully artless. Mr. Balfour is altogether a curious personality.

deductions from premises that are really beautiful in their airy incongruity. He is not in debating so much the advocate as the mesmerist.

Probably no man in the House is held in more universal regard and esteem for his many delightful qualities of heart and mind than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. I remember my first effort in Parliament. It was to call attention to that appalling problem the housing of the working classes. I sat down overwhelmed with the conviction that the cause had suffered horribly from the feebleness of the presentation. Within a moment or two a note was handed back to me from our Front Bench. It was a most kind note of encouragement and congratulation from "C.-B."

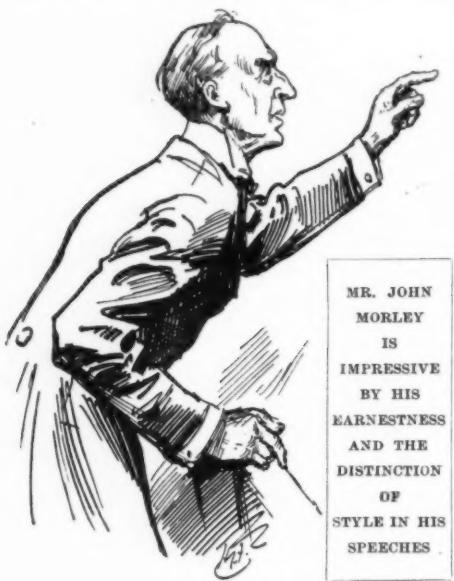
There are great men in Parliament whose courage, industry, grasp of public problems, and mental capacity provoke our interest and even call forth our astonishment. There are others who also engage our respectful admiration for the manifest simplicity and honesty of their character. "C.-B." is one of these latter. Day by day at the opening of each sitting of Parliament a petition is put up in the form of a prayer that we members of Parliament, in all our consultations, may so lay aside all private interests, prejudices and partial affections as that the result of our counsels may be the maintenance of True Religion and Justice, the safety, honour and happiness of the King, the public wealth, peace and tranquillity of the Realm, and the knitting together of the hearts of all persons and estates within the same, in true Christian Love and Charity.

I think there is no one of us who enters upon his daily task with a more real determination to see this beautiful conception realised than does Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. I heard him first on the occasion upon which Parliament voiced the sorrow of the nation at the death of Queen Victoria. Never shall I

## Impressions of Parliament

forget the simple unaffected pathos and grace he brought to that task. There was a note of lofty rhetoric and intellectual distinction and cultured diction about Mr. Balfour's admirable eulogy of the dead Queen's many virtues; but it was left to "C.-B." to crown the occasion by an exquisitely beautiful tribute that genuinely touched the hearts of all his hearers by its rare depth of feeling and singularly appropriate simplicity.

Quite apart and by himself stands John Morley. As a thinker and stylist he towers above all his associates. His name will be green when their names have long



MR. JOHN  
MORLEY  
IS  
IMPRESSIVE  
BY HIS  
EARNESTNESS  
AND THE  
DISTINCTION  
OF  
STYLE IN HIS  
SPEECHES

been forgotten. But, as I think, his life is too detached to enable him to be an effective leader amongst men of affairs. It is a pity he is so great a success as a platform orator; failure at that might have kept him in the study; and the result would have been a gain to the world. But, after all, it is good that public oratory should be stimulated from time to time by that perfectly chosen diction, that grateful touch of homely wisdom—so curious a product of so detached a mind—and that acute power of discrimination which John Morley always brings to the platform. I am a sentimentalist, I confess. I have upon my shelves well-thumbed and well-marked essays on "Rousseau," on "Compromise,"

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on "Apothegms," and so on. And I deem it almost a sacrilege, quite absurdly of course, to see their author—whom I have only ventured to speak to once, and whom I certainly never expected to meet—jostling through division lobbies with millionaire coal-owners, Stock Exchange financiers, and railway magnates.

Life in Parliament is inconceivably hard and exacting. It is, in a way, a dog's life. It would be unendurable to me were it not that it presents the most interesting studies at every turn. Leave the great ones and turn to the rank-and-file. Even in the humblest walks of Parliamentary life there are characters of the most engrossing kind.

Take that repository of all knowledge in Parliamentary procedure, Mr. "Jimmy" Caldwell. Who appointed him to sit on the Treasury Bench every afternoon at two and raise his hat with a douce "Now!" when the Speaker asks when the Second Reading of Private Bills is to be taken? I see no entry in the Civil Service Estimates on account of the office he holds. Yet he is there, day in day out. Who commissioned him to run everywhere about the House waving an Order Paper? "Have you seen Macnamara? Education comes on next and will be reached in five minutes. Find him. Find him. Find him!" Who commissioned him half-an-hour later to rush about—"Education debate collapsing, Army Annual Bill to follow. Has any one seen Sir Charles Dilke? Find him. Find him. Find him!" Rare "Jimmy" Caldwell. You should be canonised as the first and only Parliamentary Call Boy—although you are, let me gratefully add, much more than that.

Then there is that genial gentleman Sir Benjamin Stone, who snaps you up, rushes you off to the Terrace, and straightway gives you a most speaking photograph of yourself, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Then there is Sir Edward Durning Lawrence, who will, inside of five minutes, make you heartily ashamed of your ignorance on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. And so on, and so on. These are the men who make the thing endurable.

And let me here note the most striking feature of the British House of Commons. It is the fact that great wisdom is constantly coming from the most unexpected quarters. It will be a debate on some remote wrinkle

## Impressions of Parliament



SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P., PURSUES HIS HOBBY  
FOR PHOTOGRAPHY WITH GREAT ZEAL EVEN  
IN THE PRECINCTS OF PARLIAMENT

of the globe's surface, which apparently no one can know much about at first hand. And yet, as sure as to-morrow's sun, some hitherto silent man, whose name not a dozen members could give offhand, will get up, and without fuss or formality tell you all there is to know about it. And this experience will be repeated in respect of almost every topic relating to matters in the Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the Waters under the earth. These are not the men who figure in the newspapers as Parliamentarians. The "descriptive writers" can't make head or tail of them. They do not take part in every debate, from Pure Beer to the Pacific Cable, and from the Colney Hatch Gas and Water Bill to the Thibetan Mission. But they represent the real British nation, the men who *do* things, much more truly than most of the small band of politicians on both sides of the House, who really constitute the Westminster Debating Society.

And now just a word about those brilliant Parliamentarians, the Irishmen. I well recall the impression which my first session, the little session of 1900, left on me. It was this, that the House of Commons from its appearance, methods of speech, and so on, did not represent the nation. It represented only one class—the rich and well-established. It is true there was a very small handful of English labour men there. But they merely accentuated the situation as a whole. The House was an assembly of frock-coated, be-spatted, lonsdaleed, fur-lined, silk-hatted rich men. Not until

the opening of the session proper in the spring following did any Irishman turn up. (Indeed, I commenced my Parliamentary career by sitting all unwittingly for a fortnight in the seat of the Irish leader, Mr. John Redmond.) When they *did* turn up, and the fustian coat and bowler hats began to file into the back seats below the Opposition gangway, I began to feel that a lopsidedness was being redressed, and that Democracy also had its place in the picture.

And not only is it a matter of hats and coats. It is a matter of instinct and sympathy. When something has to be said about the hard lot of the toiler, something for the moment a little too *outré* for the English member, believe me it is the Irishman who jumps into the breach and, gloves off, will put his word in for the poor. Great Parliamentarians are the Irish. They will be on time at noon on Friday and snatch a vote that will bring a Government to the ground. They will take all the front seats at all the ballots for Private Motions and Bills, and by their syndicated and organised forces nine-tenths of the few remaining Private Members' chances now fall to the Irishmen. They never pair. They are never absent. They are simply great. Yes—you say they obstruct. Of course. They want



MR. CHAMBERLAIN, BY COMMON CONSENT, THE  
GREATEST PARLIAMENTARY DEBATER SINCE  
THE DAYS OF GLADSTONE

## Impressions of Parliament

to show you and me that Parliament as at present constituted is unworkable.

As for their patient and dogged devotion let this simple fact attest. On Saturday afternoons I often take batches of my constituents over the Houses of Parliament. At such times the average member is away at Ranelagh, or Sandwich, or Lord's, or with some week-end house party. Never have I passed with my people through the Commons' Library without seeing some Irish member hard at work digging out some horribly dry extracts from far mustier documents than even Hansard.

The most delightful experience that I ever remember, or shall ever remember, in the House arose in December 1900 out of the fact that I had said in debate that I was the son of a soldier. There came over to me from the Conservative side of the House limping badly upon crutch and walking-stick that fine old soldier, General Laurie. He asked me what regiment my father had served in, and I told him the 47th. He said he

THAT  
FINE OLD  
SOLDIER,  
GENERAL  
LAURIE



knew the old regiment very well both in the Crimea and afterwards in Canada.

"But," said he, "I don't seem to recall your father." "No!" replied I, "he was a private soldier!" Perhaps it was the inevitable tendency of my class to see affront when none was intended. But I thought I saw a touch of superciliousness in the General's manner. A Liberal member—who it was I don't know—came up and sat down beside us. "Hullo! Laurie," cried out he, "what the dickens are you doing over here? Never saw *you* on our side before." "Oh," said the Tory Member for Pembroke Boroughs with a laugh, "to my great delight I've just found out the son of an old comrade!" How completely so fine an answer captured me, and how ashamed I was of the thought that had just crossed my mind, I need not set down on paper. But don't let anybody say anything against General Laurie within *my* hearing.

The most beautiful piece of imagery and the most moving of all the oratorical effects to which I have listened in the House of Commons was the close of the speech delivered by Lord Hugh Cecil on the Second Reading of the Education Bill of 1902. It is so well worth preserving that, notwithstanding its length, I reproduce it as a fitting close to these Impressions.

Its effect was heightened in delivery by the fantastic jerky movements of the hands which, in Lord Hugh's case, mark moments of exaltation:—



"JIMMY" CALDWELL,  
A REPOSITORY OF  
KNOWLEDGE IN  
PROCEDURE

## Impressions of Parliament



"WE OUGHT TO DO ALL WE CAN TO IMPROVE THE NATIONAL CHARACTER. THAT IS MY IDEAL."—  
LORD HUGH CECIL IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND MOST MOVING SPEECHES EVER DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"We see a growing love for material well-being, a growing indifference to the non-material welfare of the country. We see a disposition to found our greatness on Trade and Territory, and not on National Character. I am in favour of Imperialism, but I do not blind my eyes to the fact that mixed up with Imperialism there is a great deal that is very sordid and unworthy. There are, indeed, two Imperialisms. There is the Imperialism that wishes to see this country great and powerful because it carries Christian civilisation over the face of the globe. This is a noble and splendid ambition for our country. But there is also an Imperialism which thinks of nothing but studying Trade Returns, and considering whether we can get a little more money into the country than before. That, I think, is not the noble Imperialism which we ought to support. You can trace the same influence in domestic questions in the House. You see a great desire to improve the well-being of the people and the housing of the working-classes; but, of course, right as these causes are, we make the greatest possible mistake if we suppose that they solve the problems of life. One vicious propensity, one serious fault of character, will undo all the happiness produced by Model Dwellings and Tube Railways. We ought to do all we can to improve the National Character, and we must enlist in that task the educational resources of the country. That is my ideal, which I hope Nonconformists will support.

"I hope also that it will obtain support from that other class who may be described as adopting the position of Christianity in everything except its theology, who possess the morality of Christianity, its sense of right and wrong its

delicate sensitiveness of conscience, though they are unable themselves to accept its theological basis. These men, it may be said, erect in the mansions of their hearts a splendid throne-room in which they place objects revered and beautiful. There are laid the sceptre of righteousness and the swords of justice and mercy. There is the purple robe that speaks of the unity of love and power, and there is the throne that teaches the supreme moral governance of the world. And that room is decorated by all that is most beautiful in art and literature. It is gemmed by all the jewels of imagination and knowledge. Yet, that noble chamber with all its beauty, its glorious regalia, its solitary throne, is still an empty room. But these men, with all the imperfection of their point of view, must still be reckoned with as part of the forces that are waging war against materialism.

"And to that school of thought I would appeal to second the efforts of those who desire to make National Education fulfil its noblest purpose, who desire to make the schools of the country not only schools where the people will learn to be successful, to make wealth rapidly, to be learned, and to cultivate their intellect, but schools where they will also learn to serve the right, with a knowledge of the supreme powers that lie beyond the region of the senses. So we may maintain, both in our Imperial function, both in the many problems that crowd upon us in every quarter of the world, and also in those domestic matters that are not less anxious and important, the supreme law as governing our national policy, the law of trying to do that which is right and that which is noble, and not merely following that which is sordid and that which is profitable."

SIR HENRY  
CAMPBELL-  
BANNERMAN  
IS HELD IN  
UNIVERSAL  
REGARD FOR  
HIS MANY  
DELIGHTFUL  
QUALITIES OF  
HEART AND  
MIND



"C. B."



*Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Harold Copping*

WHO PLOUGHS WITH PAIN HIS NATIVE LEA  
AND REAPS THE LABOUR OF HIS HANDS,  
OR IN THE FURROW MUSING STANDS,  
"DOES MY OLD FRIEND REMEMBER ME?"

TENNYSON : *In Memoriam*, Canto LXIV.

# By-paths in Nature

BY FRANK STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"

Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith

## VI.—LYCOSA: THE SPIDER WOLF

IN our wanderings about my garden we have often spoken of Aranea, the Geometrical Spider, and marvelled at the primness of her net. Madame Theridion, a neighbouring spider, spoke of it as a regular old-maid's parlour as she eyed it from her own tangle-house. Both these ladies, however, were of the stay-at-home order, their world being bounded by the confines of their silken houses.

If you will come with me to-day, I will introduce you to a real vagabond, who toils incessantly, but, like the lilies, does not spin. There are such in the spider-world; creatures for whom the web has no charms, and who delight in leading a fierce, swashbuckler existence, roaming abroad like a certain other person, seeking whom they may devour. We will not look for them in the bushes, but on the garden wall and near the pond close by. There is quite a colony of these fierce, lawless fellows—frontier tribesmen, as it were—at the end of the garden. Let us look at them, for they represent the best as well as the worst features of spider nature.

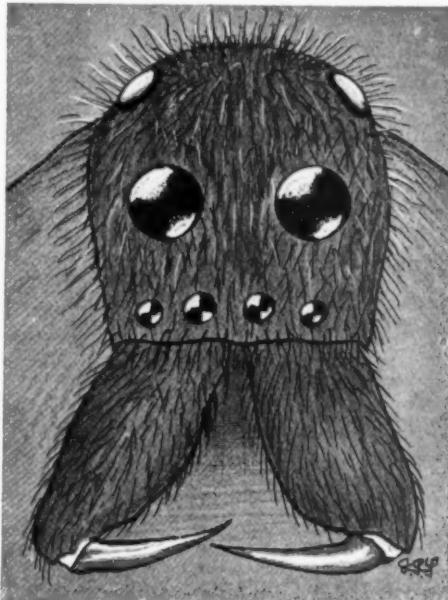
The dull, dry-as-dust student appears for a moment to have been infected with the savage spirit of these people when, with his microscope and spirit bottle, he began to name and classify them in his collection. Here, for instance, are a few of the appell-

lations he has given to these free lances of the world of Spiderdom—we need not trouble about their Greek names, but consider them in honest English, calling a spade a spade.

"The Wolf" (*Lycosa*) is the one we shall hunt to-day: a savage, implacable Wehr Wolf who preys upon flies and tender insects, a very bogey to the tiny flylets. His cousin, a relative who rejoices in the name of "The Strategist" (*Dylomedes*), is a clever, artful spider who ambuscades his prey by a thousand wiles; while another ominously-named relation is "The Butcher" (*Sphasus*). A fourth and much more distant member of the family is called "The Fierce One" (*Clobiona atrox*); while, last of all, comes the brother of the Wolf, "The

Pirate" (*Lycosa piratica*); a truly blood-curdling assortment of names, well deserved, for the family certainly lives up to its reputation.

Like tried freebooters, these spiders are full of the spirit of endurance, feasting when times are good and plunder plentiful, but bearing their fast with fortitude and courage in seasons of hardship and scarcity. A member of the family once broke all records in the way of fasting, by existing without food, in a sealed tube, for a space of ten months, and was quite equal to the exertion of killing and eating a



THE WOLF SPIDER, AN UNPREPOSSESSING PERSON OF WHOM THE LITTLE FLIES HAVE A GREAT DREAD

## By-paths in Nature



THE FOOT OF THE PIRATE SPIDER, SHOWING  
THE PLUMED HAIRS

fly at the end of his long period of abstinence.

Now to look for these hardy folk, and, if possible, get an insight into their manners and customs.

Here we are, at the very lair of the Wolf—my Pond. Do not look so contemptuous, it is a very beautiful pond to me! I know it is overgrown with duckweed and other aquatic plants. I would not destroy one leaf, for they are the shelter of my nautical friends of Pondland; besides, they have their uses, as you will see.

I told you so! There is one green leaf, seemingly self-propelled along the still surface of the water. Lie close and watch as it nears the bank. Do you see that small creature afloat upon it? That is the "Pirate" of whom I told you, sailing bravely on his leaf-raft in search of food. Not a big person to look at, but he has a valiant heart and lives a life of peril and adventure.

Quick! Where is the pickle-bottle? Now, sink it gently and draw it slowly along till its wide mouth is underneath the raft. Now pull it up. We've got him!

Why, where is he? His leafy boat is there, but the Pirate has disappeared!

Hold the bottle up to the light. Do you see? He dived from his ship at the first sign of danger, and is now swimming about in the water, with a glistening bubble of air

upon his hairy chest. Artful tactics, but quite useless, Master Pirate!

Now you may take stock of him at leisure: a tiny, yellowish-brown spider, barely the breadth of your little finger-nail. Pour off the water gently, so that we can get a better look at him. Steady! Not too quick, or he may pop out. Remember, you are dealing with a hardened criminal.

There! Look at him now, sprawling on his back: the beautiful white streaks upon his furry chest, and the elegant green-brown legs, gently shading into russet feet! Now shake him out, on to the water. Don't be afraid, he won't mind! Plump! There he goes, sending a dozen little ripples as he strikes the pond. Watch him rise to the surface and run away upon the water as easily as if he were on land.

His sister is not far away. We shall have to stoop and hunt for her. I want to show you the Lady Wolf, for you will, as usual, find her more entertaining than her spouse. Beat the grass a little and drive her from her tangled jungle into the open. Quick! There she is, running furiously along, almost panting in her hurry. Where's the pill-box? Now we have secured her. Place a strip of glass over the top of the box, through which we can watch her.

She is no larger than her brother the Pirate, you notice, but not so smart. She has adopted a sombre habit more in keeping with the earth and the marshy tracts whereon she loves to roam, and where she secures much rich meat. She is fur-clad, too, like the Pirate, and can, if so disposed, take an occasional run upon the water. Here is a fat fly, full of life and strength, sweeping along upon his gauzy wings, each one of which glitters with the colours of a hundred tiny rainbows. We will slip our huntress out of her pill-box and see if she will try conclusions with him. Gently! That's right. Now, Madame, your meal is before you. Go in and win.

See how her ringed legs devour the earth as she rushes forward, eager in the pursuit of her prey. I thought she would find the big fly to her taste. He, poor fellow! is sunning himself and busily brushing his large front legs, for he is a dandy, and cannot endure a speck of dust upon his attire. There she goes, swift and straight in headlong haste, like a bolt from the bow! In an instant she has seized him. He is overwhelmed by the abruptness of the attack—

## By-paths in Nature

so sudden and so deadly. She has seized upon poor Master Fly, but he will not give in without a fight, for it is a case of life or death with him, and he knows it.

Do you hear the shrill buzz of terror as he struggles in her grasp? Surely it must be very disconcerting to his antagonist! His wings are beating the air with thousands of quick, vibrating strokes; but, unlike Madam Aranea, she will not bind them with a silken cord; there is no sticky web to entangle and hold him captive. It is a case of sheer strength, with the advantage on the side of the spider, for she has deadly, poisoned jaws. Still, this buzzing, active fly seems to be a match for her; she has him fast in her claws, but he is tugging to be free, trying to rise and fly away, for flies have strength which we poor mortals can hardly estimate.

See how they struggle, like two well-matched wrestlers, each straining to the utmost! Our fly seems even more than she can cope with. Look! He actually rises in the air, beating his wings and putting forth all his strength in the struggle for freedom. But Lycosa, like a bull-dog, never relinquishes her hold: he rises, but she still clings to him, and is lifted from the ground. Her legs are seizing him; pair by pair they are locked about him, their claws gripping him tightly. Her head, with its eight gleaming eyes, is drawing nearer and nearer to him; her "falces"—jaws—are opening, to meet in his body and deliver their poison, which stupefies but does not kill.

His struggles grow less as they fall together to the ground, where he is at her mercy. She now drags his body away to her den—a tiny hole somewhere within the tangle of grass and weeds—there, like some beast of prey, to devour it, and then—off again in search of more.

But we have not yet seen all. Let us flush another of these savage beasts: perhaps she may have even more to show us than the one who is now so busy sucking the juices of that once gay fly.

Yes; here comes another, carrying a strange-looking parcel on her body. It is not an insect,

although we might, from what we have already seen, mistake it for one. No, my friend, that strange parcel which she carries with such ease and care is her cocoon, her nursery, her sack of eggs. Our stay-at-home friends who live in nets and snares hang up their eggs in little sacks, and watch them jealously in the intervals of meals. Not so our vagabond mother. She dare not leave her precious burden at home for a minute, for there are many hungry eyes all too ready to detect her new-laid eggs, and avail themselves of the opportunity of a rich feast. So, like Jack in the old Mummer play, she must perforce carry her family on her back. Like her prototype the Wolf, she has maternal instincts, and that flat, pale-brown bag of eggs represents all that is worth living for—her young. It is more to her, even, than her ceaseless search for food, and if deprived of her sack she hides away and pines; the choicest, fattest grubs



THE PIRATE SPIDER USES A LEAF AS A RAFT ON WHICH HE SAILS ABOUT IN PONDS IN SEARCH OF PREY

## By-paths in Nature

pass unnoticed, and she slowly fades and dies. All honour to you, Madame; we cannot, from mere wanton curiosity, rob you of your little parcel. You are safe; we will not even imprison you in our pill-box, for we respect your feelings too highly. Pass on your way unharmed, for we stand in respectful wonder before the great mystery of motherhood.

Let me now tell you of that strange cocoon. You have seen the splendid Easter eggs in the confectioners' windows, lying open, filled with most appetising sweets. Well; that cocoon is very like

paler tint at the edges. Madame, we must disturb you, even at the risk of giving offence. You shall not be hurt, though.

She is now safe within our pill-box, and we can examine her at our leisure. That grey furry appearance is easily explained. You can see for yourself—she is covered with a living cloak of tiny spiders, all holding on to her and riding on her back. By and by they will drop off and begin life on their own account. Thank you, Madame; we will detain you and your family no longer. You may go—and off she scuttles, well pleased, no doubt, at regaining her freedom.

Are you tired of watching these predatory spiders? Bear with me yet a little while, and I will show you one other with the same habits—but a more distant relative—who makes a fitting companion for two we have already seen.

Let us leave *Lycosa* the Wolf to her marshy joys, and the Pirate to his filibustering voyages on the Pond, and come nearer home—to the sunny wall, beloved of basking insects resting a while from their daily toil.

Here we shall find the first cousin of the deadly Bird Spider of South America (*Mygale avicularia*), dwarfed, perhaps, by force of climate, but with all its instincts faithfully reproduced in little. We shall not have to wait long,

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH BETWEEN A FLY AND A LADY WOLF SPIDER.  
THE FLY HAS RISEN INTO THE AIR IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO  
FREE HIMSELF FROM THE GRIP OF THE SPIDER'S CLAWS

one of them. It has a weak band in the middle, which opens to enable the tiny, helpless spiderlings, when they have cracked their frail shells, to escape.

But what becomes of them?

You shall see. This is the season of the young *Lycosæ*. Be patient; we shall see one more of these spider mothers presently, who will perhaps solve your riddle. Beat the grass again, and watch. There goes a pale, furry-looking spider. Surely there seems something familiar about that rapid movement and those ringed legs which scamper over the damp ground! But the colour is strange; it is no longer the dark form of the Wolf, shading into a

I expect, for the flies are revelling in the warmth of the red-green bricks spotted here and there with yellow lichen and green velvet moss. There is nothing more mellow than the subdued tones of old bricks, and equally nothing more terrible than the flaring red of the new and staring wall which my neighbour has elected to erect about his painfully modern garden across the road. Good bricks, like good wine, demand their meed of age before they are fit for the eye of man.

But while I have been moralising, we have neglected to watch for our subject. There he is: the "Jumping Spider" (*Salticus scenicus*), creeping almost imper-

## By-paths in Nature

ceptibly up the face of the wall, to crouch when he reaches the top, ready to pounce upon his prey.

You will notice that he affects the markings of the zebra on his egg-shaped body, black with white bands, which give him rather a smart appearance. His legs are short, and in size he is just a shade smaller than *Lycosa*. He has reached the top of the wall, where he waits with all the patience of a long-tried huntsman. It is not his habit to dash hither and thither in search of food; he prefers to wait till his food comes to him. Note that almost imperceptible movement of body: he has seen a fly. There it is, all unconscious of its approaching enemy.

"How nice and warm is this wall!" softly buzzes the poor insect as, after the manner of its kind, it runs forward about half-an-inch, and halts.

The Jumping Spider does the same thing. He is shadowing his prey like a detective, ever following and never coming to close quarters till he is certain of its capture. On again runs the fly; once more the stealthy spider advances, each time growing closer and closer, till, with one vigorous spring, he has fastened upon his prey as a cat upon a mouse, and has, with one bite, poisoned it.

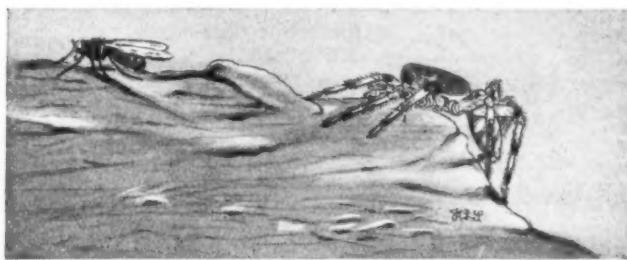
Wait a moment! Our spider detective has left a clue behind, in the shape of a silken thread at-

tached to the point from which he leaped upon his victim.

You are still interested? Well, perhaps we will go abroad once again, and look for more of these inhabitants of Spiderdom. But now we must return; I, to the toil of my study, and you?—to lie beneath the cedar, smoke those interminable pipes, and read the news. Good-bye!



A LADY WOLF SPIDER CARRYING ABOUT WITH HER HER SACK OF EGGS.  
SHE WILL NOT LEAVE HER PRECIOUS BURDEN AT  
HOME FOR A MINUTE



THE ORDINARY JUMPING SPIDER SHADOWING HIS PREY  
LIKE A DETECTIVE

# The Private Soldier who became a King

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF SWEDEN<sup>1</sup>

THE coming marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Oscar, the eldest son of the Swedish Crown Prince, has for the moment brought back into our thoughts the wonderful story of the Royal Family of Sweden. The handsome old gentleman who now sits upon the throne of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth is the grandson of a man who began life as a private soldier, and the grandfather of a Prince betrothed to a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, a Princess of one of the proudest and most ancient royal families of Europe. The explanation of circumstances so extraordinary is supplied by a romantic chapter of history, and the story of Bernadotte, the founder of the Royal House of Sweden, is well worthy of being set forth with more fulness of outline than it has received from any English writer.

## "THE LITTLE LAWYER OF PAU"

The tale begins in the little town of Pau, in the French Pyrenees, lying in the midst of a district highly favoured by nature, rejoicing in valleys robed with flowers, and in air laden with perfumes. Two kings first opened their eyes to the light of day in Pau. The ancient manor-house in which Henry of Navarre was born seems to crown the little town with a diadem of towers. At the foot of the gentle slope is a wavy line of old buildings, one of them the small, grey, one-storied house inhabited during the second half of the eighteenth century by a respectable lawyer named Bernadotte and his family. The father was a capable, upright man, and the style of the household marked by solid comfort. To the country lawyer was born on January 26, 1764, a son who was to render the family name illustrious, Jean Baptiste Jules. He was a weak, puny child whom no one expected to live,—no one but the nurse who declared that the angels were protecting his cradle, and that he was reserved for lofty destinies.

Jean was the second son. The mother favoured the elder boy, and showed her

preference too plainly. Naturally enough, in these circumstances, Jean was not on good terms with his brother and particularly resented, so we are told, his fondness for what are called practical jokes. Jean was designed for the law, but his tastes did not lie in that direction, and he made but indifferent progress with his studies. His aversion to the manner of life projected for him by his father, and the unpleasantness of his home circumstances, led him to take the direction of his life into his own hands. He enlisted as a private in the Royal Marines, and was far from Pau before his absence was discovered.

## BERNADOTTE SAVES HIS COLONEL

This was in 1780, when young Bernadotte was in his seventeenth year. His advancement in the profession of arms was at the beginning very slow, and at the end of nine years he had risen no higher than the rank of sergeant. But with the outbreak of the Revolution his opportunity came. His first conspicuous act, however, in these stirring days, was not such perhaps as to commend him for quick promotion. At the time he was doing garrison duty at Marseilles, where the revolutionary spirit was strong and violent. The Colonel of the Marines, the Marquis d'Ambert, was set upon by a furious mob intent upon his destruction. He was an aristocrat, that was enough. Sergeant Bernadotte plucked the Marquis out of the hands of his enemies, carried him off to the Town Hall, and declared to the surging mob that if the Colonel were taken it must be across the dead bodies of himself and his comrades. Confronted with this brave, calm, resolute opposition, the fury of the populace melted away and the Marquis was saved.

The promotion of Bernadotte was now as dizzy in its rapidity as formerly it had been exasperating in its slowness. The departure of the Royalist officers from the army in large numbers opened up a broad path for the advancement of men like Bernadotte, men possessing strength of character and natural aptitude for the military

<sup>1</sup> We venture to call the special attention of our readers to this interesting article. It sets forth the story of a very extraordinary career, and contains much information which has never before, we understand, been published in England.

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profession. In 1792 he was made a colonel, a year later he was given command of a brigade, and soon after of a division.

### FIRST MEETING WITH BONAPARTE

During the Italian campaign he came into contact with General Napoleon Bonaparte, and these two remarkable men conceived an immediate and instinctive dislike of each other. Bernadotte, faithful to the Republic, divined and distrusted the portentous ambition of the great conqueror. Napoleon remarked to his staff, after the first interview, that Bernadotte had a French head with a Roman heart. With all his immense cleverness there was a simple, ingenuous dignity, a mounting almost to grandeur, in Bernadotte's character which could not escape the notice of so keen a judge of men as Napoleon, who, nevertheless, allowed himself to comment severely on the boastful style of speech adopted by Bernadotte. There was, however, little of the braggart in the character of Bernadotte. If inclined towards

loud, swelling words, this was merely a fashion of his southern blood.

Tedious and unnecessary would it be to follow in detail the military career of Bernadotte. A strange revolution of the wheel of fortune placed him in 1798 at Vienna as the Ambassador of the French Republic. The Directory turned upon him, as upon others of its agents, suspicious eyes. Bernadotte was reproved for having failed to hoist the flag of the Republic over his embassy.

Immediately upon his repairing this omission, the mob of the Austrian capital rose in riot against the French Ambassador, forced its way into the embassy, and sought to lay violent hands upon Bernadotte. Napoleon, at whose instigation, it is believed, Bernadotte had been rebuked for his lack of Republican zeal, persuaded the Directory to be content with a modest satisfaction for this gross insult to the French flag. The incident served Bernadotte as an excuse for pleading his unfitness for diplomatic functions, and he gladly returned to Paris.

### A BRAGGART WOOLER

Bernadotte was married during this same year to Mademoiselle Désirée Clary, the daughter of a merchant of Marseilles. Désirée's sister was already the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and it is said that the hand of Bernadotte's bride had been sought by Napoleon himself. "I shall give you," said the conqueror to Désirée, according to this report, "I shall give you the most beautiful

existence. It may be that I shall pass like a meteor, but I make bold to assure you that the remembrance of my passage will remain." Monsieur Clary accompanied his refusal of Napoleon's suit by a declaration that one Bonaparte in his family was enough! The marriage of Désirée and General Bernadotte took place in the house of Joseph Bonaparte, in the Rue du Rocher, Paris. One account has it that it was Joseph Bonaparte who arranged



BERNADOTTE, THE FOUNDER OF THE PRESENT SWEDISH DYNASTY

Began life as a private soldier, became a Marshal and Prince under Napoleon, and in the prime of life was unanimously elected by the Swedish nation to the Royal succession

## The Private Soldier who became a King

that his sister-in-law should marry Bernadotte, in order to attach to the Bonaparte interest one whose skill as a soldier and whose influence as a man of integrity and humanity might be of great value to him who sought the empire of the world.

### A SHABBY TRICK

Shortly after his marriage Bernadotte was appointed Minister of War. One morning he suffered the mortification of reading in the official *Moniteur* an announcement of his resignation before he had even tendered it! This mean device to rid Bernadotte of his office was the work of some of Napoleon's friends, a shabby trick to which the Corsican, probably with justice, was suspected of being privy. Although Bernadotte refused to take part in the *coup d'état* of November 9, 1799, by which the supreme power in France was conferred upon Napoleon, and although he withheld all help from the latter in his schemes of personal ambition, yet on the proclamation of the Empire he was created a Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte Corvo, a district of Naples.

Nevertheless, occasions of unpleasantness between the Emperor and his greatest General were continually arising. Bernadotte's conduct of some operations in the hostilities against Prussia after the battle of Austerlitz gave such offence to Napoleon that he actually signed a decree for handing him over to a court-martial to be shot. For the sake of Bernadotte's wife, the order was revoked.

An entire change in the state and fortune of the Prince of Ponte Corvo was at hand. At the age of forty-six, in the height of his fame and the plenitude of his powers, he was unanimously summoned by the King and people of Sweden to assume the succession to the throne of that ancient and famous realm.

### THE MAD KING OF SWEDEN

Before giving some details of what has been described without exaggeration as the most extraordinary event in history, it is necessary to set out, however briefly, the course of affairs in Sweden during the epoch of the Revolution. Gustavus IV., who assumed the reins of power in Sweden in 1792, the year before the head of Louis XVI. fell beneath the guillotine, entertained a strong aversion to Napoleon, and, devot-

ing all his energies to the overthrow of the portent whom he regarded as the Great Beast spoken of in the Book of the Revelation, joined the coalition of Austria, Russia, and England against France. His indiscretion, however, soon involved him in trouble with Russia, and the armies of Sweden were severely defeated upon the plains of Finland. At the same time Sweden was engaged in a harassing warfare with Denmark on the Norwegian frontier.

The Swedes were so incensed by the disasters brought upon them by the folly and incapacity of Gustavus that in 1809 he was forced to abdicate, was banished from his realm, and his heirs declared for ever disqualified for the succession. He was succeeded by his uncle, Duke Charles of Södermanland, who was proclaimed King as Charles XIII. under a fairly liberal constitution. Peace was made with Russia by the formal cession of Finland, a country of over 120,000 square miles, with a population at that time of 895,000, and of peculiar importance to Sweden on account of the supplies of grain which she was accustomed to draw from it. An arrangement was also entered into with France by which the relations of the two countries were placed on a peaceful footing, and Pomerania was restored to Sweden. Charles XIII. was old and without heirs, and the Danish Stadtholder of Norway, Prince Christian Augustus, was declared Crown Prince. Within a year, however, he died suddenly while holding a review of the troops, and there was now no one within the kingdom who had any title by blood to the throne. It was in these circumstances that the unanimous choice of King and people designated Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, for the succession.

### WHY BERNADOTTE WAS ELECTED

Bernadotte was elected to this august position because, in the first place, he was a skilful soldier, and the first need of Sweden was defence from her enemies—on the one side Denmark, on the other Russia. But a factor of equal weight in determining the decision of the Swedes, was that Bernadotte was known of all men for elevation of character. It is also very probable, though the Swedes did not see fit to consult Napoleon before setting their hearts on Bernadotte, that they hoped by electing one of his marshals to a throne to

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stand well with the dreaded conqueror. A very odd circumstance it is that the origin of the movement to place Bernadotte in the succession to Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XIII. lay in the admiration for him of the Swedish officers who had encountered him as an enemy on the field of battle, and who had known the magnanimity and clemency that he could show as a conqueror; for Bernadotte had commanded a division of the French army in Mecklenburg at

assume command of the Papal dominions when the news of his election to the Swedish succession reached him. For thirty years he had served the country which gave him birth, and his heart's desire was now to end his days in repose. But in the free and unanimous choice of Sweden he perceived a decision of Providence. "I made it my duty," he said, "to submit to it, and my soul elevated itself to the level of my new destiny."



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT

A granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who is engaged to be married to—

Photo

Lafayette

H.R.H. PRINCE OSCAR

The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, fifth in descent from Bernadotte

Photo

Florman

the time of some offensive operations in Germany conducted by the wild Gustavus IV. Bernadotte was raised to the throne of Sweden because he had fought against the Swedes so nobly! It is surely a piquant reflection that only two years before his election as Crown Prince, Bernadotte took part in an enterprise which had for its object the partition of Sweden between Denmark and Russia.

Bernadotte's relations with Napoleon were in their chronic state of strain, and he was just about to start for Italy to

### PARTING INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON

But would Napoleon consent to relieve Marshal Bernadotte from his allegiance to France? The Emperor seemed at first disposed to return a flat negative to Bernadotte's request. "What!" retorted the Prince of Ponte Corvo, "would you make me a greater than yourself by compelling me to refuse a crown?" Napoleon then sought to impose, as a condition of his assent, a promise that Bernadotte would never take up arms against France. To

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have accepted the invitation of Sweden with such a promise on his conscience would have been, on the part of Bernadotte, a base treachery, and the unreasonable request of the Emperor was promptly refused. Napoleon next referred to the hostility which Sweden offered to his policy by continuing to trade with England. Bernadotte asked for a few months to study this question on the spot and from the point of view of the nation which had adopted him. "Willingly," said the Emperor, "but after that no more tergiversation—friend or enemy, frankly." Finally, after this ungracious heckling, and without a word of thanks, or regret, or congratulation, Napoleon gave consent. "Go," said he, "our fates must be accomplished."

On the day when Bernadotte was due to leave France the Emperor was observed to be in a very pensive mood. "Has the Crown Prince of Sweden set out?" he inquired of his Grand-Marechal Duroc. "Is he sorry to leave France? I should have been delighted if he had refused the throne; but, however,"—a long pause—"he does not love me, we do not understand each other." Bernadotte, when once he had set out on his journey, pursued it with all possible speed, so as not to give the Emperor time to change his mind, and he did not feel safe until he had crossed the Sound.

### A ROCK AND A THRONE

What is the explanation of the strained relations which generally subsisted between Napoleon and Bernadotte? The latter once frankly suggested that it might be sought in the fact that Napoleon had often been embarrassed by finding Bernadotte in his way. At first Napoleon's sentiments towards Bernadotte were fear and jealousy. He thought he saw in him a rival for supremacy. When Napoleon perceived that Bernadotte's ambitions were the ambitions of a soldier and nothing more, his attitude towards him was modified, but he never could obtain from Bernadotte the passive obedience which his other lieutenants rendered to him. Bernadotte had no dreams of royalty or dominion for himself, he was not powerful enough to bar the way of Napoleon's devouring ambitions, but he did not hide his lack of sympathy with them, and did nothing directly to advance them. Napoleon's defective morality, and especially his facility of fabrication, dis-

gusted Bernadotte. The fact is that Bernadotte was a man of character, and that Napoleon had none. The consequence was that while the latter died upon a rock, the former died upon a throne.

### BERNADOTTE'S CENTRAL AIM

Bred in camps, Bernadotte brought to the nation which adopted him a soul frank and loyal, and an ardent desire to do everything for the happiness of his new country. For titles and for guarantees he brought his actions and his sword; "if," he said, addressing the Swedes, "I could have added to them a lineage of ancestry from Charles Martel, I could only have desired it for your sakes." From the moment he placed his foot upon the territory of Sweden he became entirely a Swede, and his conduct ever after was governed solely by consideration for the interests of Sweden. In pursuance of this policy he was brought into conflict with his native country and with old comrades-in-arms; but if he is not to be blamed for accepting the Swedish throne, surely neither is he to be censured, but rather warmly praised, for forgetting altogether, in his conduct of policy, that he was a Frenchman by birth, and for thinking only of the safety, independence and prosperity of the country which had elected him as its ruler.

The situation of his new country, among the frosts and rocks of the north, free and independent in the midst of its forests and mountains, seemed to appeal tenderly to Bernadotte's imagination. The central aim of his policy was to detach the peninsula of Scandinavia from the whirlpool of excitements, alarms and excursions which so distracted and exhausted the other countries of Europe: in short, to conserve all the resources of his people for the arts of peace. Speaking twelve years later, and eight years after the union with Norway, he remarked that since that event the population of Sweden had increased by 140,000 souls and that of Norway by 60,000 souls, and he added a characteristic observation: "This increase," he said, "is equivalent to the acquisition of a province which would have cost us large sums of treasure, and a great effusion of blood."

Charles XIII. was old, feeble in body, and not vigorous in mind, and the control of affairs devolved on the Crown Prince. Sweden was soon in serious trouble with Napoleon, who wished to make the far

## The Private Soldier who became a King

northern kingdom help in drawing his triumphal chariot. Bernadotte was given the option of declaring war on Britain or incurring the active enmity of France. He chose the former, but the war was merely formal, for Sweden was without a single battalion ready to march, there were no supplies in her arsenals and magazines, and not a farthing in her treasury. Further, Britain had a sympathetic understanding of the unpleasant dilemma in which Sweden had stood, and the British cruisers, in most cases, returned their Swedish captures untouched. The war, such as it was, however, greatly retarded the restoration of prosperity to poor Sweden. The cessation of trade with England meant an annual loss of 6,000,000 francs in Customs dues. The export of iron to America and the import of salt from England stopped, with great loss and inconvenience to the Swedes.

### DEFYING THE GREAT EMPEROR

Napoleon was not content with the sacrifices which even this feigning war compelled Sweden to suffer. He made demands for armed assistance which could not be complied with, and a definite breach resulted when in 1812 Napoleon invaded the possessions of Sweden in Pomerania. Bernadotte vigorously remonstrated. "Although," he said, writing to Napoleon,— "although I have contributed to render France triumphant, although I have constantly desired to see her respected and happy, it never has entered into my thoughts to sacrifice the interests, the honour, and the independence of the country which has adopted me. Little jealous as I am of the power and the glory which surround you I am jealous, Sire, of not being regarded as a vassal. Your Majesty



PRINCESS MARGARET, AND PRINCESS PATRICIA, OF CONNAUGHT, BRINGING GIFTS  
AND SYMPATHY TO THE LITTLE SUFFERERS IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL  
*Photo Chancellor*

commands the greater part of Europe, but your dominion does not extend to the country whither I have been called."

Bernadotte was driven, for the sake of the maintenance of Swedish independence, into the coalition against France. As the price of his co-operation Britain and Russia promised to help Sweden in wresting Norway from Denmark. Bernadotte in 1813 marched into Germany at the head of an army of 30,000 men. He had thus the glory of commanding the Swedes on the very plains which had been rendered memorable by the triumphs of the great Gustavus Adolphus. Bernadotte won various successful actions and inflicted a signal defeat on Marshal Ney, an old comrade-in-arms. When, however, he entered France he could not forget that he was treading the land of his birth; he did not approve of the invasion, believing that France should be left free to settle her own internal destiny; he showed less than his usual energy when on French soil, and he was in consequence regarded with chilling suspicion by the other allied powers. However, he effected the two great objects he had in view, the safety and independence of Sweden and the acquisition of Norway to his dominions. Pomerania was sold to Prussia for 4,800,000 rix-dollars, and with this sum Bernadotte

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paid off the foreign loans that Sweden had contracted.

### "I DIE TRANQUIL"

With the final overthrow of Napoleon and the fall of the dynasties that he had created, the position of Bernadotte as a parvenu royalty was for a time insecure. But the danger soon passed away. Bernadotte's invaluable services to Sweden had won for him the goodwill of the people, and there was no other claimant who commanded the respect either of the Swedes or of the champions of legitimacy themselves. Charles XIII. came to the end of his career

moment that the sole endeavour of his life should be the good of his people. He promoted with unceasing activity and unquenchable zeal, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The number of vessels engaged in the shipping trade was doubled during his reign. The country was opened up by the construction of roads, bridges, canals, and railways. Schools and colleges were established, and by means of a parochial system education was brought within the reach and the means of the poorest. The public debt was reduced to almost nothing. Ignorant, to the end of his days, of the languages of the countries over which he ruled, he yet won a large measure of affection from his people. Although refusing to give his help to the reactionary activity of the Holy Alliance—mainly perhaps because of his firm resolve to keep his country clear of the complications of European policy—he exhibited a very imperfect sympathy with the strong popular tendencies that in his later years manifested themselves in his kingdoms. Bernadotte was not a democrat by temperament, a great soldier never is. With his death in 1844, in his eightieth year, closed one of the noblest, one of the most extraordinary



PRINCE AND PRINCESS BERNADOTTE OF SWEDEN, WHOSE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE IS A WELL-KNOWN STORY

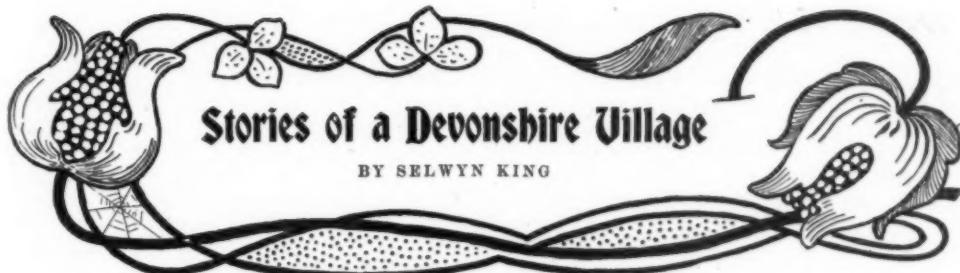
The Prince, the second son of the present king, surrendered his chance of succession to the throne in order that he might marry the woman he loved

in 1818. "I die tranquil," he said, as he was passing away. "I know to whom I leave my kingdoms and my subjects." The accession of Bernadotte as Charles XIV., Jean was recognised in due course by all the European powers. Even the deposed Gustavus wrote to Bernadotte a letter of congratulation. The unhappy man, under the name of Colonel Gustafsson, was leading a strange, wandering, restless life on the continent of Europe. His sad career came to its close, after twenty-eight years of exile, at St. Gall, Switzerland, in 1837.

Charles XIV. Jean never forgot for a

careers in the world's history.

This narrative has made it plain that the young Prince Oscar Gustavus Adolphus, who is to marry Princess Margaret of Connaught, and who will, one day, if God spares him, succeed to the throne of Sweden and Norway, is a member of a family rejoicing in a notable ancestry, an ancestry to be proud of. All our readers will wish that the young couple may have many years of wedded bliss, and that, in the words of Bernadotte, their souls will rise to the level of their exalted destiny.



## Stories of a Devonshire Village

BY SELWYN KING

### I.—Some Queer Folk

NO one will deny that from the water our little village of North and South Tor is picturesque, and even beautiful. The old sea-walls of North Tor, with the waves gently plashing against them, look like the ramparts of a fortified town, or the walls of an old castle. With the morning sun shining on them, lighting up every stain old Time and the waves together have painted on them, they are a study in colour to delight an artist's eye.

But, alas! North Tor is best appreciated from without; within "it hath an ancient fish-like smell," and its narrow cobbled streets and poor cottages are apt to occupy the attention so much, that the glorious view to be seen at the end of every small street escapes notice. South Tor is the "west end" of this small town. Here are the few shops and the inevitable High Street. It is somewhat cleaner and more modern than North Tor, but is so much the less interesting.

The greater part of both North and South Tor lies huddled at the base of the hill which rises at the back of the village, while in front of it stretches a wide estuary.

Some few houses here and there have made an effort to climb the hill, but, with the exception of two, have remained satisfied with getting high enough to prevent themselves being jogged by their neighbours' elbows.

Two, more ambitious than the others, persevered, but rather more than half-way up the hill one of them found a little copse, and becoming entangled with the trees, settled down contentedly among them.

The other, having thus lost its chief incentive to climb higher, decided there was nothing to gain by reaching the top, and, like the "grandfather's clock," "stopped short, never to go again."

One of these two houses was the old Vicarage, and the other the Squire's.

North and South Tor meet at the church, and it is part of the Vicar's work in life to allay the jealousy between the two, and to soothe the animosity which, although usually latent, has been known to rise on very slight provocation. Minnie Yeo, who married a North Tor man, and whose marriage turned out unhappily, received but scant sympathy from her old neighbours when with her baby she had to seek the shelter of her mother's roof.

"Why," they asked, "what could her expect if her would marry a furriner?" We are not quite so exclusive now-a-days, but less than fifteen years ago a woman who had lived for some years in South Tor had occasion to pay a visit to North Tor. Her appearance there caused general excitement and much speculation, women ragged and unkempt coming to the doors to discuss audibly who "her could be." It was with a feeling of relief that "the stranger" once more passed to her own side of the church. People coming from a greater distance are regarded by all Tor with suspicion. We do not "eave 'arf a brick" at their heads, but we credit them with the loss of everything which may disappear mysteriously during their stay at Tor. If a small burglary occurs in the neighbourhood they are likely to be arrested for it, not that we Tor people are so immaculate, but simply because they are strangers. On one such occasion, when the accused were triumphantly acquitted, our policeman, when reprimanded for arresting any one on such slight grounds for suspicion, explained, "Well, 'ee see, us do know what a Tor man do be after, but other folks there's no getting at any way."

Living as we do at the end of a promontory, we have little connexion with the country which lies far behind us. We have customs and ways of our own, and are only slowly taking our place in the onward movement of the world. We certainly

## Stories of a Devonshire Village

have the telephone, but that hardly interferes with many of us; we rarely employ the telegraph, the postal arrangements being quite speedy enough for us, except in rare cases of sudden illness and death.

Our interest centres in the "Bay," there we come in touch with the world beyond Tor. Small trading vessels from Norway, coasting brigs and ketches from Wales and South Devon are continually coming and going. If the fishing season is bad, some of the men will occasionally make a voyage or two in these crafts. A family may all be minus shoes and stockings, but one of the elder sisters may speak of her visit to Jersey and Guernsey, although London is still to many of us a *terra incognita*. The sea is not a barrier to separate us from the rest of the world, but the chief means of communication with it. Yet although we may occasionally take a passing interest in other countries, we reserve our enthusiasm for our own village and our own doings.

Our chief, indeed almost our only public buildings are the church and various chapels. If the number of these was any criterion of the religious and moral well-being of a place, then might Tor be a shining light in the neighbourhood, but the illumination at present is but feeble. With the advent of the present Vicar, Tor has been somewhat roused from its sleep of contentment and indifference. It is inclined to resent being disturbed, and one woman gave voice to the general feeling when she remarked behind the Vicar's back, "Us were good enough for old Passon Beara, us be good enough for he."

Mr. Brookes the Independent minister started a teachers' preparation class. The attendance at first was very gratifying, but after a time or two it dropped off. The teachers were not all young, and the elder ones were disposed to regard it as a waste of valuable time. Mr. Smith remarked to Mrs. Friendship, "Mr. Brookes he do be a very good man, but he do teach us a deal too much about places, and plants, and custom, giving the bones without the marrer, and what good be they things to I, with only a class of small boys? They do want to be told as they be sinners and God be angry with them, so they can be brought to repentance."

The majority agreed with Mr. Smith, but Mrs. Friendship had something to say—"Iss, sure, they du need to learn to hate sin, though I would rather tell them God is

sorry for them, because He loves them; but when I were a little maid, I did dearly love my mother to put my powders in summat sweet, it took off th' taste like, and made me swallow the whole. And I du think Mr. Brookes makes the Bible more real to a body; I never did feel as if I knew what Abraham and the rest were like before, and what us can't see ourselves, us can't make others see. When I have cutting out to du, I rarely like a good sharp pair of scissors just ground fresh, and it seems to me mayhap the Lord likes to work best with sharpened-up tools, and it du seem as if us ought not to give Him any more trouble than us can help, when maybe He has put it into Mr. Brookes' mind to hold this class, so us be better fitted to be used by Him."

Mrs. Friendship's words saved the class from extinction, and it flourished as long as Mr. Brookes remained at Tor.

The great ambition of the older inhabitants is to have a "good follyng" at his or her "burying," and old Mrs. Chope was considered to have reflected considerable glory upon her relatives by having a "long family" of children and grandchildren walking in procession behind her coffin. On the Sunday following the "burying" it is the custom at Tor for the relatives and friends to "walk out," and for any one to absent himself on such an occasion is looked upon in the light of a disgrace. To "walk out" is to walk two and two, like the old prints of the animals going into the ark, to the parish church, and sit throughout the whole service in certain pews allotted to them for that occasion.

On these Sundays many go to church who are not in the habit of doing so, but their ignorance of the service is of little consequence. The conduct of the occupants of each pew is strictly regulated by Tor etiquette. The first row of mourners (the nearest relatives of the deceased) must not lift their heads, but keep their faces buried in their handkerchiefs; the second row sit upright, but take no part nor any apparent interest in the service; the third row may have Prayer-books and follow the service, but on no account must rise; should there be a fourth row, they may if they choose behave as ordinary worshippers would do, but I do not remember ever seeing them use this privilege.

Such is the etiquette of Tor with regard to "buryings."

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Weddings take a secondary place at Tor, a "marrying" is not to be compared to a "burying" in point of interest. At the present time the fashion in weddings is nearly the same here as elsewhere in rural England. Some few years ago the festivities were concluded by the village fiddler playing before the door of the house where the wedding had been held, and the company having a dance in the street surrounded by an admiring circle of neighbours, but this custom has almost died out.

The children's gala day is the first of May. From early in the morning until the inexorable school claims them, they parade the streets with their garlands and wire hoops decorated with flowers and eggs. Woe betide any garden in a lonely spot, and unprotected by a dog; its best blooms will have disappeared long before the sun is high in the heavens. If you are fond of children, and like to encourage old customs, you may perchance be tempted to distribute small coins among the many small visitors you will have on May-day. If so, and your garden has two entrances to it, then study well each child's face as you give your donation, for instances have been known of the same children departing by one gate and entering by the other, and thus securing a second contribution. Whereby it may be seen we are not quite so unsophisticated as a stranger might take us to be.

For nine months in the year we are a decorous, hard-working, perhaps rather



"TUT, TUT!" SAID THE CAPTAIN TO THE WEEPING WIDOW, "YOU MAKE TOO MUCH OF IT, THEY'LL SOON FIND OUT THEIR MISTAKE."

solemn community; for one month we are restless and inclined to be fractious, like a newly-awakened child; and for the other two we throw off care, lay aside our work except what is absolutely necessary, and revel in the sunshine and the long summer days. If Tor itself is but a dim jewel, no one can deny that its setting is lovely enough to satisfy the most exacting. Those of us who love the sea in all its moods, and could listen for hours to the strange tales it tells, as it dashes against the wild rocky coast, go to the west and are happy; those who love woods and moors and little trout-streams babbling over the pebbles go eastward, and rest contentedly under the trees. With all Nature crying "Come out, come out, and see my beauty, and learn to love me!" why should we stay in our small

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rooms and narrow stifling streets?—and so every society has its day's outing, which usually involves a drive, for, as a mother in Tor remarked, "Us sees enough o' they old boats, us likes a drive."

Our great unfailing recreation is, like the poor, "always with us." Summer and winter our great delight and our one unfailing occupation is a good gossip. When any event is likely to occur in your family which you do not want all Tor to know, you had better move to some other place immediately, nothing else can by any possibility save you. Why should we take any interest in newspapers when we have a staff of reporters of our own, and are kept constantly on the *qui vive*, and sufficiently excited by most contradictory rumours arising nobody knows where, and circulated on the authority of the impersonal "they"?

Mrs. Winter has died suddenly, and is to be buried on Saturday. Tor is shocked and surprised, as the old lady when last seen was in her usual state of health. But the shock does not last long, as Rumour soon has some additional items to spread. The sons from London are coming to the funeral, and the two daughters have gone to Weston for the mourning. There is much discussion as to which of the two village carpenters will be employed to make the coffin, some thinking it unlikely that Sam Tucker, a young man and a new inhabitant of Tor, will get the job, when old Johnny Wells has made all the coffins for Tor for the last thirty years.

Sam Tucker's appearance on the Quay at this juncture is hailed with pleasure. "Here he be! Who's to do it, Sam?" The only answer was a low growl, which surprised the little gathering, as Sam was, on the whole, a good-tempered fellow. "Ah!" guessed one bright spirit, "th' old 'un's got it, I knowed he would." "Better tell him to begin at once then," said Sam sarcastically. "Well, what be it, Sam?—what's up wi' ee?" By dint of much questioning they obtained from Sam the following story.

Hearing of Mrs. Winter's death early in the morning, he had hurried over his breakfast and gone down at once to the Point. The sun shone full on the front of the house, and the blinds were all down, as Sam expected to see them. His knock at the door was answered by a small child. To Sam's inquiry for Miss Winter, she answered that the young ladies had gone to Weston, but perhaps he would like to see the old

one. Sam hesitated, but deciding that Miss Winter, expecting him to call, had told the child to say this, he intimated that he would see the body. He was shown into a room on the ground floor. It was shady, and Sam's eyes were dazzled by the glare without. It was only for a minute, and then he started back in confusion, and something almost like terror, for there stood the very woman he had come to measure for her coffin, looking very much alive, and asking him with some asperity "what he wanted." Sam was so taken by surprise that he simply stood and stared. "Bless the man!" said the old lady irritably, "I might be a death's-head from the way he looks at me; where be 'ee senses?"

The unfortunate man began some kind of stammering explanation, but before he could get far the storm broke. "Another lunatic! Old Johnny's been here this morning on the same errand, and a dozen idiots to offer sympathy, and what not. Go home, man, and tell the neighbours I be as alive as they be, and mean to outlive half of 'em, a pack o' senseless gabbling creatures, who believe all they hear at Tor, and spend their time in repeating it." Sam backed out of the room and out of the house as speedily as possible, glad to find himself on his way home again, "a wiser and sadder" man. "Tell 'ee, neighbours," he concluded, "I never felt so senseless in my life."

Mrs. Winter kept her word, and outlived many of those who anticipated seeing her "burying," for she lived to the age of one hundred and one.

Captain Bone always declared he should never have been married if it had not been for the gossiping propensities of Tor. He had visited Widow Slade once or twice, it is true, but had never meant to give up his bachelor freedom for any woman. But one day Tor was agreeably excited by the news that Captain Bone and Mrs. Slade were to be "called" on the following Sunday. No matter where the Captain went that day he received congratulations, and jocular remarks concerning him were passed freely on right and left. In vain he became nearly purple in the face in his efforts to make his friends understand it was all a mistake; they only laughed and joked him the more. It was not often they had such a good opportunity of getting a "rise" out of the Captain. At last Captain Bone marched homeward in dudgeon, vowing not to show his face in Tor again that day.

## Stories of a Devonshire Village

Half-way up the hill he came face to face with Mrs. Slade. The Captain still wonders if the encounter was accidental on the lady's part, but has never dared to inquire. Mrs. Slade was weeping, and appeared to be in great distress. Notwithstanding this, Captain Bone would have passed on, but the lady stopped right in front of him, and he was perforce brought to a standstill. The lady fired the first shot.

"Oh, Captain Bone, this is terrible, I cannot think what my poor husband would have thought of it all. I shall never hold up my head in Tor again," and here she broke down, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Tut, tut! ma'am, you make too much of it, they'll soon find out their mistake."

"Yes, but that won't bring me back my good name for modesty and proper behaviour," sobbed the lady; "they will be sure to say it was all my fault,—'tis always the woman who is to blame in these cases."

The Captain felt rather bewildered, it seemed to him "much ado about nothing," but he was a tender-hearted sailor and felt he was bound to do his best to comfort the

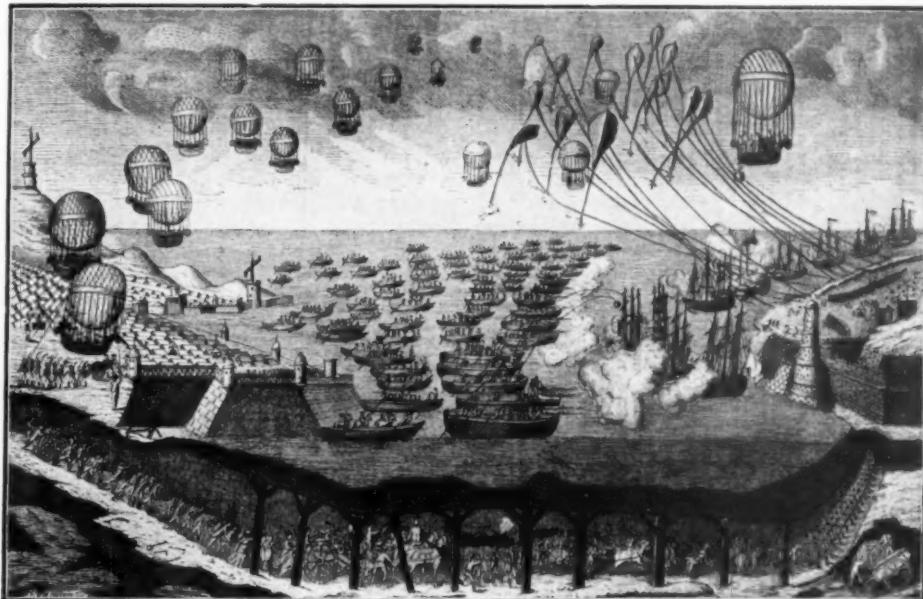
troubled woman. Unfortunately he forgot that he had not left *all* the houses of Tor behind him, and as he held the widow's hand he became conscious of half-suppressed chuckling and whispering. Mrs. Slade heard it too, and glancing round saw an open window, and half-a-dozen interested spectators.

"Oh, Captain, what have you done?" she cried; "it will be worse than ever now."

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of," said the Captain sturdily, "and to prove it, I'll walk home with you in the eyes of all Tor."

He did, in spite of the lady's faint remonstrances, and having, like the renowned Captain Bunsby, thus rashly placed himself in such peril, he met with the same fate as that gallant mariner, and although the banns were not "called" on Sunday, they were a few weeks afterward. "What did us tell 'ee?" cried Tor—"us knew it was true enough." Occasionally an unpleasant doubt forces itself upon Captain Bone, although he resolutely refuses to harbour it. Was it possible that the report concerning the banns was first put into circulation by Mrs. Slade herself?

(This is the first of a series of seven charming stories, each complete in itself, but all concerned with the quaint sayings and doings of the people of Tor. The second will appear in next month's LEISURE HOUR.)



A FRENCH DESIGN FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON

Notice the troops pouring into England by way of a tunnel under the English Channel. That was a hundred years ago!

# The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

MAKING THE MOST OF OURSELVES

BY JOHN A. STEUART

ONE of the most interesting as well as most instructive pieces of writing in contemporary literature is the very remarkable essay which Professor Mayor of Cambridge prefixes to his edition of the Satires of Juvenal. This preface derives its close and vital interest less from its perfect scholarship and its acute and illuminative criticism of the poet, than from its author's striking and original disquisition on the difficult art of living.

I almost suspect Professor Mayor of being a propagandist; I am sure he is an enthusiast, and I have a strong conviction that his enthusiasm is an asset of immense public value. Most of us, I fear, have in us a considerable spice of moral cowardice. We are all so apt to do the easy and pleasant thing; to give adherence to the easy and pleasant theory. If in moments of remorse we propose some petty personal reform to ourselves we are too prone to imitate Felix, by deferring the execution to a more convenient season.

## *Wanted—More Self-honesty!*

But while we wait hugging, not necessarily our darling sins, but at any rate our pet tastes and likings, Time sweeps on, habit lays its soft relentless hand upon us, until presently we are the fixed and helpless creatures of usage. What the majority of us need is a little more self-honesty, the hardihood to tell ourselves now and again the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning our general management of ourselves. Beyond all question the number of unfulfilled ideals, the disappointed hopes and dreams which vex humanity would be sensibly diminished if we but applied to ourselves that rigorous logic, that stern, undeviating rule of rectitude which we so readily apply to others. Perhaps the last perfection, the crowning virtue of man will be that honesty in criticism of himself, his ideals and ambitions which in general marks his criticism of his friends and their schemes.

What is the end of living? Is it not to make the most of ourselves, of our heritage and opportunities? By that of course I

do not mean the frantic indulgence of the devouring Anglo-Saxon passion for getting on.

"Oh, ho," cried Solomon. "Oh, ho, what have we now? Would you make sluggards of us all then?"

Was ever such a Daniel for rushing to judgment? I returned. Make sluggards! If I were establishing a new Utopia you would find in it no place for drones. Get on, pile up the shekels, buy houses and lands, fill your barns to bursting; but with all thy getting, get understanding of this, that if man is to fulfil his destiny he cannot live by deeds and securities alone, though he had a whole safe-deposit full of them.

"You were referring to Professor Mayor," interpolated the young lady classic gently.

## *A Great Doctor who has no Patients*

I was more particularly referring to his doctrine of living, I replied, though of course you can scarcely separate a preacher and his gospel. The first thing I note in Dr. Mayor is a rare and quite remarkable faculty of looking at things with his own eyes and speaking of them exactly as they are. He has solved the riddle which kills multitudes, and gives the doctor large fees and a fine establishment. In other words, he is his own physician, and, wonderful to relate, has never a patient on his hands. Were he to succeed in converting the world, I shudder to think of the fate of doctors. Meantime, believing that an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, he furnishes the best of all arguments in the domain of practice, the argument of experience. In January last he celebrated his eightieth birthday amid congratulations from half the scholars in the kingdom—hale and blithe as a man of forty. He is not too old at two score, he is not even too old at double two score. We have lately been hearing, on the supposed authority of a noted doctor, that a man is of little good after forty, and ought to be chloroformed at sixty-five as an unfortunate being of no more use whatsoever. To such theories Professor Mayor's career gives an emphatic contradiction.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1905.

## The Critic on the Hearth

"What is his secret?" asked the Colonel, with an eagerness he made no attempt to hide.

Rational living, that being the effect of perfect and absolute frankness with himself. It would be tragic were it not so comical to consider the immense pains which men and women take to deceive themselves, to believe that the easy is always the right and the pleasant invariably the wholesome. Self-interest might be supposed to make us unsparingly candid with ourselves; but in truth the vast majority of us are self-deceivers and self-flatterers.

The virtue of candour is likely to make one something of an iconoclast, to beget a desire in the possessor to examine popular shrines and interrogate popular idols for himself. Professor Mayor is no cynic going about with a dark lantern to spy out the failings and follies of his kind. One day perhaps it will be discovered that health is sanity, and sanity geniality. Not to mince matters, Professor Mayor is genial—and a vegetarian.

"O—o—h," exclaimed Solomon, with a sapient and withering air. "So that's it, is it?"

Pray do not run away with the vulgar notion that vegetarian is but a synonym for faddist. I beseech you, lay not that fatal error to your soul. It will be much wiser to inquire with all due diligence and humility how the wise man of eighty preserves the spirit, the buoyancy, the verve of forty—that is to say, the secret which makes an octogenarian the youthful, active and alert Professor of Latin at Cambridge.

### *Living on a Shilling a Day*

The Colonel reminded us of Abernethy's famous prescription to such as suffered the ills of laziness and luxury. "Live on six-pence a day and earn it," was the gruff advice. Well, Professor Mayor would limit each of us to a shilling a day. He views the costly modes of the Cambridge undergraduate with severe disapproval. I do not know that the bills of such as regard a university as a place providentially provided for those seeking "a good time" are thereby diminished by a single farthing. The gilded Trinity youth must have their fling—to graduate in the great art of pleasure.

"And that is why practical men so often

sneer at universities," said the Curate. "Only the other day I heard a man of experience and influence declare that the effect of an Oxford or Cambridge training is to turn a man into a snob. I repudiate that as a libel. Oxford and Cambridge are doing splendid work for the nation; but unhappily it is true they do not make for economy in living. That is where Professor Mayor justly finds fault with them. His own life has been so consistently devoted to plain living and high thinking, that he grows impatient with those who squander health and opportunity. A little wise management he believes would give vastly different results."

### *Giving the Brain Fair Play*

And he is probably right, I remarked. Let us take a familiar illustration. You have a locomotive of a hundred horse-power; under exceedingly bad management it will outclass one of fifty horse-power. But if you would have it really effective up to its limit, you must keep it clean and sweet. The question, therefore, is not whether a good brain does tolerably good thinking, but whether it does the best of which it is capable.

One would probably be well within the bounds of truth in saying that not one person in a thousand, nay, one in ten thousand, gives his or her brain fair play. The dullest mechanic has wisdom enough to understand that for its full complement of work an engine must have constant and proper care. He knows that rust or dirt will cripple and spoil it. But an engine of infinitely finer texture, an engine much more delicate in its working, and therefore more easily thrown out of gear—to wit, his brain—is allowed to run as it will or can. Is there any end to the extraordinary inconsistency of man?

The other day a physician told us that softening of the brain is common among agricultural labourers, and that the disease is induced by rusting and clogging. In certain districts of England, it appears, the ordinary farm labourer never, or very rarely, uses his brain. Nature, though immensely patient, is not forgetful, and her revenge is sharp and terrible. The disused organ decays, bringing imbecility and death to its owner.

I am not arguing from these extreme cases, though they carry a pointed moral. I am thinking rather of the innumerable

## The Critic on the Hearth

brains which are kept at a low ebb of vitality and efficiency, from ignorance, carelessness, and the spirit of self-indulgence. The mental faculties might very well be likened to the old Damascus blades—used and cared for properly they are capable of taking the finest and keenest edge, but rust and lose temper by mismanagement.

"Exactly," said the Colonel, with the warmth of conviction, "exactly. How many men have I not known whose heads seemed to be filled with a kind of desiccated something or other that certainly was not brain in any proper sense, since it had lost all its freshness and power. Now, I am old-fashioned enough to hold that the first duty of man is to keep himself fit for duty. Body and mind should be efficient, willing, obedient servants, not sluggards, cripples or task-masters in infirmity. Any system, therefore, which gives a man easy and constant command of himself mentally and physically, above all which makes eighty feel like forty, is not to be disposed of with a jeer or a smile of ignorance. I am hugely interested in Professor Mayor's experiment."

### *"The Physical Culture Craze"*

"Does he believe in the physical culture craze which threatens to send so many people off their heads?" inquired Solomon.

I should think he is much too level-headed to believe in any craze, I replied. He confesses that he has never taken a walk merely for exercise in his life; but I am not aware that he would prohibit others if he were dictator to-morrow. Some of us believe in the simple expedient of walking even more than in ballooning or motoring. Personally the flying machine, when it comes, will leave me indifferent, except as to the accidents which will cost some zealots their lives.

Therefore, as you may see, I believe in physical culture carried out rationally. And I am glad to observe that the systems now in vogue aim at doing that. I do not yearn for the muscle of a prize-fighter, nor pine to lift great weights above my head for no conceivable reason except the display of brawn.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said Solomon, "and it's this: why is it that, with the bounding health and strength which the professors of physical culture confer upon the nation, we yet suffer from physical deterioration, and must have this

society and that to keep us from falling to pieces? Will you reconcile these things?"

Forgive me, but I never essay the idle task of trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. On both sides methinks the lady protesteth too much. In an essay but recently published Emerson extols the delights and benefits of walking, not the cross-country sprinting of the modern athlete, but a leisurely ramble through woods and across lush meadows, with a mind free for the charms, surprises, and confidences of Nature. Then he thought mind and body unconsciously absorb health. "Have no fear of breaking down in a speech the day you walk twelve miles," Sydney Smith told a budding orator, and the assurance still holds good. In general, however, walking is too slow for the modern taste, or perhaps we townsfolk are losing the use of our legs, as the farm labourers lose the use of their brain, by disuse.

It may be, too, we are losing the feeling for Nature which distinguished our predecessors of a generation ago. Take your typical City man to Hampstead Heath on a spring day, when every breeze is a whiff of fragrance, when the birds lose themselves in rapture, and the vivid, tender green symbolises undying life—take him out, I say, to the top of Hampstead Heath and draw his attention to these things. He will of course agree they are very delightful, but ten to one the acknowledgment will be made with a yawn. What knows he of the ever-varying cloud, the scented wind, the shady nook, the coy flower uplifting its modest head, the vast blue arch of the sky; or rather what does he care? While you rave he is thinking of markets, sterilising his brain, starving his imagination, cheating his heart of its natural sustenance, or it may be wondering at your pathetic unfitness for a practical world. Do you imagine he can habitually conduct himself so without injury?

"His business," chipped in Solomon, "is to make his fortune as fast and as big as he can. That done, he can enjoy things with an undivided mind."

### *Nature more Ruthless than Shylock*

Are you quite sure of that? I asked. You may think Nature a simpleton, but in truth she is a close and jealous watcher. Moreover, she is more ruthless than Shylock in claiming her debts. You believe a man who has been, let us say, forty years assidu-

## The Critic on the Hearth

ously accumulating a bank account, looking to investments, building a fortune in short, can in the forty-first year step out into the free air in full enjoyment of wealth and freedom. He is terribly mistaken if he thinks so. Why is it that retired business men are often so miserable and commonly so short-lived? Because in piling up riches they lost the power of true enjoyment, the great art of living rationally.

### *Spiritual Bankruptcy*

Things are so arranged that in some way or other we pay for all we receive. The man who devotes himself exclusively or irrationally to pleasure or business, neglecting his moral, spiritual, and intellectual nature, will certainly pay the forfeit, or be forced into bankruptcy. As a rule the victim discovers this too late; but the wonder is that the onlookers so seldom profit by his fate.

"Do you then associate man's mental and spiritual being with his physical welfare?" asked Solomon.

Do I associate sunshine with the bloom and perfume of flowers? *Mens sana in corpore sano.* We moderns are perhaps not quite so wise as we think. Even in goodness we are too prone to do things by fits and starts. At present we have a physical culture fit. Ardent, credulous, and conscientious souls rise early, perform all manner of fantastic exercises, puff, blow, sputter, contort their bodies, and give a general impression of enduring the most frightful martyrdom—all to be in the fashion. With the elderly the ostensible motive is mostly to get rid of adipose tissue, blessed euphemism!; with the youthful to develop muscle.

### *The Worship of Brawn*

Multitudes of young men appear to think that there is nothing adorable but brawn, and that to knock down a bullock with the bare fist is the highest felicity given to man. Physical culture is good, kept in its proper place.

I very much doubt whether Samson was a person of really first-class health. At any rate his disciple of to-day rarely is. Let us not forget that athletes and all abnormally developed people are short

livers. Doubtless it would be an interesting experience to take up one after another the many systems of physical culture now before the public and push them to a logical conclusion. But the man who cherishes any such ambition ought first to make his will. He will be in no condition to make it after the experiment.

"What I conceive is wanted," said the Curate reflectively, "is harmony of adjustment—a little of everything, not too much of anything. Plato was of opinion that gymnastics are good for the soul; but too much gymnasium turns man into a monster. For the rest I shouldn't wonder if Professor Mayor is right in thinking that health, mental and bodily, depends less on exercise than on food and drink. Touching the question of what to eat, the world has lately been astounded by the dash, courage, and endurance of the Japanese. They are practically vegetarians. There surely is an argument for the simple life. Observe that even the Americans are taking up the crusade of simplicity."

### *The Simple Americans!*

Solomon laughed. "Yes," he returned, "they are an exceedingly simple folk, the Americans. As an instance of simplicity I read the other day that a gentleman in New York actually contrived to give an entertainment to his friends at the blushingly modest cost of £20,000. There's simplicity for you. If Abraham and the other patriarchs were to visit America to-day they would be astounded at the thought of their own extravagance in noting how the simple souls of New York live."

"I read also that the master of a moderate establishment there can scrape through on an expenditure of only £5000 a year for servants, that when he shifts to Newport it costs him but £6000 for the same item, and that by much pinching his wife can get along on £5000 a year for dress. In fact, on an income of £100,000 per annum or so the average American can really make both ends meet. Assuredly the era of a severe simplicity has set in in America."

When the laugh passed the Curate remarked quietly that it is scarcely fair to judge a nation by its plungers. If so judged, how would England stand?





## Canada's Material Growth

CANADA is enjoying a period of material prosperity unparalleled in her history, while the influx of immigration is adding materially to the normal population of the country, nearly half a million having entered Canada as immigrants in the last five years.

The most marked activity is in railway construction. The building of the new transcontinental line will involve an expenditure of £25,000,000. It is no small task for six millions of people thus to build a 3300-mile railway line. The Canadian Pacific is improving its main line and extending its branches in every direction at a cost of millions of pounds. The Canadian Northern Railway has 1500 miles of tracks laid, and within a comparatively short time will constitute a third transcontinental line.

As an outcome of the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, it is probable that the Allan Line will put on a Pacific fleet to meet the competition of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Electric railway building is also proceeding apace, especially in the Province of Ontario, where the country is being rapidly covered with trolley lines. Over 1000 miles of electric lines have thus far been constructed.

The industrial development of Canada is also responsible for the utilisation of her great water powers to an extent never before known. Three Canadian power companies are utilising the flow of Niagara Falls, and power will shortly be transmitted from Niagara to the surrounding Canadian cities within a radius of one hundred miles.

The Dominion Government is adding to the

prosperity of the country by the expenditure of comparatively large sums in the internal development of the Dominion, especially in regard to increased transportation facilities. The volume of trade further indicates Canada's prosperity. The hundred-million-pound mark is nearly reached, and will soon be passed. The percentage of growth of trade for the last seven years has been 107 per cent. as against 47 per cent. of the United States and 27 per cent. of Great Britain.

Mining development shows a similar ratio of prosperity, especially in British Columbia, where new anthracite mines are being discovered. The Yukon is still a great gold producer, reaching over twenty-five million pounds since the region was opened up.

The great forest wealth of the Dominion is being realised at a rate never before known. This is the case with the pulp wood forests, the expansion of the pulp and paper industry representing an investment of many millions. In the North-West large sums are being spent in irrigation. The Canadian Pacific Railway is building a 400-mile irrigation canal between Calgary and Medicine Hat.

The bank clearings of Canada have reached fifty million pounds annually. In the manufacturing world there is growth on every hand. One hundred million pounds are invested in manufactures. One-fourth of this sum is United States capital.

Canada is passing through a growing time, free from excessive speculation and based on the utilisation of her vast natural resources.

## Over-Sea Notes

### A Colonial Governor under fire

The "fire" in this case, it may be explained, consisted of a shade temperature of  $121\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, and it occurred in the temperate regions of the State of Victoria, Australia. Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, K.C.B., governor of the state, rashly arranged to visit Mildura, the well-known currant and raisin settlement, in the very heart of our summer. Just before he reached the settlement, one of the worst heat waves that we have had for twenty years struck the country; the thermometer rose rapidly, soon reaching the  $100^{\circ}$ , until at last the climax was reached with  $121\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  at Mildura. The governor and his party had intended to go through an extensive schedule of visits to different objects of interest. As the thermometer rose, however, these were sacrificed one after the other. A stump-jumping plough exhibition, and other rustic occupations, went by the board. Standing under such a sun watching anything meant courting a bad sunstroke.

It was thought that the governor would find the heat too much for him, and take the first train back to Melbourne and the coast. But, as he subsequently explained, he had been in the Soudan in summer-time, and that had inured him to anything in the way of heat. So he kept boldly on his way.

Bush-fires broke out; birds dropped dead off the trees or crept into houses for shade and water; pigs and sheep died on the farms; and the papers were thickly sprinkled with cases of death from heat apoplexy.

At Mildura there were to be various functions, a special church service, and a banquet. Most of the functions were abandoned; only an intrepid handful turned up to the church service; and—at the governor's special request—the banquet was served cold—or as cold as it could be got.

The governor declared that the water in his bedroom on this trip was often almost too hot to use; and outside it was impossible to pick up or even touch any metal object. The trip lasted over a week; and then the governor and his party, getting on a river steamer at Mildura, ran down into South Australia. The only consolation afforded by the heat was, that it killed even the flies and mosquitoes; and so made these hot-country pests unnoticeable on the trip.—F. S. S.

### An Experiment in Municipal Trading

MUNICIPAL trading is in general much more fully developed in England than in America. In the United States almost every town and



A MAORI BURIAL-GROUND, NEW ZEALAND

Maori cemeteries are noted for the grotesque carvings on many of the memorials. The two little houses, one raised on a pole, are receptacles for the remains of chiefs.

city owns its waterworks; but scarcely any own the street-car lines, and few municipalities supply either gas or electric light to their citizens. There has, however, been in operation for several years in Fall River, Massachusetts, an experiment in municipal trading which I do not think is paralleled in any town in Great Britain. This is a city store where all supplies granted as out-relief by the city and state authorities are given to the recipients on the presentation of orders.

Fall River during the later summer and autumn of 1904 and the winter of 1904-5 was the scene of a great and long-drawn-out strike

## Over-Sea Notes



A FORTRESS PERCHED UPON A ROCK

This curious structure was a Maori stronghold and is situated in Mercury Bay, Auckland, New Zealand

of the cotton mill operatives, and the distress caused by the strike strained the powers of the relief officials to the utmost. During this period the city store had an ample opportunity of proving its usefulness.

In other cities where no such store exists, the authorities give orders on the retail grocers. Many disadvantages attend the working of this plan. By the connivance of the grocers, it frequently happens that only a part of the order is given in groceries, the remainder being received in drink, with of course an undue percentage to the grocer. Retail profits also are received by the tradesmen on all goods supplied, and there is no sufficient check on the quality or the kind of goods.

The Fall River Store eliminates all middleman profits. It buys goods of excellent quality and in limited lines, dealing only in twenty kinds of articles, of which but one—soap—is not an eatable. If an order, say for two dollars, is given to a person seeking relief, the price of the goods to be received is calculated on the basis of prices in the largest and cheapest city stores, and the recipient has the choice of the twenty lines in which the city store deals. A typical order for two dollars might include tea, sugar, potatoes, corned beef, bread, molasses, condensed milk, and oatmeal. Peas, beans, flour, and corn meal are also among the goods supplied.

During the strike the city store did a roaring trade. Its weekly business went up from \$400

to \$2000, and during the hours of business a long line of people was frequently waiting on the sidewalk for their turn to enter the store. Business was transacted with marvellous celerity and ease. The counter is protected by a fencing in which are two gateways. The first, a smaller one, is intended for the handing in of the orders, on which the recipients have already written the kind of goods required. These orders are received by a clerk, who proportions the money value among the goods indicated by the customer, and passes the order on to the salesman.

All the goods are at hand, ready made up in parcels and packages, with the exception of potatoes, dried fish, and corned beef. To supply these another salesman is waiting in the background, and it takes scarcely more than a few seconds to fill an order for seven or eight different kinds of goods.

Besides the goods supplied in the store, Fall River gives out coal and wood to its poor people on the same principle. In cases where people are unable through sickness or infirmity to fetch their goods, the city store sends out its orders like any other grocer.—A. G. P.

### A Curious Australian Plebiscite

It was mentioned some months ago in this journal that it was customary in all the towns of the Westralian goldfields to hold the cricket and football matches on Sundays. In even such large towns as Kalgurli and Coolgardie this was, and is still, the case. At Kalgurli, however, which is by far the most important of the goldfields centres, a strong party opposed to this Sunday sport has grown up. Several months ago this party approached the city council with a petition in favour of stopping the practice. The city fathers considered the petition carefully; and then, as a neat way of getting themselves out of the difficulty, decided to refer the matter to a vote of the ratepayers. This vote was gravely taken, and resulted in a fairly substantial victory for the supporters of Sunday sport.

Recently, however, the Sunday observance supporters got another poll taken. The result of this was a shock to the Sunday sports supporters, as, although they again carried the day, it was by the narrow majority of 78. This has given the Sunday observers great heart, and it is hoped they will soon be rewarded with victory.

F. S. S.

## Let us Talk it Over!

HELPFUL CHATS WITH MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

HAS the above heading struck our readers, I wonder, and has it made them think? I regard it with the utmost complacency, because of what it entails: that the speakers shall be numerous. There is nothing in life as interesting as human intercourse, when it is sympathetic. There is nothing as deadly dull as being talked to on subjects to which you remain indifferent.

I am going to make a confession; some of our readers may never respect me as highly subsequently, but if we hope to effect even the humblest good, we must have the courage of our convictions.



LADY CHARLES BERESFORD, THE WIFE OF  
THE FAMOUS SAILOR

*I think very highly of women.* There, the dark secret is out! To be knowing and smart and up-to-date seems to involve being contemptuous of all the mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts and daughters of mankind, and when bitter and scornful things are said of them by other women, even the simplest can see how knowing that is. Now it is not from a spirit of contradiction that I like women, and admire them and believe in them, and know they will effect great things in time, when they have shaken themselves free of a few age-old errors, which indeed they have done their part to foster, by assent and even by repetition.

I like women because I know of no reason why

I should not. I have known women that were as true and wise and brave and patient and unselfish as—as any man, and more so, and not all the foolish and evil things some of them do, and not all the vain repetitions of unjust generalisations that classify them all with the unworthy and notorious few, have moved me in any degree from my assurance on this point.

### ARE WOMEN ANGELS?

When you hear people bleating unctuously about the angelic nature of woman, it is well to do one of two things, either give them a wide berth all to themselves, or ask them frankly over what particular issue it is that they mean to cheat you. Dear friends, you are not angels, you have not even a monopoly of virtue, nor does any intelligent person think you have.

Bishop Walsham How tells a story of a little boy who came to make the acquaintance of his baby sister. He was full of eager interest on entering her presence, but after looking her over with protracted attention, he said in a tone of deep disappointment, "She has no wings, not even a feather." His nurse had prepared him with hyperbolic language for the advent of the little stranger, and he naturally concluded that a visitor straight from heaven would possess the natural means of aerial locomotion.

With feathers to preen women would be less interesting, it is because they must walk by a way that will often be weary, towards the hilltops, and because many of them are doing it patiently and cheerily, that they can be helped by comradeship.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*L. C.*—Unless you know French sufficiently well to be able to write a fairly fluent if not idiomatic French letter, I fear your correspondence with a foreigner would not be long continued. If you can read French easily, and write it with some facility, I think I can find a girl in Paris who would write you English letters in exchange, to be mutually corrected and returned.

*A. Z.*—The incident meant nothing but a civility. The tendency on the part of some girls to read deep significance into the passing of the salt-cellars from the hand of a youth bears on the habit I have already referred to, that imagines sentimental intercourse to be the pivot on which existence turns. Not at all, it is a feature of life, not the whole face of life. Try to feel kindly towards all men, ascribing kindness to them in return; deeper feelings are special, and neither to be met nor thought of at every turn.

*Betrothed* asks me whether I believe in long engagements. She and her intended cannot see their way to getting married for two years.

I don't think a two-years engagement is too long, especially as there is a definite prospect at the end of the term. At the same time I am quite sure that in other circumstances a shorter engagement would be sufficient.

*Sheila's Poetry.*—Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., tells a story in his *Reminiscences* that is more than usually amusing. An artist sent in a picture to be hung

## Let us Talk it Over!

in the Academy, and his anxiety concerning it was so great that he was not able to await the verdict of the committee; he waylaid one of the porters that had borne the pictures into the hall of judgment, and, describing his own work, asked how the judges received it. "They were delighted with it," the porter answered cordially, "they all laughed when they saw it." Now that story is very pathetic, and yet it is funny. One is very sorry for the artistic aspirant, but he could not paint, and the laughter was a final verdict. Do you think poetry like this should make one laugh or cry?

"Evening at sunset, and the golden sun  
Setting o'er the sweet September afternoon."

Such extracts are entertaining, and I wish I had space for more. I have no doubt you are a good, nice, sweet little girl, but Sappho was more deserving of bays.

### More Poetry.—

"Weep not, dear love, weep not, for though I die,  
For me 'twill mean far brighter, happier times."

This may be so, but scarcely along the lines you indicate. It sounds somewhat irreverent to say that heaven will not be a courting school, and yet it is a truth that it is sometimes necessary to indicate to writers of both prose and poetry. None of us can speak quite positively about the interests of the life that is to be, but there will certainly be less of the hand-in-hand business than you seem to think. In "The Question" there is merit, the last verse is quite pretty.

*Douglas*.—"Tender and True" is a well-known old song. Perhaps some reader will supply the publisher's name.

*L. C. B.*.—The information will be found in a carefully compiled book, *Dictionary of Employments open to Women* (p. 129), published by the Women's Institute, price 1s. 6d. The word assistant may have been a misprint. *Humanum est errare*.

*Cecilia* wants to know of some songs (suitable for a baritone voice) that deal with something else than love. Her young sons are learning singing, and the gushing nonsense that is all the music publishers seem to offer detracts seriously from her pleasure in the music of the household. Cecilia expresses a genuine difficulty. Unfortunately love lends itself to lyric poetry, hence the abundance of erotic songs. It is unfortunate that literature does so much to foster the imagination of the young with regard to matters of the affections. Drama, fiction, poetry, all exaggerate the part which love plays in a well-ordered life, and consequently increase enormously the difficulties and unhappiness of existence. There is a great deal of very interesting life beyond that which love absorbs, and it is a pity that this cannot be indicated to them who stand "where the brook and river meet," with a little of the fluency that belongs to the opposite doctrine. Will some of our readers please mention the names of some fine songs that do not deal with love, and are suitable for baritone voices?

*Elder Sister*.—The Arachne Club is at 60 Russell Square, London, W. Its object is the training of ladies for domestic service. The time of training is from eight weeks to nine months, according to the position aimed at; and engagements are a certainty when the certificate of proficiency has been gained. It would be a great

advantage to many girls who contemplate not service, but wedlock, to be trained at the Arachne Club.

*Susie's Career*.—Only wage earning is possible to those without capital, but for happiness you should aim at an ultimate independence. With a little capital, a few hundred pounds, I have known women effect wonderful things, but they had the "do or die" spirit. People lay great stress on business training, and no doubt it is very important, but the right kind of woman can manage without it when she aspires to supply only what is wanted. Several women with whom I am acquainted have been very successful with tea shops, stationers' shops, millinery establishments, and fancy bread shops. But you see these all supplied what is in constant demand, and they understood the necessity, from the first, of looking after small things, and never spending a penny save for actual necessities, or for what would tell in the business. There are high-class business establishments in which a satisfactory employée is a permanent feature, but more generally the conditions are of uncertainty. If you were younger I should suggest the Civil Service. The pension attached to post-office employment makes all the difference to workers that consider the future.

*M. M. M.*.—Electrolysis is the only remedy for hirsutes, the only permanent remedy, that is to say, but it should not be resorted to unless the growth is definite. The treatment costs 10s. per sitting usually, and the number of sittings depends on the extent of the trouble. The malady seems to be somewhat general. I know two practitioners of electrolysis, and they make a great deal of money. You know women will pay more readily for vanity than for anything else. But a desire to remove an unsightliness is legitimate vanity. I can send you the address of a practitioner of electrolysis if you wish.

*Elise*.—Deep breathing does more to improve the complexion than any cosmetic or artifice. Put on a warm wrapper, open the window widely in dry weather. Put the shoulders back so that the arms hanging down straight are parallel with the lower limbs. Then draw a deep breath through the nostrils, hold it a second, draw another short breath above it, hold another second, and then let the air all exhale slowly. Repeat about twenty times. This cleanses the lungs, freshens the blood, improves the circulation, and consequently the health and appearance. Sufferers from anaemia will be found to be all shallow breathers, with restricted chest movements.

*Pug*.—Glycerine is too drying in its effect on many skins, it requires to be mixed with cucumber juice or with rose water to be beneficial. Many of the specifics you mention are mere catchpennies. I know of a lady who bought a widely-advertised skin nutrient, price 3s. 6d. When it reached her it was simply a small box of hog's lard, so rancid that she immediately put it into the fire. As to your nose, let it alone, a snub nose indicates frankness and courage, and since Tennyson spoke of it as "tip-tilted, like a flower," no one thinks so very badly of it.

### VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## The Speed of Electric Messages

OUR Post Office has decided to carry out some trials with the Pollak-Virag high-speed printing telegraph which was described in these notes some time ago. On this system a machine, having a keyboard like that of a typewriter, is used to perforate the message upon a paper strip at the transmitting end of the line, and the message is photographically recorded in script at the receiving end, so that no time is lost in transcribing it, as has at present to be done in telegraph offices.

The speed of this telegraph as a whole depends upon the rate at which the paper strip can be perforated by the typewriter—about three hundred letters a second. But several perforating

practically at the same instant that it is spoken or signalled. The rate of transmission in a submarine cable, or in a wire underground or under water, is much slower than along a wire suspended in air. An electric signal sent along a submarine cable three thousand miles in length can be detected at the other end about a second after it has started. The number of signals which can be sent along a submarine cable in a minute is thus much less than is possible with an ordinary telegraph wire. In the case of ether waves, such as are utilised in wireless telegraphy, the velocity is the same as that of light, that is one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, so that Mr. Marconi can send a signal across the Atlantic in about one sixtieth of a second.



THESE ARE NOT POTATOES, BUT EGGS, A HARVEST OF GUILLEMOTS' EGGS ON WALRUS ISLAND, ALASKA

machines can be used simultaneously preparing different messages or parts of a message to be sent, and the perforated strips can be fed into the transmitter proper so fast that as many as fifty thousand words an hour can be written by the automatic receiver. In some experiments made by the Hungarian postal authorities between Budapest and Pozsony—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles—a rate of forty-five thousand words an hour was found possible, and in another case between Berlin and Königsberg, a rate of forty thousand words an hour was obtained over a distance of four hundred and twenty-six miles. The time taken by a telegraphic signal to travel along a wire of this length is, of course, extremely small.

Along an overhead telephone or telegraph wire, electricity travels at about twenty-two thousand miles a second, so that a word is received

## Harvest of Guillemot Eggs

THE remarkable illustration of guillemots' eggs here reproduced from a paper published by the National Geographic Society, Washington, represents the results of a visit to the barren rock called Walrus Island by natives of St. Paul Island, Pribilof Group, Alaska. In the spring, when the guillemots and gulls begin to lay eggs on Walrus Island, trips are made there from St. Paul, and vast numbers of eggs are taken away. Two weeks later another visit is made, and the illustration shows the eggs collected on this second harvest. The egg of the guillemot is somewhat larger than a hen's egg, and the contents make an excellent article of food, not quite so palatable to the white man's taste as the hen's egg, but still a desirable substitute for it in the land where hens' eggs are few and far between.

# Science and Discovery

## A New Printing Process

MR. FRANCIS SHERIDAN has invented a convenient method of permanent printing, without the use of inks, specially adapted to the reproduction of designs from plants and other natural objects.

Suppose it is desired to obtain for reference a print showing the structure of a leaf or of a complete plant. The object to be reproduced is pressed between several sheets of prepared paper, and then placed upon a printing paper and again pressed, when an almost invisible impression appears. By dusting this impression with a coloured powder a dark and permanent print of the object is obtained.

The accompanying reproductions of prints show that the method, which is called the Physiotype Printing Process, is very effective, and should be of great service in connexion with nature-study. The pictures thus produced are fac-similes of the objects submitted to the process, and, by selecting suitable specimens for treatment, a very instructive collection of nature-prints may be obtained. The process can also be used for making permanent prints of thumb or finger marks—an advantage being that the fingers are not soiled when making the impressions—for reproducing designs on coins, medals or memorial brasses, or for recording the patterns of lace, feathers or other materials.

The paper and powder are manufactured by Messrs. Barclay and Sons, Ltd., 95 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## Peat as Fuel

THERE is, it is said, a great future for peat as fuel. The most productive area for it is the north of Germany and the adjoining parts of Denmark and Holland. In Friesland there are bogs one thousand five hundred square miles in extent, and Germany has more fuel in peat than in coal. A square mile of bog ten feet deep contains peat equal in heating power to over three hundred thousand tons of coal.



## The Divining Rod

MUCH correspondence has recently taken place in *The Times* upon the merits of the method of discovering underground springs or other sources of water-supply by means of the "divining rod" or "dowsing." Many persons have described the successful employment of diviners for the discovery of hidden springs, and others have testified to the possession of a peculiar feeling when walking over places where underground water has subsequently been found. The explanation usually given is that some persons possess a peculiar faculty not common

to mankind in general which is affected by the presence or movements of water existing in the earth in a natural state. This gift takes the form of a special sensitivity which causes a forked hazel twig, or other pointer, held in the hands, to point downward or upward when the operator is over water or metallic ores. Sometimes the diviner dispenses with the rod or twig, and is guided entirely by his feelings. The simplest explanation of the diviner's art

seems to be that the peculiar feelings felt when passing over underground water in the natural state are the result of unconscious mental action. A thought-reader can find a hidden object by touching the hand of his subject. The reason is that the muscles of the hand of the subject quiver involuntarily more and more as the place is approached where the object is hidden; and some persons' hands stiffen like the tail of a pointer when near the object or place which the thought-reader is trying to discover. Thus, though the subject may be unaware of it, his or her nerves are affected by thinking of the object, and the thought-reader uses this action to guide him to the right spot. This relation between brain and nerve exists whether a person's hand is held by a thought-reader or not; so that if a water-finder thinks water is hidden in any particular place, the nerves and muscles of his hands are more and more affected as he

## ARE YOU A THINKER?

Brain wears away day by day in just the proportion that it is used, but will become stronger and keener than before if daily rebuilt by proper food—the true way!

## Grape-Nuts

the scientific food, contains the brain-building elements in just the right proportion, and 10 days trial will show any brain-weary, nervous person the Road to Wellville.

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THROAT, VOICE, and CHEST.**

Highly recommended to Public Speakers, Singers, and all who are subject to Cough, Cold, Asthma, and Weak Voice.

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"Considers Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles most excellent, and finds them better than any other Lozenges or Pastilles for the Voice."

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CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE**

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## RED WHITE & BLUE

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FOR FROCKS,  
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## 'PIRLE' Costumes

Do not SPOT or COCKLE with RAIN.

"Hearth and Home" says:—"FOR ALL WEATHERS. One word should be in the mouth of those who are about to buy gowns for outdoor wear—is the material 'Pirle' finished? If so, it will not spot or cockle, rain has no effect upon it, and even sea-water fails to mark."



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# Let Us Give

You a 2<sup>s</sup>/3<sup>d</sup>. Bottle of Liquozone, to Show You What It is.

We offer to give the first bottle of Liquozone free to each sick one who asks it. And we are spending £100,000 to announce and fulfil this offer. Our object is to let Liquozone itself show what it can do. A test is better than testimonials, better than argument. When we give a free bottle to each of a million sick ones, there will be few who don't know the value of Liquozone.

In every neighbourhood there is sickness which nothing but Liquozone can cure, and suffering which only Liquozone can stop. Hundreds die daily whom Liquozone could save. Our plan seems the right way—the best way—to quickly let these sick ones know it.

## Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid which does much of what oxygen does. It is food for the nerves and the blood—the most helpful thing in the world for you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalising, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of £250 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease, while Liquozone is almost certain. This fact has made Liquozone so valuable that, after it had been tested for five years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid £20,000 for the British rights.

## Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help

Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anaemia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Liver Troubles
Bright's Disease	Malaria—Neuralgia
Bowel Troubles	Many Heart Troubles
Coughs—Colds	Piles—Pneumonia
Consumption	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Colic—Croup	Rheumatism
Constipation	Seroful
Catarrh—Cancer	Skin Diseases
Dysentery—Diarrhoea	Stomach Troubles
Dandruff—Dropsy	Throat Troubles
Dyspepsia	Tuberculosis
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tumours—Ulcers
Fever—Gall Stones	Varicocele.
Goutre—Gout	

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitaliser, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

## A 2<sup>s</sup>/3<sup>d</sup>. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then post you an order on a local chemist for a 2s. 3d. bottle, which he will give you, on our account, to try. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 1/1½, 2/3, and 4/6.

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for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and post it in a sealed envelope to the British Liquozone Co., Ltd., 60 Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

217. Give full address—write plainly

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

approaches the place. If he holds a divining rod, this will undergo a corresponding disturbance, so that, after all, what the rod or nervous action tells is the workings of the mind. The centre of activity is thus the brain, which consciously or unconsciously leads the diviner who follows his nervous feelings to the place where it thinks water exists. The force that causes the forked twig to turn is furnished by the muscles of the hands, which grip the twig more or less tightly according to the dictates of the brain. The diviner may be honest enough in thinking that some unknown force passes through his body and causes the pointer he uses to move up or down; but as the involuntary action here described is certainly real, the natural course is to explain the movements as due to the muscles of the hands rather than to some external influence about which no one knows anything.

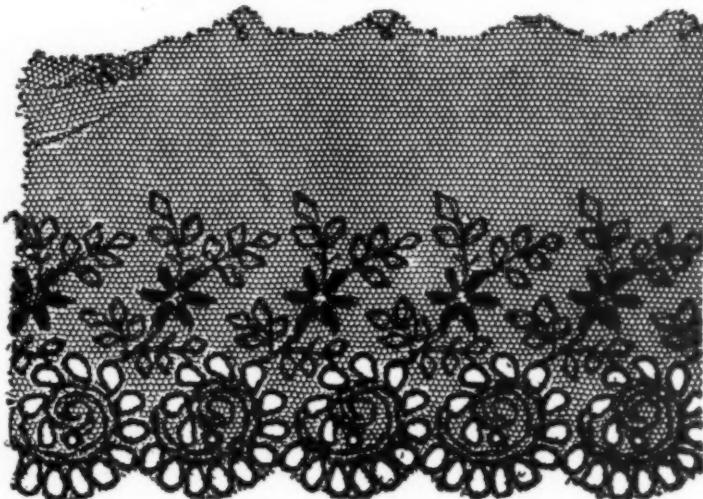


PRINT OF A SECTION OF A FIR BRANCH OBTAINED BY THE NEW PROCESS DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

### Wood Pavements destroyed by a Fungus

DR. A. H. R. BULLER has found that a great

many paving-blocks made of pine or fir in the city of Birmingham are being destroyed by a fungus, which rots them in very much the same manner as the dry-rot fungus. Single blocks, or small groups of blocks at intervals in the streets, go completely rotten, so that the wood can be broken easily with the fingers. The pavement is probably infected by the spores of the fungus after the blocks have been laid down, and the disease is then spread from affected blocks to neighbouring sound ones. The ravages of this or any other wood-destroying fungus can, however, be prevented by impregnating the paving-blocks with creosote before use.



THIS IS A DESIGN OF A PIECE OF LACE OBTAINED BY THE PHYSIOTYPE PRINTING PROCESS DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

# The Fireside Club

THE prize for tracing answers to questions on Tennyson as a Nature Poet (III.), "Sea Pictures," is awarded to E. ROBIN, 2 Colaba Terrace, Salcombe, S. Devon.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

**Chatham.** By FREDERIC HARRISON. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

This volume marks the completion, long delayed, of a series of notable studies of twelve great English statesmen. That eventually it should have fallen to Mr. Frederic Harrison to write the monograph on Chatham seems at first an uncongenial allotment. Nevertheless he has found pleasure in the task, and done it well. He points out repeatedly that more than one modern Imperialist doctrine was long ago evolved by the foresight, and tested by the experiment of Pitt, "the creator of the Empire." "The sea is our natural element," he had said in 1744. In 1751, "the fleet is our standing army." It was he who first formulated the accepted standard of sea power, i.e. that the nation determined to hold it must maintain a navy equal to any other two. It was he who, in 1758, at the maximum of his power, sent forth just such a navy for the conquest of Canada, with the result that "by a few strokes half a continent passed over to Great Britain." In like manner our Indian Empire was secured, and Mr. Harrison has no doubt that Spanish America would have been ours also, had Chatham's ministry not ended with the accession of George III.

The book is a skilful and comprehensive summary of the achievements of our greatest statesman, who was also "the greatest orator who has ever trod the floors of Parliament."

**The Marriage of William Ashe.** By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.

This must be unread or forgotten if the reader would thoroughly absorb himself in an extremely well-written tragedy of a temperament in what we may call the novelist's later manner. There is here no clashing of the great forces of religion and unbelief, or capital and labour. We have indeed a carefully-constructed *mise-en-scène* of English political life, but it is only as a background of a portrait, a minutely-finished study of one character, an unhappy, beautiful, friendless, inconsequent, and yet charming young girl, Lady Kitty Bristol, whose overshadowing fate is not a thing of circumstance, but inseparable from her nature.

William Ashe is a popular young statesman with every desirable attribute of settled well-being, birth, culture, wealth, respectability, and brains, who falls in love at first sight with the adorable Kitty, and marries her, with his eyes open, as he believes, to all the risks involved. "Society must accept his wife; and Kitty once mellowed by happiness and praise, might live, laugh, and rattle as she pleased."

Mary Lyster, the conventional beauty whom he

610

ought to have married, is antipathetic throughout to her cousin's ungoverned and whimsical little wife, and in the climax does her a cruel wrong. The other subsidiary characters are well drawn and animated, the interest increasing with every chapter of this touching and tragic story. In the last chapter, when Kitty is dying in his arms, again the same loud-voiced chorus of his thoughts utters mournful accusation—"He tried to comfort her; but what comfort could there be? They had been the victims of a crime as hideous as any murder; and yet—behind the crime—there stretched back into the past the preparations and antecedents by which they themselves, alack, had contributed to their own undoing."

**The Coming of the Friars,** and other historic essays. By the REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOP, D.D. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

That this volume of essays reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* should have so soon reached a thirteenth impression will surprise no reader. The vigour and freshness of Dr. Jessop's style carries home his meaning. What could be happier, for instance, than this illustration intended to awaken the historic sense in a rustic audience to whom his paper on *Village Life Six Hundred Years Ago* was first addressed? "Men and women are not single separate atoms like grains of sand. Rather they are like branches or leaves of some great tree, from which they have sprung and on which they have grown, whose life in the past has come at last to them in the present."

The book is attractively bound in a limp cover of dark-blue linen, stitched with red thread.

**Coventry Patmore.** By EDMUND GOSSE. Literary Lives Series. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

The standard biography, in two volumes, of *Memoirs and Correspondence* of Patmore, was published by Mr. Basil Champneys five years ago. For the poet's intimate friend, Mr. Gosse, there has remained the easier and congenial task of recording in this delightful little monograph many memories and first-hand impressions of Patmore's character, and much felicitous criticism of his writings.

Mr. Gosse pictures for us the ardent youth of the poet, whose idyllic early marriage in 1847 coincided with that renaissance of Art and Literature in England heralded by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. These youths of genius, giants that were to be, delighted in what Patmore had already written, and encouraged him to complete and publish his *Angel in the House*, that "breviary of lovers," as Mr. Gosse happily calls it. The ideal angel of this epic of young love and marriage was his first wife Emily, a noble and beautiful being, immortalised not only in her husband's book, but, what is given to few women, by such a trio of great artists as his friends Millais, in a portrait; Woolner, in a sculptured medallion, and Browning, in the well-known lines beginning, "If one could have that little head of hers." The efflorescent beauty of

## The Fireside Club

*The Angel in the House* was perhaps the chief cause of its popularity (at the time of Patmore's death its sale was found to have exceeded a quarter of a million copies). But it is in the epigrammatic preludes and epilogues that we find the essence of Patmore's philosophy.

We quote one characteristic epigram.

"Wouldst thou my verse to thee should prove  
How sweet love is? When all is read,  
Add, 'In divinity and love  
What's worth the saying can't be said.'"

**Dialstone Lane.** By W. W. JACOBS. G. Newnes, Ltd. 6s.

In Captain Bowers Mr. Jacobs has added a new type to his gallery of old salts. We are told, with innumerable touches of unexpected humour, how the old captain buys for himself a cottage in Dialstone Lane which he makes as shipshape within as may be. He erects in the garden a crow's-nest from which with his glass he can spy the distant sea; and he solves the servant question by engaging a steward man-of-all-work, who signs articles sailor-wise. The story goes on to tell how the captain superintends the love affairs of his pretty niece, and meanwhile spins yarns of adventure so beguiling as to send a batch of his neighbours off to the South Seas, treasure hunting, while the very original wooing of Mr. Tasker by the redoubtable Selina Vickars makes a racy underplot.

**The Road to Manhood.** By W. BEACH THOMAS. Young England Library Series. George Allen. 6s.

Games and success in them count for so much in school, holiday and university life, that our author thinks they must rightly be matters of serious concern to young England. This is a book for boys, full of practical advice about football, cricket, swimming, boxing, fencing, and kindred matters. In and beyond each form of sport the author keeps in view what it can be made to yield in furthering "the one object of your going to school—to turn yourself out a good citizen, a man of use to his country as well as to himself."

**The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell.** By UNA SILBERRAD. Constable. 6s.

A readable book of six short stories of love and adventure in an obscure corner of England, at a time unspecified but long ago, when might was often the prevailing right, and the black arts matters of practice. The six tales are strung together by the presencee running through each, of Tobias the Dissenter, an inquisitive but obliging busybody, as kind-hearted as he was wrong-headed, and an enthusiastic matchmaker under all circumstances.

**Sydney Smith.** By G. W. E. RUSSELL. Macmillan. 2s.

Sydney Smith's humour is so outstanding a feature in most people's estimates of him that they need to be reminded that he was "a patriot of the noblest and purest type; a genuinely religious man according to his light and opportunity." His brilliantly successful campaign begun in the Peter Plymley letters, in favour of Catholic Emancipation, his vigorous support of the Reform Bill of 1832, the many humanitarian reforms, practically benefiting all sorts and conditions of men, which he initiated and carried through,

almost single-handed, during the course of a long literary and clerical career—these give singular proof of the width of his sympathies and the strength of his convictions. "Almost alone among professional jokers," says Mr. Russell, "he made his merriment—rich, natural, fantastic, unbridled as it was—subserve the serious purposes of his life and writing. Each joke was a link in an argument; each sarcasm was a moral lesson."

**Old Gorgon Graham.** By G. H. LORIMER. Methuen. 6s.

The pork-packing Solomon shows his limitations more clearly in this second volume, but within them he has much that is sound and amusing to say. Epigrams, and good ones, scintillate from almost every page, and he loves to invert a proverb neatly, as when he assures his son that a proficient in their line of business "should be able not only to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but to fill it with dollars, if he knows what he is about."

**Verses to Order.** By A. D. GODLEY. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Godley is undoubtedly one of our coming poets, and we are glad to see that to this second edition of his delightfully clever Oxford versées and parodies he has added recent contributions to *Punch* and various magazines, appealing to a wider public than his first academic one.

**The Romance of Modern Invention.** By A. WILLIAMS. Pearson. 5s.

The marvels of this book make it absorbing reading. So up-to-date, not to say previous are its records, that we hear of photography in the dark, wireless telephony, solar motors, mechanical flight, and the wonders of telautography, while the electric monorail and liquid-air-driven motor are pictured, and promised in the near future.

Also received: *Robert Louis Stevenson*, by A. H. JAFF, Werner Laurie, 6s. *Poems of Michael Drayton*, Pocket Classics, Newnes, 2s. 6d. *The True Life First*, by C. W. FULLMER, Skeffingtons, 2s. 6d. *Intemperance*, by Bishop PERIERA, Longmans, 2s. 6d. *Suburban Homes*, by J. F. WOOLFITT, Pitman, 1s. 6d. *A Soul's Emancipation*, by F. GRANJON, Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. *Condensed Novels*, by BRETT HARTE, Chatto and Windus, 2s. *Our Life After Death*, by A. CHAMBERS, Charles Taylor, 3s. 6d. *The Catholic Faith*, by Rev. G. THOMAS, Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. *Life of Hugh Price Hughes*, by his daughter, Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. *Life of Edna Lyall*, by J. M. ESCREET, Longmans, 5s. *Jeremy Taylor*, Miniature Library, Seeley, 1s. 6d. *A Little Child's Wreath*, by Miss CHAPMAN, John Lane, 1s. R. J. Campbell *Birthday Book*, Christian Commonwealth Co., 2s. 6d. *Memorabilia of Socrates*, Dent and Co., 1s. 6d.

We desire to call attention to the lovely little booklets at 3d. each, issued by the Priory Press, 70 High Street, Hampstead, N.W., and 20 St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, E.C. They include: *Thoughts from Goethe*, *Thoughts from Marcus Aurelius*, *Selections from 'Sartor Resartus'*, *Thoughts from Amiel's Journal*, *Hope*, by the Rev. Dr. Horton, and others. The printing and the get-up, for which Mr. James Bell is responsible, are simply superb. Mr. Bell is a real artist.

# Our Chess Page

OUR Correspondence Match with *The Four-leaved Shamrock*, twenty players a side, was begun early in March. As our opponents are, with only one or two exceptions, Irishmen, the contest assumes almost International importance. May the better side win!

All games not finished by September 30 will be adjudicated upon by an impartial umpire.

Here are the names of our players in alphabetical order, with their opponents opposite.

*"Leisure Hour."*

1. F. L. ANSPACH.
2. H. BALSON.
3. H. BREWER.
4. H. W. BUTLER.
5. WINTER CLARKE.
6. A. J. CURNOCK.
7. W. B. DIXON.
8. F. W. FLEAR.
9. J. ARNOLD GREEN.
10. F. E. HAMMOND.
11. A. J. HEAD.
12. DR. HEMMING.
13. C. H. HEMMING.
14. J. JACKSON.
15. DOUGLAS JAMES.
16. A. W. MONGREDIEN.
17. J. E. SAUNDERS.
18. A. E. TIETJEN.
19. A. F. WATERHOUSE  
(Brighton).
20. W. WATERHOUSE  
(Lee).

*Opponents.*

- E. K. DIXON.
- S. ROBINSON.
- J. J. O'HANLON.
- HERBERT GRANTHAM.
- HUGH TWOMEY.
- H. W. HART.
- D. D. PESSE.
- DR. RINGWOOD.
- REV. H. HILL.
- F. U. BEAMISH.
- T. MACGRATH.
- RALPH MEREDITH.
- D. J. NOLAN.
- WM. BROWN.
- JAMES SIMPSON.
- J. GLOVER.
- D. C. DEVINE.
- GEORGE BROWNE.
- THOMAS HARRISON.

CHARLES PLATT.

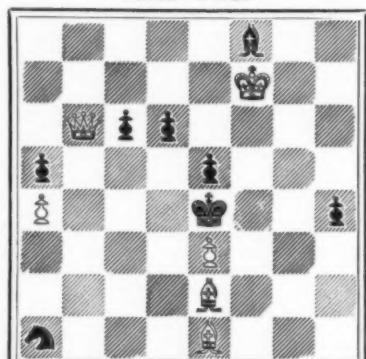
## Solving Competition.

Here are two more problems. Both are submitted in our Problem Tourney, and criticisms are requested. Solutions must be sent in before May 20.

The award in this competition for the first four months of the Volume will appear next month.

*"Imprimatur."*

BLACK—8 MEN



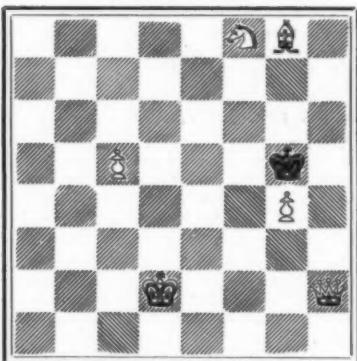
WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.  
612

Problem with not more than seven men

*"Chestnut."*

BLACK—1 MAN



WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

## New Retractors Competition.

### RETRACTOR NO. II. SOLUTION.

White B was on R 3, replace B.

Black P (B 6) was on Kt 5 and  $\times$  P en pas on B 4, replace both Pawns.

Black B—Q 5.

White B—Kt 2 mate.

Solutions received from—

No. 1 : S. W. FRANCIS.

No. 2 : H. BALSON, T. H. BILLINGTON, JAS. BLAND, T. DALE, WALTER HOGARTH, C. B. HOWARD, WM. B. MUIR, W. F. H. POCOCK, CHAS. SALT, E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON.

Award next month.

### SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

(Key-moves only.)

No. 9. Kt—Q 4. No. 10. R—B sq.

Solutions received from—

No. 7 : A. J. HASELER, A. J. HEAD.

Nos. 7 and 8 : J. W. RAWSON-ACKROYD, ALICE ADAMS, E. ATFIELD, T. H. BILLINGTON, A. G. BRADLEY, H. H. CLEAVER, S. W. FRANCIS, EUGENE HENRY, C. HINDLANG, W. B. MUIR, J. A. ROBERTS, HERBERT STRONG, J. TAYLOR, F. U. WILHELMY, E. YOUNG.

No. 7—10 : H. BALSON.

Nos. 9 and 10 : T. DALE, C. V. HOWARD, LILIAN JAMES, W. F. H. POCOCK, C. SALT, E. THOMPSTONE, J. D. TUCKER.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Content's page.

## Varieties

THE Japanese empire comprises about 4000 islands.

OYSTERS are such nervous creatures that a sudden shock, such as a loud thunder-crash, will kill many hundreds of them.

If you will you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.

SOME Russian schoolboys of ten years of age revolted against the school authorities and issued the following demands: "Three hours' lessons a day and the right of the pupils to choose their own teachers." The rising generation in Russia is rising with a vengeance!

### Tramways v. Beer

ELECTRIC tramways are now spreading over England, and their extension, by conveying working-men cheaply to suburban homes, is credited with the recent decrease in the sale of beer.

### The Origin of "Tip"

It is said that the word "tip" originated a couple of centuries ago in the days of the coffee-houses. At the doors of eating-rooms there hung brass-bound boxes bearing the phrase "To Insure Promptness," and into the slit in the top customers were expected to drop coins for the waiter. The initial letters of that phrase came in time to be used as a word.

### A Moral Tonic

SELF-CONTROL may be developed in precisely the same manner as we tone up a weak muscle —by a little exercise day by day. Let us each day do, as a mere exercise of discipline in moral gymnastics, a few acts that are disagreeable to us—jump out of bed at the first moment of waking, walk home when the temptation is to take a cab, talk to some disagreeable person and try to make the conversation pleasant. These exercises will have a wondrous tonic effect on the whole moral nature.

### Who signed Magna Charta?

"Who signed Magna Charta?" asked a school inspector. There was no answer. "Who signed Magna Charta?" fumed the inspector, walking up and down the floor. A very small, delicate boy raised his hand timidly, "Please, sir, I never!"

### Painless Dentistry among Celestials

WHEN a Chinaman wants to have a tooth drawn he feels no nervous apprehension of pain, for the excellent reason that he knows his dentist will not inflict any. The latter simply rubs a powder over the aching tooth. After about five minutes the patient sneezes and the tooth falls out! Many attempts have been made by Europeans to obtain the recipe for this mysterious powder, but no one has yet succeeded.

### Irish French

PRINCE Lucien Bonaparte was presented with an address by a certain Irish local authority, and out of compliment to the recipient the document was written in French. Prince Lucien listened intently while it was read, but at the conclusion of the reading, he expressed his regret that he could not return thanks as he would have liked, because it was not his good fortune to understand the Irish language!

### Old Cuckoos dislike Fuss

DID you know that when cuckoos travel, the old and the young birds go at different times? The old cuckoos set out first, leaving the young birds to follow. The adult cuckoos so much dislike the fuss and anxiety of travelling *en famille* that they take care to go on first, and by themselves. Whether the old cuckoos ever know their progeny by sight cannot be said for certain —probably not, although an old cuckoo is constantly to be heard and seen in the coppice or hedgerow, or about the garden, where a young one is being reared by a hedge-sparrow, pipit, or wagtail.



A Poser

*Tom: Can't daddy stop and play with us, auntie?*

*Auntie: No, dears; he's gone to earn your bread and butter.*

*Tom (eagerly): But how is it he never gets any grease on his trousers?*

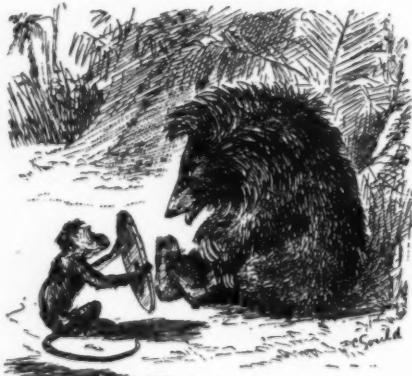
## Varieties

### The Bride's Portion

IT was a common custom in the eighteenth century, especially during the reign of George II., to insert notices of marriage stating the bride's portion in contemporary periodicals and newspapers both in England and Scotland.

Almost every number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* at that time contained several of these records, of which the following, in 1731, is a specimen: "Married, the Revd. Mr. Roger Waina, of York, about twenty-six years of age, to a Lincolnshire lady, upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have £8000 in money, £300 per annum, and a coach and four, during life only."

Sometimes the notice merely describes the bride as a lady with a "good portion" or a "genteel fortune." One of the latest notices was in *Aris' Birmingham Gazette*, July 14, 1800, which recorded the marriage of Mr. Canning, Under-Secretary of State, to Miss Scott, "with £100,000 fortune."



(This drawing and that on the opposite page are by the famous cartoonist, F. Carruthers Gould.)

### The Monkey and the Looking-Glass

A MONKEY in a wood somehow got a looking-glass, and went about showing it to the animals around him. The bear looked into it and said he was very sorry he had such an ugly face; the wolf said he would fain have the face of the stag, with its beautiful horns. So every beast felt sad that it had not the face of some other in the wood. The monkey then took it to an owl that had witnessed the whole scene. "No," said the owl, "I would not look into it, for I am sure, in this case as in many others, knowledge is but a source of pain." "You are quite right," said the beasts, and broke the glass to pieces, exclaiming, "Ignorance is bliss!"

### "Declined with Thanks" in China

WHEN a Chinese editor returns a manuscript, he says, "We have read it with infinite delight. By the holy ashes of our ancestors we swear we have never seen so superb a masterpiece. His Majesty the Emperor, our exalted master, if we were to print it, would command us to take

it as a model, and never publish anything of a less striking quality. As we could not obey this order more than once in ten thousand years, we are compelled to send back your divine manuscript, and beg a thousand pardons." Editors have plenty of time as well as plenty of manners in China!

### A Sort of Justice

I REMEMBER hearing of an occurrence that illustrates how sadly our work-folk would fare if they were not given employment. During the reconstruction days following the close of the Civil War, an old darkie sauntered into the handsomely-appointed offices of the Freedmen's Bureau at Memphis.

"Is dis yer de Freedman's Beuoh?" he asked, in open-mouthed admiration of the walnut and brass fittings of the handsome quarters.

"This is the place," courteously answered the sole occupant, who appeared to be the officer in charge.

"Well, what yer gwine do fer de cullud man?" was his next inquiry.

"We can't do anything for you just now," said the functionary. "The last appropriation for this office was only about enough to put up these fixings and pay our salaries, and Congress will not—"

"W'y bress ye, suh," interrupted the recently-emancipated citizen, "I ain't axin' fur no money, no suh! All I want is jess a job er wukk. Kain't you all fine me airy job?"

The Mississippi was high at the time, and lots of driftwood was floating down the stream. The official tried a bit of pleasantry.

"I'll give you a job," he said to the old man. "There's lots of driftwood coming down the river. You go out there and gather all you can, and I'll give you half you get."

"All right, boss," said the darkie to his new employer; and away he went.

By next night the diligent employee had piled up a considerable stack of wood. He was congratulating himself on the success of his work, and making a mental survey of his half of the proceeds, when he was approached by a man whose gold-braided cap gave evidence of officialdom.

"That's'a pretty good pile of wood you've gathered, uncle," said the new-comer. "I'll take this half over here," he said, as he indicated one end of the pile.

"W'y bless my soul!" ejaculated the old fellow, "you doan look like de Freedman's Beuoh gemman."

"No," he replied; "I have nothing to do with the Bureau, but I am the wharf-master, and according to the city ordinances I'm entitled to one-half the wood that's piled up on this levee."

"Ef dat's de law, all right; go ahead. You tekk your harf, and de Freedman's Beuoh tekk his harf—only I hope you gemmen won't mine ef I tekk one little stick off'n you all's harfs so's I kin mekk a fiah to cook me any little ting I mout be able to steal 'fore mornin'."

From *Thoughts of a Fool*, by Evelyn Gladys.

## Varieties

### "Mention my Name"

MARK TWAIN and W. D. Howells were one day lunching in a café in New York. Two overdressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice :

"Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking."

The second young man said :

"Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for."

Mr. Twain gave his order a moment later. He said, with a wink to his companion :

"Bring me a half-dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

### A Stirring Story of the Sea

THREE nights after the *Sophocles* had left Albany, West Australia, an outbreak of fire was detected in the store-room. Officers and men alike took turns in descending into the hold. "As they went down," said one of the crew, "they collapsed, and had to be hauled up again. They were laid out on the hatches and brought round, but whenever they recovered they were ready to go down again. The captain himself was overcome by the fumes. The fourth officer lost consciousness three times, and the second officer twice. Once the latter had to be dragged from the hold by a life-line."

Still, however, the fire made headway, and the Captain determined to turn back to Fremantle. The *Sophocles* was then fully 400 miles from that port. The captain's first desire had been to spare his passengers—many of whom were ladies—any anxiety, and he was so successful in this that only the gentlemen knew that a fire had broken out. And so, with fire raging below, the *Sophocles* made for port. The engines were worked to their utmost capacity, and the ship's hose was kept constantly playing on the fire. Men were lowered into the hold by relays, with life-lines round their waists, and worked until they had to be dragged back to the fresh air and safety. Night and day they toiled, sustained with little more than coffee and ship's biscuits, handed to them by the ship's stewards.

No precaution was omitted to ensure the safety of the passengers and crew in the last resort. The life-boats were surreptitiously provisioned, that the ladies might not be alarmed. The officers, when they were not helping to put out the fire, went about their ordinary duties with cheerful faces. And still the women in the after part of the ship knew nothing of their imminent danger.

Fremantle was reached at last, and all anxiety was at an end. Ten days later the *Sophocles*, her ruined cargo replaced, for ballasting purposes, with eighty tons of lead bars and logs of timber, sailed for London. "And," said one of the officers, with a touch of pride, "every one of the passengers stood by the ship, in spite of the fright they had got."

### The Cow knew the Fashion

A YOUNG woman was boarding at a farmhouse, to the occupier of which she expressed her anxiety at the savage way in which the cow regarded her. "It must be on account of that red blouse you've got on, miss," answered the farmer. "Dear me!" exclaimed the girl. "Of course it's out of fashion, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it!"

### Shoemaker or Philanthropist?

A YOUNG American woman wished to be presented at the Court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing, objected. Her father sold boots and shoes. She cabled home, and the next morning received her father's answer—"Bosh! It isn't selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement." She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist!



### The Woodman and the Trees

(An Indian Fable.)

A WOODMAN entered a wood with his axe on his shoulders. The trees were alarmed, and addressed him thus: "Ah, sir, will you not let us live happily some time longer?" "Yes," said the woodman, "I am quite willing to do so, but as often as I see this axe I am tempted to come to the wood and do my work in it, so I am not to blame so much as this axe." "We know," said the trees, "that the handle of the axe, which is a piece of a branch of a tree in this very wood, is more to blame than the iron; for it is that which helps you to destroy its kindred." "You are quite right," said the woodman, "there is no foe so bitter as a renegade."

## Varieties



HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS  
WERE DRESSED

A scene in a corner of Hyde Park a century ago, in the year of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.

### Irish Justice Expensive

THE aggregate salaries of the judges of the High Court of Justice in Dublin amount to £69,100 as compared with £49,400 paid to the judges of the Scots Court of Session. Lord Dunedin, the head of the Scottish Judicature, receives £5000 as against £8000 paid to the Irish Lord Chancellor. Scotland has thirteen judges, while Ireland has seventeen.

on the Hull fishermen.

The idea is to discover whether the fish will grow rapidly there. The results so far are satisfactory, marked plaice showing the Bank to be an excellent forcing-ground. Trawl owners are being urged to employ tank steamers to bring the immature fish from places where they are plentiful and then turn them loose for subsequent recapture.

### Good at Reviews

WHEN the Atheneum Club was first founded, Croker was urgent that no man should be admitted who had not in some way distinguished himself in literature.

Soon after he proposed the Duke of Wellington, when some one said, "The Duke has never written a book."

"True," replied Croker; "but he is a capital hand at reviews."

### Planting Plaice

PLAICE are being brought from other parts of the North Sea and dumped down on the Dogger Bank, the scene of the attack by the Russian Baltic Fleet

The idea is to discover whether the fish will grow rapidly there. The results so far are satisfactory, marked plaice showing the Bank to be an excellent forcing-ground. Trawl owners are being urged to employ tank steamers to bring the immature fish from places where they are plentiful and then turn them loose for subsequent recapture.

### \* Astronomical Notes for May \*

THE Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 4h. 35m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 20m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 17m. and sets at 7h. 36m.; and on the 21st rises at 4h. 3m., and sets at 7h. 51m. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases are: New at 3h. 50m. on the afternoon of the 4th; First Quarter at 6h. 46m. on the morning of the 12th; Full at 9h. 36m. on the evening of the 18th; and Last Quarter at 2h. 50m. on the morning of the 26th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about a quarter-past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st; in perigee, or nearest us, at half-past 5 on the morning of the 17th; and in apogee again about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 29th. There will be no eclipses this month. An occultation of the bright star Aldebaran (the principal member of the scattered group of the Hyades, in the constellation Taurus) will take place on the evening of the 6th, when the Moon is in appearance a small crescent, only two days old; disappearance at the dark limb at 5h. 28m.; reappearance

at the bright limb at 6h. 30m., about an hour before sunset. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 21st, and will be visible in the early morning during nearly the whole of the month, moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Aries. Venus is brilliant in the morning, rising earlier each day; she is also in Aries, and will be in conjunction with Mercury on the 10th, about five degrees to the north of him, moving westerly until the 16th, but afterwards easterly, more slowly than Mercury. Mars reaches his opposition to the Sun on the 8th, and is now very bright in Libra, passing due south of the star Beta in that constellation on the 1st, and very near Alpha on the 18th; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 17th. Jupiter is in conjunction with the Sun on the 4th, and is not visible this month. Saturn is in Aquarius, and may be seen in the early morning before sunrise; he will be in conjunction with the Moon shortly before rising on the 26th.

W. T. LYNN.

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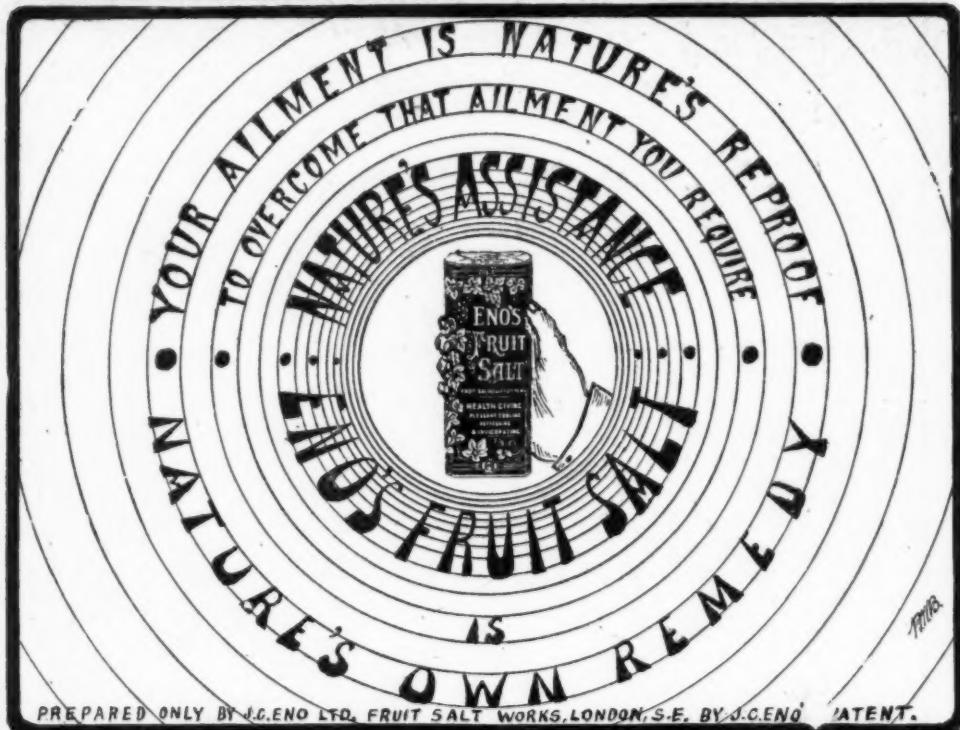
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